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BILLY GRAY.

A Story with a Moral.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Young "Billy" Gray of Salem town
Was a poor and friendless boy;
But whatever he did he did up brown,
And never despised employ.

In starting in life he his motto made
(No matter whate'er befell):
"Whatever you do, whether work or trade,
Be sure that you do it well!"

He toiled and moiled, nor heeded the turn
Of an aristocratic nose,
For "Billy" meant that the world should learn
He always *paid* for *his* clothes.

In course of time "Young Billy" grew old,
And his sails flecked every sea,
And his fame in foreign lands was told
As a merchant rich and free.

One day, when he strolled where a good ship lay,
Which was loading for India's shore,
He noticed a man that worked the wrong way,
And thought he would put in his oar.

Says "Old Billy:" "My man, this will never do;
I can't pay for work if you loaf—
Your example is bad for the rest of the crew."
Then the fellow turned round with an oath:

"I knew you, 'Old Billy,' when you were young,
And not a bit better than me.
You wasn't so free with the use of your tongue,
And you drummed for our company."

"Old Billy" paused, a bright look in his eyes,
While pride caused his bosom to swell;
Then answered, somewhat to that man's surprise:
"Ah, *didn't I do it well!*"

The fellow turned and walked away,
For he felt uncommonly flat;
He had thought Billy's pride in the dust to lay,
But—he couldn't get over that!

MORAL.

Don't be too proud to do honest work,
Give to every man his due,
And, though self-conceit in some way lurk,
Be sure that it don't in you.

Don't be afraid of an honest trade,
False pride will not fill—but swell:
Wherever your work in life is laid,
Be sure that you do it well.

HANDSOME ANDRE;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER III.

THE OUTCAST.

"Go, vagabond! Never let me see your face again! I drive you forth."

"But, uncle, hear me ——"

"Go, I say! You have brought shame on my gray hairs—you have brought dishonor on the name of Laberlue. You are a renegade, a monster, and will come to the scaffold in the end."

"But, uncle, hear what I have to say."

"No! Go away, I tell you, and never set foot in this house again."

Thus spoke a stout, florid man, of about fifty years, to a youth of twenty, with piercing black eyes and a very clear complexion, who vainly tried to defend himself against the torrent of reproaches that was poured on him.

Monsieur Laberlue was very angry—there was no mistaking that; for, with the last words, he seized the stripling by the collar, thrust him from the little shop, and closed the door in his face with a bang.

The boy hesitated for a few moments, as if weighing what course he should adopt. His mind was soon made up, however. Snapping his fingers disdainfully at the shop-door, as if it could appreciate the insult, he scornfully turned on his heel and walked off along the narrow street, whistling the last new air. Notwithstanding his apparent assurance, however, he was not so tranquil as he wished to appear; for he walked away slowly, and there was an indecision in his manner that showed he was not certain what route he should pursue. Truly, for a lad of his position and years the position was extremely embarrassing. It was the latter part of February. The clocks had struck the hour of six, and night was falling rapidly. For the first time is his life, the unfortunate young man found himself alone and dependent on his own resources at such an hour. Where should he sup? Where should he sleep? Of whom could he ask shelter? True, he had a few sous remaining in his pockets, and with these he might meet the necessities of the day—the morrow, and the day after? These were certainly grave questions he thought over as he leaned against one of the dark pillars of the public market, surrounded by the rapidly blackening shadows of coming night.

He was clad very neatly in gray cloth trimmed with dark purple, his shapely limbs were encased in stockings of the same color, and on his feet were a pair of pointed buckskin shoes. On the broad and spotless linen-collar, which rolled over his shoulders, displaying his white neck, fell his long and thick locks of hair, whose dark hue was set off by the gray cap, surmounted with a purple plume, which surmounted his head.

At the first glance, the most casual observer would notice the singular delicacy of his form and the pleasing refinement and regularity of his features. His jet-black eyes were large, clear and expressive, and blazed at this moment with a courageous fire expressive of the bold resolution he had just taken.

The mouth showed it was well formed, despite a bitter smile which contracted it at this moment; while his figure was tall, his feet were small, and his hands soft and white. Not only, therefore, was he not a workman, but there was a certain high-born air about him that the simplicity of his attire rather heightened than concealed from the eye of the observer. In no line of his features did he resemble the stout, common-looking man whom he called his uncle, and who had sounded so loudly his boasts of the glorious name of Laberlue.

The young man wandered on aimlessly through the inextricable maze of streets, lanes and alleys that made up that section of Paris between the Rue St. Denis and the Rue St. Martin. Whither he was wandering he knew not himself. He had reached the corner of the Rue Quincampoix, when he stopped abruptly and listened with deep attention. A strange noise had struck his ear. It seemed to him like the clashing of swords, accompanied by distant cries of distress in female voices. He hastened on in the direction of the sounds. Night had fallen by this time, and its shadows hung thick and almost impenetrable in the narrow streets. Here and there a lantern hanging from a doorway threw a feeble light, but did not give a view of the street for a greater distance than a few paces. Urged by curiosity, the youth hastened, but with caution, in the direction of the alarming sounds. It was evidently, he thought, some gentlemen settling a quarrel between themselves in this lonely quarter; for gentlemen alone were sufficiently assured of impunity at this period to dare to disturb the repose of the city by these deadly brawls.

Now, it was not a safe thing for a plain citizen to interfere in the quarrels of these gentry. The young man knew this; but he still advanced, though with increasing caution as he approached the spot where the affray was going on. Finally, he vaguely distinguished human forms violently struggling in the obscurity. He saw the flash of naked swords, and the sparks that flew from them as they clashed together. It was a battle indeed. Curiosity tempted him still to draw nigh. He had not been deceived. Six or seven men were hotly engaged in a little square of the street lighted by a swinging lamp, which depended from the heavy-arched doorway of one of the houses. By keeping within the shadows, and creeping along the walls of the houses, he managed to arrive, unperceived, on the very scene of the conflict, and to attain a position whence he could view all that transpired without being seen himself.

Two persons—a gentleman and his servant—stood in the middle of the lighted court, with drawn swords—withstood the onset of four swordsmen who seemed to be commanded by a tall personage, who, wrapped in a long black cloak, stood by, watching the progress of the struggle, but taking no active part in it. Behind this mysterious person two women clung to each other, screaming with terror at the terrible scene that was going on before them. Almost at the moment the unseen spectator arrived, at his coign of vantage, he saw the servant, who was fighting bravely beside his master, fall, pierced by the rapier of one of the hirelings, and heard the cry of triumph given by the aggressors.

Nothing daunted by this disaster, the gentleman boldly maintained his resistance, redoubling his efforts to keep his assailants at bay; but he was pressed so closely on all sides that he could scarcely parry the blows that rained on him, without thinking of returning them.

When the servant fell, the two women screamed loudly and rent the air with loud lamentations, thus showing on which side their interest was involved. Nevertheless, their gallant defender won a smile of Fortune in her despite. With a quick movement, he took advantage of an opening in the array of steel opposing him, and, thrusting vigorously forward, laid one of his antagonists bleeding at his feet. His adversaries now numbered only three; but still the mysterious person in black did not deign to draw his sword. The gentleman fought with renewed desperation, and, a moment after, another of the ruffians, grievously wounded, tottered and fell on the body of his comrade.

At this juncture the man who had simply been a spectator of the fight raised his mantle about his shoulders, and, drawing his sword, placed himself beside the two survivors. This new recruit was the more dangerous from the fact that, while he was fresh and strong, the young gentleman was almost exhausted by the desperate fight he had maintained for fifteen minutes against such terrible odds.

The young spectator of this scene would gladly have interfered in this unequal struggle; but he had no weapon, not even a cudgel, and could only pray for the success of the defender of the afflicted ladies. But, despite the gallantry of the single swordsman, the issue of such an unequal contest could not long be doubtful. Already his guard had lost its firmness, and his grip on his sword relaxed. Seeing this, and encouraged by the voice of their master, his assailants redoubled their efforts. In desperation, the sorely-beset cavalier roused himself for a final effort, and charged them with such fury that they retreated a few paces in complete disorder. Had he been alone he could have saved himself; for there was nothing now to prevent his taking flight and escaping under the shadows of the narrow streets that offered him asylum on either hand. But it was evidently his object to protect the two women, and he did not wish to leave them in the power of the cutthroats; so he simply retired to his position, and again waited their onset. But it was apparent he had reached the limit of his endurance; for his arm dropped almost nerveless to his side, and it was only by great effort that he prevented his sword slipping from his grasp. Urged on by their mysterious master, the hirelings soon renewed the combat. The young hero met them bravely, but his foot slipped in a pool of blood that had gathered on the pavement, he lost his balance, and fell prostrate, pierced by the rapier of one of his foes. A cry of triumph escaped from the lips of the leader as he saw this result, and, without occupying himself further with the conquered cavalier, he rushed towards the two women, and, seizing one of them by the arm, dragged her after him.

"Ah, ha," said he with a ferocious laugh, "at last you are in my power, my beauty! This time you will remain with me, I 'gage! After the flight you have attempted, I am justified in taking every measure, even to the most cruel, to make your safety sure."

And, as she attempted resistance, he grasped her arm with such force that she gave a cry of pain.

The youngster's heart bounded at this scene, and it was only with difficulty that he restrained himself from rushing to the rescue. His better judgment prevailed, however, and he was content to be still a mere spectator of transpiring events. On a sign from their master, the two hireling swordsmen seized upon the young woman, who was apparently the attendant of the first. She was not so docile as her mistress, however. She defended herself with her feet and hands with such energy and desperation that she escaped from their grasp, and they could hardly approach her again. And when they did seize her once more, she tore their flesh with her nails, and made ribbons of their doublets.

"Hurry! Have you fellows court manners, that you are so dainty with the minx? Bring her along!" cried their master sternly.

And on this order they attacked the poor girl ferociously, knocking her senseless to the earth. Then, raising her inanimate form, they carried it between them, following the mysterious man in the black cloak, who still held his prisoner tightly by the arm. A coach, to which were attached two fine, powerful horses, was waiting at the extreme end of the street. Into this the two women were placed, and their captor put his foot on the step to follow them, when he paused, impressed with a sudden idea that had come to him.

"Are you sure he is dead?" asked he of his two partisans.

"I do not know, my lord," answered one of the ruffians; "but I can guarantee the blow I gave him was enough to kill two like him."

"Very good. But return, and make sure of it."

"And if he is not dead, my lord ——"

The nobleman reflected for a few moments; then, taking from his pocket five or six gold pieces, gave them to the wretches.

"If he is not dead," said he, "finish him."

With these words he entered the coach, the door closed after him, the coachman lashed the horses with his whip, and they started off at a furious run.

The two rogues remained alone, and seemed to be studying each other's looks.

"Shall we finish this poor devil?" asked one.

"Why, we've been paid to do it," said the other, "and an honest man's word is his bond."

"True! Well, let's make quick work of it, then."

As they turned about, they saw before them the young man who had been the witness of every detail of their tragic adventure.

CHAPTER IV.

A GALLANT DEED.

"Who are you, and what do you here?" cried they.

"What is that to you?" replied he whom they questioned.

"Ah! You are impudent as well as inquisitive," said one of the cutthroats, and on a sign between them they drew their daggers and rushed upon him.

He did not wait their coming, however, but dodged aside in the darkness, and avoided their mad onset. A moment after he emerged from the gloom in their rear, and showed himself again in the dimly-lighted space, laughing loudly and scornfully at their bewilderment. Again they rushed at him, but again he escaped in the same manner, only to reappear again, and taunt them with their failure to reach him with their weapons. Although they were two to one, and well armed at that, he had this great advantage—he was young.

It soon became evident that the youth had a plan, which he was carrying out in retreating before the assassins, for each moment he was drawing farther away from the spot where their victim lay.

He knew every lane and byway in this quarter, for here he had spent his life, and glided in and out of the shadows and along the tortuous passages before his hot pursuers like a phantom.

At last, after the pursuit had been maintained, he saw his exhausted enemies pause to take breath, and inclined to abandon the pursuit. Shouting an insulting farewell to the ruffians, he ran off at the top of his speed, finding his way with surprising ease through the dark and winding lanes of the locality. The route he took was a short cut that would lead him back to the court where he had witnessed the bloody fray a short time before. He was on the spot in one-third the time it would take the assassins to return by the circuitous route he had led them.

His instinct had naturally led him to espouse the cause of the weak against the strong—of the oppressed against the oppressor. The victim of the murderous attack was young. Young, also, were the women he had vainly sought to defend. Of course, youth sympathized with youth.

On the scene of the affray he found the bodies of the master and servant who had fought so valiantly. He bent over them. The servant was cold in death. The young cavalier still breathed faintly. He had crawled from the spot where he had fallen, and was found in a half-sitting posture, with his back resting against the wall of one of the houses of the court.

"How do you feel now, young gentleman?" said the outcast, touching him gently.

There was no reply.

"Come, come; there is no time to lose," said the youth impatiently.

Taking possession of the rapier which the cavalier had let fall when he received his wound, the nephew of Laberlue, with a manifestation of strength which one would scarcely have given him credit for, raised the body of the wounded man in his arms, and staggered through a narrow byway, directing his steps towards a dim lantern, which was swaying in the night-breeze at some distance. The lantern swung over the portal of an inn, with the sign of "The Golden Sheaf," and thither the youth made his way with his burden.

The sign of the house conveyed an idea of its patronage. It was the favorite stopping-place for farmers who came to the city to dispose of their grain. The tap-room was lighted, and into it the youth bore the wounded man and laid him on the floor, to the astonishment of the company assembled.

"Quick, quick, Master Lecol," said he; "send for the doctor, and give me your best room and a good fire at once."

"What! Handsome Andre here at such an hour?" exclaimed the host. "What does this mean?"

"Never mind that now, Master Lecol," said the panting visitor. "Do what I ask, and I will explain all to you later."

The host assisting him with his burden, they soon had the wounded man installed in the finest room in the house, and the doctor was sent for. Andre stripped the blood-stained clothing from the body of the unknown, and felt his pulse. It was faint and irregular; but it beat yet, in spite of the terrible loss of blood he had suffered. The doctor came in ten minutes, and, after examining the wound, declared that it was not dangerous, although the loss of blood had reduced the patient to a very weak condition. Under his care the young man was soon restored to consciousness. On opening his eyes, he manifested great astonishment at finding himself in a strange apartment, and surrounded by faces that were unknown to him. But the more his senses returned, the more deep did the frown of anxiety become on his face.

"Irene," said he faintly, "where is she?"

The doctor cautioned him to be quiet.

"What is my life to me," cried he, "if I do not know what has become of her?"

"Have no fear, sir," said Andre. "No ill has befallen her."

"How do you know that?" asked the young man.

"I was there, and witnessed the struggle throughout."

"And you did not come to my aid?"

"I would have done so, my lord, had I been armed."

"It was you who brought me here?" asked the cavalier.

"Yes, monsieur."

"How?"

"On my shoulders."

The gentleman did not strive to disguise his astonishment. The youth and the frail, almost feminine appearance of his rescuer were not in accord with such a feat of strength and daring.

"And my servant, where is he?" asked the wounded man.

"He is dead, my lord, of the wounds received while fighting by your side."

"Poor Louis!" sighed the other. "Is he dead too? Is this demon destined to kill everyone I love?" and he wiped away a furtive tear.

The doctor took advantage of the pause that ensued to enjoin silence on his patient, and, after preparing a solution and administering a part of it to the patient, placed the rest in the chimney-piece, saying:

"He must have a dose every hour. It would be well for someone to pass the night with him, to see that he takes it regularly."

"I will attend to that," volunteered Andre.

On the promise, the doctor and the innkeeper withdrew.

Andre seated himself in an easy-chair before the fire, and, stretching his limbs out comfortably, prepared to pass the night with what ease the situation could be made to afford. As to the patient, he bent his ear earnestly to listen to the retiring footsteps of the doctor and the innkeeper, and when he heard them die away in the distance he turned towards the youth who had saved his life:

"Quick," said he, "tell me how the combat ended."

"That is easily done, my lord," said Andre, who understood his curiosity to know the result. "The gentleman who commanded the ruffians seized upon the young lady and bore her off, while the two rogues, who had escaped with their lives from the contest, overpowered her attendant. The gentleman and the two women entered a carriage, which was waiting not far off, and the coachman started off with them at a full gallop."

"And the wretches left me there, without making sure I was dead?" asked the young man in astonishment.

Andre detailed at length the plan he had pursued to draw the cutthroats away from their prey, and the means he had successfully employed to defeat their murderous design.

"But if they follow your track and discover the asylum you have chosen for me, I am lost."

"Not yet, my lord. You have still several pistoles about you, have you not?"

"Several? I have two purses crammed full. I was about to journey from Paris ——"

"Would you allow me to distribute a few of them to good advantage?"

"Yes; as many of them as you please, my friend."

Andre took a purse from the pocket of the blood-stained coat, and, opening it, found it was filled to overflowing with double-pistoles. He took out five of them.

"Three for Master Lecol, and one each for the servants," said he. "After that I guarantee you they will be dumb."

Andre left the chamber and went to the tap-room. He slipped a golden piece into the hand of each of the servants, cautioning them to be silent in regard to the events of the night. Unused to such prodigality, they opened their eyes with astonishment, and swore by all the saints that they would not open their lips.

Then he went to the host, and begged him to accept three double-pistoles as part payment in advance, for the trouble he had been put to in receiving and caring for the wounded gentleman.

The innkeeper declared himself touched beyond expression by this delicate consideration on the part of the gentleman. By way of thanking Andre for bringing so rich a customer to his house, the host invited him to supper—an invitation which he eagerly accepted. While they ate, he detailed to his host a part of the truth in regard to his guest. He told how he had seen the gentleman and his servant withstanding the attack of the five cutthroats, how the servant had fallen mortally wounded, and the master, unaided, had struck down two of his assailants, only to succumb at last before the three survivors. At this moment Andre said he had shown himself on the scene, and the ruffians had taken to their heels in sudden fright.

When he had gratified the host's curiosity and his own appetite, he returned to the bedside of the stranger, and told him of his success.

"You are a friend indeed," said the unfortunate cavalier; "and it is proper that you should know whom you have befriended thus. Sit here beside me, then, and listen to my story."

"Monsieur, I would desire nothing better than to hear what you have to say, but I remind you that the doctor directed that you should be kept quiet," said Andre.

"Fear nothing," interrupted the stranger. "I shall not be long. Besides, it matters little, as events have fallen out, whether I live or die. It would be better, perhaps, to die of a sword-thrust than to perish of despair."

"What is that you say?" asked Andre. "Die—at your age? Courage, monsieur. Think you I have not guessed your secret ere this? You love a fair lady, and are oppressed by a bitter enemy. Well, the only way to win the lady and to overcome your enemy some day is to live and grow strong, and watch your opportunity to take up your quarrel where you left it this night, taking care to have the odds on your side the next time."

The stranger gave a slight shrug to his shoulders as he replied:

"I know you are right in what you say, but I cannot conceal from you the discouragement that darkens the future as I gaze into it. If you knew how much pain and disappointment I have met, how many crimes, even, have been perpetrated already on the path that I have followed, you would not wonder that I am ready to despair. Listen. I am twenty-five years of age, and I am called Robert De Jouy. Do not expect me to run into a long history of my ancestors and the glory of my house, for my barony is all I possess in the world, and it brings me ten thousand livres a year only."

"That's a fat sum, monsieur," said Andre—"at least, *I* would be contented with it."

"My mother died when I was in my infancy," continued Robert, "and before I had learned to know him my father fell, fighting for the King. I was an orphan, and would have lived alone in a gloomy chateau had not the Baron De Laumirail, our neighbor and the firm friend of my father, taken pity on my lonely condition, and adopted me as his child. For fifteen years I lived happily under his protection. His brother, the Count De Laumirail had two children—a son and a daughter named Francois and Irene. Their father was a soldier, like mine had been, and his duty called him frequently away from Paris. During these absences his son and daughter dwelt with the Baron, and they were my playmates. Irene was but four years of age when I first saw her at the Baron's castle, but Francois was ten years older. As he grew older, he did not disguise his disgust at the irksome life of the chateau. He longed for the gay life and dissipations of Paris, whither he soon returned after he reached seventeen, and we rarely saw him after. Irene, however, was contented to live with her uncle. I was her constant companion, and in those days I lighted the flame of love that is now devouring me. I sought in vain to conceal my secret. The Baron discovered it, and was the intermediary between us. He discovered, too, that Irene was not averse to my attentions. It was agreed that we should marry. The day was fixed, the hour had nearly arrived, and the priest was summoned, when a dreadful catastrophe came to our plans. The Baron, my benefactor, was assassinated by an unknown hand. You may guess who was the instigator of the deed. Francois, jealous of his sister's possession of a part of her dead father's estates, and determined to prevent their transfer to me by this marriage, hired an assassin to take my life; but accident had made the Baron a victim of the shot. Before he died, however, the old nobleman left in my hands a will, transferring to me all right and title to his property and estates. In an unlucky night Francois possessed himself of the precious parchment, and the next day I was ordered from the chateau and from the presence of my Irene. Francois took her with him to Paris shortly after. The Winter passed thus. At last I took a resolution. I was beloved, I was sure of it. Irene was anxious to shake off the yoke that was imposed upon her. Disguised as a mendicant, I waited on the steps of the church nearest her dwelling, in the hope of seeing her pass to her devotions. After a vigil of eight days, which seemed to me so many weeks, she passed me one day with her servant, and I managed to slip a letter in her hand. She trembled, and paused to examine it while making pretense of searching for a coin to give me. With one careful glance she recognized me, and, placing her hand on her lips to enjoin prudence, walked away. A few days after, by the same means, I managed to convey to her hand a letter proposing our flight together. I had taken lodgings near where you witnessed the bloody affray to-night, and had collected there all my available funds—five hundred double-pistoles, or thereabout. Every day for three weeks after I went to the church, and took my station among the beggars on the steps. At last one day Irene passed me a note. I hastened to my lodgings to read it. She accepted my proposition, confiding herself to my honor and trusting in my love. Her letter stated that two days after, at eight o'clock in the evening, she, accompanied by her maid, would present herself at my lodgings, but that, in order to awaken no suspicion, she would bring with her no other attire than that she wore. I was mad with joy. I took every possible precaution. My servant had engaged four fleet horses, which awaited us, ready harnessed, at a neighboring hostelry, and all was prepared for flight. At eight o'clock Irene appeared at the door of my house. We hastened away towards the hostelry without losing a moment. But we had not gone twenty paces when we found ourselves face to face with the Count De Laumirail and his four hireling cutthroats. I and my servant drew our swords, and the combat began. How it ended you know better than I."

Andre listened attentively to Robert's story, and the interest that he felt in the man whose life he had saved grew as his narrative progressed. At its end he burst out enthusiastically:

"Monsieur, you were betrayed. Someone has shown your letter to the Count. But do not despair. You will yet triumph; and, if I can assist you, you may rely on me. I am twenty-two years old, and may be of service to you, if you think so."

"You twenty-two? Why, you don't look it," said Robert in great surprise.

"Of course I don't," said the young man petulantly. "Most men of my age have beards and broad shoulders and fierce looks; but I? Why, I'm as delicate as a girl, and everyone who knows me will persist in treating me like a child, and even the women call me a pretty boy. Faugh!"

"Surely you are robust enough, if you carried me, as you say you did, to-night, so long a distance on your shoulders."

"Well, I did, monsieur; that is true. Surely, I'm a man in vigor and strength, but no one about me seems to be ready to acknowledge it. Why, this very night, my Uncle Laberlue drove me out of his house, and talked to me as if I were a boy who had disobeyed him. He's a miserable, miserly old cloth-merchant, who resides near here. He's been a a widower for ten years, is very rich, fifty years old, and looking out for another wife."

"And you? Who are you?"

"I am his nephew, my lord."

"And what is the cause of the trouble between you?"

"Well, you see, monsieur, my uncle is a stingy old fellow, who will not open his purse-strings for me unless I repay him by working in his dingy shop; and commerce does not suit me, monsieur."

"What occupation do you incline to in preference?"

"That's something I don't exactly know, monsieur. The only thing I have done as yet has been to write a few songs on political topics, which have proved popular."

"You are a poet, then?"

"Somewhat, sir; and the idea that I am one, or may become one, is what has driven my Uncle Laberlue to despair. His rage to-night was because he heard one of my songs sung in the streets."

"Indeed!" said Robert; "then you must be the famous Andre—Handsome Andre?"

"You've said it, monsieur. That's the ridiculous surname with which they have harnessed my title. I'm sick of the name! Handsome Andre! How I hate the sound of the words! Can't people find any other name for a man?"

Robert could not suppress a smile.

"And even my uncle, the old miser, he calls me the same, just as if I were a child he was petting. The old villain! but I will not speak ill of him, for I ought to love him, being an orphan, like you. But what right has he to forbid my marrying Jeanette if I wish to, and make me stay in his dingy little shop to sell cloth, instead of passing my days with her? But, after all, I owe him for all I have; and, if he knew how to take me, we would get along well enough together. He is the syndic of the district, and in politics he always manages to be on the strongest side. He's a prudent man, my Uncle Laberlue. To-day he cries *"Vive le Fronde!"* To-morrow he will be ready, if need be, to cry *"Vive le Roi."* Oh, he's a shrewd one, my uncle. And he has relatives or friends everywhere, even in the most impossible places. They turn up every day in the army, or the priesthood, or the Government, and he's the most powerful man in his quarter from these connections alone. Naturally I have profited by his friendships, so that I can hold a sword against the best, wrestle a bout with the stoutest, read a prayer with the most devout, and drink with the strongest-headed of our citizens. So much for having an uncle who has relatives in the church and the army, and making use of them. So you see, monsieur, from what I have told you of myself, that I am a nobody yet. The assistance I have given you has no other value than the good will that prompted it, and the sympathy which your youth and misfortunes have awakened in me."

"Only that, indeed!" said Robert. "And you a brave hearted man, who has done a deed of heroism this night! You, too, who can handle a sword, backed by a courageous heart."

"Ah! that's midnight striking, and you must really cease talking and go to sleep, monsieur. Come—another potion, and then good-night. To-morrow we will consider the subject further."

Robert was undeniably fatigued. Andre gave him the dose, and then, after raking the fire, flung himself in the chair, and closed his eyes. Robert was asleep in a few minutes. His respiration was calm and regular.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISS JENNIE LEE (MRS. BURNETT), Actress.

OUR ENGRAVING.

Miss Jennie Lee made her debut on the London, Eng., stage April 18, 1870, in the Lyceum Theatre, acting in "Little Faust," and at once became a favorite. When Mr. Sothern reappeared on the American stage, at Niblo's Garden, in this city, Oct. 23, 1871, Miss Jennie Lee acted the character of Mary Meredith in "Our American Cousin." She remained some time at Niblo's Garden, and was next engaged at the Union-square Theatre, in this city. She then went to San Francisco, Cal. When Mme. Janauschek produced "The Bleak House" there, June 7, 1875, Miss Lee made a pronounced hit, acting the character of Jo. Our correspondent, in reviewing her impersonation of that character, said: "Miss Jennie Lee greatly distinguished herself by a portrayal of Jo, 'who didn't know nothink' and was always told to 'move on.' First, she dressed and by the aid of art looked the part, and then she caught the true meaning of the character. The physical defects of the London vagrant, the hoarse, clouded voice, suggestive of exposure, the pinched face and slouching gait, vividly expressive of want, were clearly presented. She has done nothing half so well on the California stage as this personation." R. H. Cox of San Francisco, Cal., then prepared for her a fresh dramatization of "The Bleak House," which he christened "Little Jo," in which that character was made the chief feature. Returning to England in the Fall of 1875, she appeared in that role in Liverpool with success, and she is now acting that character with a like result in the Globe Theatre, London, Eng.

WHY HE DID NOT MARRY.—"Married next week, I hear, eh?" remarked a friend, slapping a good young man of Burlington in a congratulatory way on the shoulder. "Rich girl up from Davenport, I hear?"

"Well, no," said the young man, stifling a little sigh; "things was all arranged, but I've kind o' had to put the wedding off a little while, like it might be."

"What's wrong?" asked the friend in sympathetic tones; "old folks down on the match?"

"Well, not exactly; ye see she has no parents, and she's her own boss like, but ——"

"Girl didn't throw you, did she? Didn't go back on you?"

"Well," said the young man hesitatingly, "n—no, not exactly. Ye see, two of her husbands kind of happened to find her and come in on her together, sort of unexpected like, and I've just sort of thought we'd kind of put it off, like it might be."

And the subject of conversation was delicately changed, like it might be.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHAT is the difference between an accepted and rejected lover? The accepted kisses the missus, the rejected misses the kisses.

IF sulphur-baths are as salutary as their advocates claim, some sinners will have excellent health in the next world.

WHY are young ladies at the breaking-up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver till they get one.

TOO many men no more carry their religion into their business than they would wear a life-preserver in the parlor.

THE POET'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A garden fair, bedecked with flowers,
Where flowed a stream of crystal rare,
Where feathered songsters 'guile the hours,
And burdened hearts lay down all care.

This was the scene that met his eyes;
Here was it that a spirit bright
As e'en a form from Paradise
Herself presented to his sight.

Addressing him with angel grace,
She bade him utter a request.
"Give me," he cried with joy, "this place—
A place for solitude and rest.

"Exclude me here from all the world,
My life a thousand years prolong;
Let care and sin from me be hurled,
But let me move the world with song!"

The form assumed a thoughtful air
At hearing this strange wish expressed;
But still, with kindness and with care,
He answered thus the youth's request:

"Then here behold a place of rest
For poet who content shall be
To banish pride far from his breast
And dwell in solitude with me.

"What will avail their mortal praise?
Thou'lt hear it not, though e'er so loud;
Will fame thy tott'ring figure raise
When under age's burdens bowed?

"What will reknown be at thy death?
What will avail, then, mortal fame?
Will't give thee back thy wasted breath,
Or Death's fierce terrors for thee tame?

"My name's Content; my home, this bower;
Come, wilt thou wed and live with me,
Secure from Fortune's fickle power,
Removed from the gross world's vanity?"

The man, though loth to lose the prize,
Thus to the spirit's words replied:
"Snatch from before the poet's eyes
His hope of fame—the poet's pride—

"Donate him wealth, content and rest;
But, tear him from Ambition's shrine,
You'll quench the flame within his breast,
And he will cease his song divine.

"Rather my garret, cheerless, poor,
By great Ambition's presence blest,
Than garden palaces, secure
From danger, toil, inviting rest."

J. HENRY HAAREM.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

She was dead! I stood beside the flower-strewn casket which held my earthly treasure, and gazed with tearless, frozen gaze upon the marble face. But yesterday, she was my loving, gentle companion; my patient, tender wife; now she lay before me, cold, and white, and still—it was horrible! I bowed my head above the coffin, and great sobs shook my frame, but no tears could come—their fountain was dry. Then someone came to my side and led me passively away; and I knew that they were fastening the coffin-lid. I moved as in a trance. The gloomy hearse, the long train of carriages, the throngs of sorrowful faces, all seemed to glide before me like the phantasmagoria of a dream. I only knew that I took the place assigned me; that I entered the marble vault where they laid her reverently away, and saw the coffin placed upon its receptacle; and then I came away, to my empty house; and so it was all over.

The next day I wandered about like a restless ghost, an unquiet spirit; there seemed no longer any place for me in the world. Slowly one idea defined itself in my brain until at last it became torture; one phantom possessed me—a wild, intense longing to be near her body, the beautiful clay statue which had once been my darling. This desire became a passion; it grew on me, and tormented me, and gave me no rest. At last, urged on by some fate, I determined to visit the family tomb in which she was lying, the little hands folded forever, the tiny form wreathed and shrouded with fragrant blossoms.

It was the third night after her burial that I made this resolution. I had been pacing for hours nervously up and down my library floor; dreary, desolate fancies filling my heart, until my melancholy verged on insanity. I would go that night. First, I gathered the choicest flowers in my conservatory to place upon the coffin; I then possessed myself of the key to the tomb, and, pausing to thrust in my pocket a wax candle and some matches that I might have light when I arrived there, I left my house at the dead hour of night, unseen by any of its inmates. I turned my face in the direction of the graveyard, at that hour meeting no one as I wended my way along.

Within its quiet precincts at last, and soon I approached the family vault. As I drew near, however, my foot struck something lying on the gravel walk at its base. Stooping, I found a pick-axe. A horrible suspicion flashed through my mind, and crawled, like a slimy serpent, over my brain, as I remembered the diamonds, my wedding gifts, which had been foolishly buried with her. I drew near the vault and applied my ear to the door. Voices! I was right, then, in my terrible surmise. For a moment my heart seemed to stop beating, my hand palsied with agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. Then the revulsion came. I grasped the pick-axe and cautiously touched the door; it moved; it stood ajar. Then I heard a coarse voice in a stage-whisper:

"Hurry up with the shiners, Jim. I don't like the looks of this here corpse a-starin' at me."

Then I made a dash inward and raised my weapon. It descended. There was a wild exclamation; a cry of agony, followed by another; the coffin tottered and fell to the floor; the lantern which the robbers held was extinguished; one man lay writhing on the ground, while his companion, thinking that a ghost had appeared, or some terrible supernatural creature, dragged his wounded, groaning accomplice hastily through the doorway of the tomb. There was a little bustle without; then the sound of retreating footsteps, and then all grew silent once more.

With a deep sigh of relief I roused myself, and, in the darkness, I passed my hands over the sides of the tomb, searching for the door. I paused appalled, for my touch came in contact with the coffin, prone upon the ground. O, God! Was it not horrible? The desecration of the tomb; the fair form, ruthlessly dismantled, lying now at my feet. My heart surged wildly. I felt that I was going mad. Again, by the sense of touch, I sought the door—I would retrace my steps, procure assistance, and repair the terrible ravages which these vampires had wrought. Could it be possible? Great Heavens! The spring lock of the door had fastened, and I was a prisoner—shut in the narrow tomb, with the light of day no more to shine upon me. I sat down on the cold, stone floor, and buried my face in my hands. It was all over, then. I should never see the blue sky and the golden sunlight, or God's fair earth again. Then a frenzy took possession of me. I rose to my feet, I shouted, I screamed aloud, wildly; but all in vain. The echoes of the silent tomb sent my cries mockingly back again. I wrung my hands until they were bruised and lacerated. I struck the cold stone door, and beat my head madly against the solid walls even as a caged creature beats against the iron bars of its prison. Alas! in vain.

No one would ever know my fate. The birds of prey whom I had frightened from their spoils in fear of having their own crime exposed would never utter a word that could lead to my release—I was doomed to die there, and my fate would ever remain a mystery.

Then a desire began to stir within me for light, that I might view my dreadful surroundings, look upon my horrible situation with a calm, restrained feeling, born of my utter hopelessness. After that? Well, death would soon come, and then—no matter. I felt about for the lantern which the robbers had dropped. At last my hand came in contact with it, but it was broken, shivered in fragments. Then I remembered the candle, which I had placed in my pocket, and with a wild feeling of gratitude at my own forethough I drew it hastily forth. Matches! Ah! I drew my breath quickly; I had but three! Sitting there, in the dark, I held them in my hand. I passed my fingers caressingly over them—they were priceless to me. At that moment I would have signed away my title to every acre of land, every dollar which I possessed in the world, for one single box of lucifier matches.

Three matches! Slowly and deliberately I struck one upon the stone wall of the tomb. A faint flicker, a blue glimmer, and it went out forever. With a fast-beating heart and a trembling hand I struck the second match. No phosphorescent gleam greeted my burning gaze—it also was worthless. With a groan of despair I threw it aside, and with a cold, hard feeling settling about my heart, a reckless, defiant conviction that I was deserted by God as well as man, I struck my last match upon the wall. How my heart beat again, as it flamed up, bright and blue, and I glanced hurriedly around me! My eyes turned to the farthest corner of the vault. The cold perspiration broke over me, my hair bristled upon my head with horror, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. There near the overturned coffin a figure in white crouched, pallid and rigid—the body of my wife as it had fallen from the coffin. With a horrible shriek I dropped the match and fell to the ground insensible.

How long I lay there I never knew. I was aroused at last by a dull, dreary sensation of cold and hunger; and then I remembered that I had neither eaten nor drank for many hours, and now the pangs of starvation stared me in the face. A thought flitted through my brain. There was the wax-candle; I might prolong my life by eating a portion of it at a time; I had heard of such things being done. It was hard to tell why I wished to lengthen the sufferings which must end in death at last; but life is sweet to all living creatures, even though it bring inevitable agony in its wake. So I decided to portion the candle off into tiny pieces, and, by eating one piece every three hours, as nearly as I could estimate, my life might be prolonged for a day or two. I took my watch from my pocket and endeavored, by the sense of touch, to guess at the hour. As well as I could determine, it was early morning now. Morning outside, and all the world full of sunshine and hope, while I ——. I stifled my agony, and broke a tiny bit of candle. It was a nauseous dose, but I did not stop to criticise. Then I wrapped my overcoat about me; and, lying down upon the floor, I tried to sleep. I must have slept or have lain in a stupor for what seemed like many hours; then I aroused and ate another inch of candle. Time dragged slowly by. My watch, as nearly as I could decide, had told off another day; my candle was half gone—I must economize. I concluded, therefore, to partake of my only sustenance at still longer intervals. And so, as I counted on my watch, still another day glided by. My agony, so intolerable at first, had given place to a stolid apathy, a feeling that I must die, and a wish for some trusty weapon to hasten my release from this Hades. But I had nothing, not even a penknife.

Slowly my candle dwindled away—there were but two inches left now. I waited, counting off the dreadful hours as well as I could, until six more of them had passed; then my craving became so unendurable that I could no longer restrain it, and I greedily devoured the morsel. Now, the last inch—the time has come. I passed my fingers lovingly over the bit of wax, all that stood between me and death. A pause, and the last mouthful is gone. Then I wrapped my coat about me, and laid down once more. Strange sights began to float before my distorted vision; strange sounds filled my ears; strange shapes flitted about me, jeering, jibing, mocking.

Hark! Was that a groan? I raised myself to a sitting posture, and pushed the clammy hair from my brow. Again, it was repeated; surely, I was not yet mad? Then I heard distinctly—O! God! can it be true?—footsteps outside my dreadful prison; the sound was muffled, to be sure, but they were footsteps, for all that. With a mighty effort I gave a loud, piercing shriek; and again I heard the dreadful groan at my side repeated; and then I fell senseless to the floor of the vault.

Well, I've heard of stranger things, after all, and truth is always stranger than fiction, you know. But it appeared that the robbers had been watched and detected, and, as I also had been missed at the same time, my friends had tracked me to the tomb, outside of which I had dropped my forgotten floral offering—proof positive to them that I had been there, at least.

But a strange thing still. When my friends, accompanied by the sexton, had visited the tomb, and, hearing my agonized shriek, had forced open the door, they had entered to find me insensible, and my wife *alive*. It was only one of those cases of which we often read, and of which in these days of hasty burials the only wonder is that there are not more of them—a case of literal burying-alive. The jar of the falling coffin had brought back the stagnant blood to her heart, and it had been the groans of my wife which had greeted my ears, and added the last drop of horror to my overflowing cup. They bore us both away, and for days we hovered between life and death; then once more all was well with us, and we came back to the world again filled with awe and thanksgiving.

But now comes the strangest part of all. According to my own estimate, I had been confined in my living tomb, suffering mental and bodily tortures, for the space of three long, dreadful days.

Reader, *I had been there just five hours!*

HOW GAUGER ALLEN WAS SOLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

Some fifty years ago illicit distilling was carried on to a great extent in the southern and western parts of Ireland. In the west of Clare County lies a low range of mountains, which at that time contained many a secret still that the revenue officers in vain endeavored to discover.

Some ten miles from these mountains lay and still lies the thriving little town of Kilrush, the chief public-house of which was kept by a jovial landlord named Con. Curtin. To this house resorted all the choice spirits of the neighborhood, among whom were several revenue officers, who, notwithstanding their suspicions that Con. was at the head and front of the "crooked worms" in the mountains, were at heart his warm personal friends.

"And where may ye be goin' to-morrow, gintlemen?" said Con., as he mixed four "dandies" of punch for as many officers who sat in his tap-room one evening, playing a quiet game of forty-fives.

"To the mountains, Con.," answered one with a wink, "and Gauger Allen is to be on the lookout also."

"O dear, O dear!" sighed Con. with a mournful shake of his head. "It's a burnin' shame to give the blissid Government so much throuble."

The officers, who understood Con. thoroughly, looked at each other quizically, and exploded with a simultaneous roar of laughter, Con. regarding them the while with an expression the very personification of innocence.

The next morning a boy of sixteen might have been seen plodding his way from the mountains towards Kilrush. He was leading an ass, on each side of which hung a basket, apparently filled with turf. The lad was whistling merrily, and had proceeded about five miles of his journey when he met a tall gentleman walking towards him The stranger approached the boy rapidly, and regarded the basket suspiciously.

"Where are you going, my lad?" he asked.

"To town, your honor," replied the boy respectfully.

"And what have you got in the baskets, my fine fellow?"

"Turf, sir," said the boy quite innocently.

"So you say," answered Gauger Allen (for it was that worthy in person), taking the boy's hand confidentially. "But come now, honestly, have you not got a keg of poteen in one of those baskets?"

"Faith, and you'd guess eggs if you saw but the shells, sir," replied the boy, with the spirit of mischief in his eyes. "And it's that same I have, sure enough."

"And where are you taking it to?" asked the gauger.

"Oh, that's a secret, sir, that I mustn't tell anyone for the world."

"Oh, come, come," said the gauger, slipping a five-shilling piece into the boy's hand; "you know you need not mind telling *me*."

"Well, thin, I suppose I needn't mind tellin' you, sir, as you look like a gintleman," replied the boy, examining the coin closely.

"I'm takin' this little keg iv poteen as a prisint to ——"

"To who?" asked the gauger, somewhat impatiently.

"Faith, to Gauger Allen himself, thin," said the boy, looking straight into the other's eyes.

"And do you know the gauger, my lad?"

"Well, I don't know him, sir; but they tell me he is a gintleman, ivery inch iv him."

"Well, my lad," said the officer, "I am Gauger Allen myself, and here is a half-crown for your honesty."

"Thank yer honor," said the boy bobbing his head and pocketing the money.

"Now," said the gauger, "when you get to my house, in Francis street, tell the girl to place this keg of poteen in the cellar, beside the fresh keg that I captured yesterday. This is the key of the cellar. Tell her to keep it till I come home. There, my lad, always be as truthful and honest as you have been to-day, and they will make a gauger out of you yet."

With these words Gauger Allen walked on, while the boy stood looking after him with a half-comical expression in his face. The boy trudged merrily into town, and went straight to the gauger's house. He rang the bell, and a bright servant-girl answered.

"I met the gauger on the road," said the boy, "and he told me to tell you to deliver to me the fresh keg of poteen in the cellar that he captured yesterday. By the same token, here is the key, and he said fur you to kape it till he'd come home. I'm to lave this basket iv turf in place iv it a fair exchange is no robbery."

The turf was deposited in the cellar, and the keg of poteen took its place in the basket, when the boy duly proceeded to Con. Curtin's, where both kegs were safely disposed of, while, from the screams of laughter that proceeded from the tap-room, one would have supposed that Bedlam had broken loose.

That evening Gauger Allen had a friend to dine with him, whom he had especially invited to test the quality of the excellent poteen that had been presented to him that morning. After dinner, as both gentlemen lay back, enjoying their cigars, the gauger rang the bell, and the servant appeared.

"Mary," he said, "take a pitcher, and fill it from the keg of poteen that was left here this morning."

"Poteen! this morning!" echoed the girl in astonishment. "Why, there was no poteen left this morning, sir; but the boy you sent took away the keg captured yesterday, and left a basket of turf in its place, and here's the key he said I was to keep till you'd come back."

Gauger Allen's countenance on receiving the news can better be imagined than described, while the laughter of his friend in no wise improved his temper. Con. Curtin often told the story, and insisted that the gauger sampled many a glass of his own poteen, and none the wiser for it.

"And to see him drinkin' it so innocently," said Con., "was a caution to gaugers."

DOGS PHYSIOGNOMISTS.—Whenever speaking to a dog, whether encouragingly or reprovingly, the sportsman should endeavor to look what he means, and the dog will understand him. The dog will understand the look, if he does not the words. The sportsman should never, with a smile on his countenance, punish a dog; nor commend him, when he has done well, but with an apparent hearty good-will; the dog will then take an interest in obeying him.

A MAN set his son to study law, because he said he was such a tricky rascal, and he wanted to humor his chief talent.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

C. S. J., Georgetown.—"One nine had played out their nine innings, the other nine commenced their ninth, and had two out when the umpire called the game on account of darkness. The score then stood 11 to 10. The umpire decided that the club that had the highest score won the game. Did the umpire decide right, or should he have gone back to even innings?"......The decision was correct. Had the game been called in the first part of the inning, then the score of the last even innings would have decided it; or, had the party who took the first part led the score, then, too, it would have had to have gone back to even innings.

BLUENOSE, St. John.—1. It was William Sadler whom Walter Brown defeated in the only race he ever rowed in England. The race took place on the Tyne Nov. 19, 1869, Brown rowing in James Renforth's boat Adelaide, which the American christened President Grant. It was not fitted with a sliding-seat, the merit of which invention is accorded to Brown, who, we believe, first rigged a boat with a seat of this description the following year, though it did not come into general use until 1871. It was introduced in England by the Taylor-Winship crew, in their race with Chambers' crew, on the Tyne, in November, 1871.

J. W.—1. You must agree upon the value of straights before beginning play. If nothing was said or understood about straights before commencing, the three eights win, as a straight is not a regular poker hand. When played by agreement, it is then settled as to whether it will beat two pair only, or three of a kind. 2. One pair, two pair, three of a kind, flush (when it is agreed to play it), full hand, four of a kind, and a straight flush (when it is agreed to play it). The simple straight usually, by agreement, comes in either just before the three of a kind, or next after three of a kind. 3. No answers by mail.

FLOOD-TIDE, Phila.—1. Joe Winrow was in the boat in which Tom Hyer escaped from Pool Island, Chesapeake Bay, when disturbed by the authorities, but we don't know who handled the oars. The boat belonged to the propeller Columbia of Philadelphia, and had just been rowed to the island by two men, whose names we do not know. 2. "Bob Ridley," song-and-dance, was first performed by John Smith, at New Orleans, La., in 1849. 3. You can obtain it from Ed. James.

SIMON, Brunswick Billiard Hall.—If the bridge alone hit the cue-ball, an object-ball pocketed by such a stroke is as valid a count as if the cue had set the cue-ball in motion. The stroke was a slip, as it was not intended to play with the bridge. To the studied use of the latter implement, in lieu of a cue, the roomkeeper may well object, but to its accidental use there can be no reasonable objection.

JOHN ALMOND.—With regard to the questions you ask, we can only say that your handwriting is fair; that we never state what amount of salary any particular performers receive; and the only idea we can give concerning salaries is, that they range from $25 to $100 per week, depending in a great measure upon the length of the engagement and the reputation and ability of the performers.

M. B. AND C., Springfield.—To assist a lady to alight from a horse, first see that the lady's habit is clear of the pummels and other projecting parts of the saddle; you then lend her the same assistance as you would if you were helping her down from a high wagon where it is necessary for her to jump to the ground. No chair is required.

JACK THE BARBER, New Haven.—Chang and Eng the Siamese twins died in Mount Airy, N. C., Jan. 17, 1874. Chang died first, and Eng survived him about two hours. They were not separated before death, and an autopsy after that event convinced many of our best physicians that the ligature which united their bodies could not have been sundered without causing the death of one, if not both of them.

L. E., Montreal.—The amateur rule requires that no player shall take part in a game unless he is a member of the club he plays in, and has not been a member of any other club for the previous sixty days, or played in any match game as one of the nine of another club, whether member or not. The objection you refer to appears to us valid.

F. AND S.—The bet is void. It is as to an election to come. There is no election in that city for the purpose of that bet, and consequently S, having no possible chance to win, cannot lose. There must be an election for the office—in other words, a race—unless the bet was specifically made play or pay.

A PROFESSIONAL, Louisville.—1. The late W. H. Whalley played at the Old Bowery Theatre, under the management of George L. Fox, as Damon to the Pythias of the late William Marden. 2. Dominick Murray made his American debut in Niblo's Garden, in this city Aug. 2, 1869, acting Michael Feeny in "Arrah-na-Pogue."

A AND B.—The half-mile at Barnum's Hippodrome, this city, June 29, 1874, was won by W. J. Hume; Wm. Watson, second; John Henderson, third; John Downie, fourth. Time, 4:03. The mile-walk, July 2, following, had fourteen starters, and was won by John McEwen; J. Henderson, second; J. Ed. Russell, third; W. Watson, fourth. Time, 8:03¾. We cannot give the names of all the starters.

J. J.—1. John T. Hoffman was defeated for the office of Governor of this State by Reuben E. Fenton in 1866, and defeated John A. Griswold in 1868 and Stewart L. Woodford in 1870. 2. Horatio Seymour has been thrice defeated for the same office—by Washington Hunt in 1850 by about 200 votes, by Myron H. Clark in 1854 by about 300 votes, and by Reuben E. Fenton in 1864 by 8,293.

L. J. R.—1. She lives on the northeast corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue, as well as in Fifty-second street. The fact that the front door has been opened into the side street does not prevent the residence from being on the corner. 2. That is the gentleman's private business. 3. It is the lady's also, until she chooses to make it public.

EUGENE, Newark.—We have no knowledge of his whereabouts. Your best plan would be to address a letter to him in care of this office, describing his business on the envelope. There was a George A. Williams, song-and-dance performer, who died in this city Jan. 28 last. He was born in New Orleans in 1849, and his real name was George A. Boyens.

DEMOCRAT, Milford.—1. At the beginning of the present year the debt of France was 23,403,206,900fr., exclusive of 1,150,375,050fr. interest. 2. At the beginning of the present fiscal year, July 1, 1875, the debt of the United States was $2,270,932,088.14, less $142,243,261.82 cash in Treasury. This includes interest. 3. Read our baseball department.

AMITY, Pittsburg.—He is a citizen when he reaches the age of twenty-one, for voting purposes; but the mere fact that he was born in the United States and has lived here all his life is not of itself sufficient to entitle him to vote, there being other qualifications. Send us an exact copy of the law, if you wish us to interpret it.

W. F. S., Chicago.—1. The pronunciation at Booth's is as it were spelled Sardanapaylus. Byron gives authority for this in his poem of "Don Juan," Canto II, stanza 207:

"Eat, drink, and love—naught else can now avail us,
Thus wrote the royal sage Sardanapalus."

2. We prefer that they should not be solicited.

B. P. F., Centralia.—1. Russell Girard died in Boston, Mass. He was for some time a member of the stock company at the Boston Theatre. 2. Bob Way's best record for a single standing jump is 12ft. 8½in. He has jumped farther in matches in which he was defeated. 3. Yes. It is customary to use weights.

FRANK O., New Haven.—1. By the nearest route, it is more than eighty miles from here to Philadelphia, and less than ninety. 2. At the taking of the last U. S. census, Philadelphia had nothing like twice the population of Brooklyn. 3. Philadelphia covers more ground than Brooklyn.

D. L. O. D.—Anything in reason we will endeavor to answer; but it is asking too much to call for the best records of some ninety horses. There is no book or series of books that will afford you relief, and we should recommend a patient search through the files of THE CLIPPER.

A. AND F., Petrolia.—A billion here and in France is a thousand millions; in England, as it used to be here, it is a million of millions, or ten hundred thousand millions. It is correct to use either a million of millions or ten hundred thousand millions, as expressive of the larger billion.

F. R. P., Havana.—A straight at draw-poker will beat three of a kind in some coteries, and but two pair in others. It is not, as is also the case with the flush and the blaze, a regular poker hand, and its value, if it is played at all, should be agreed upon when it is agreed to play it.

CHARLES.—After the cards have been properly cut, the dealer cannot shuffle them. Should the cutter shuffle, instead of cut them, then the dealer can shuffle them again, as he can likewise do if the cutter both shuffles and cuts them.

STAKEHOLDER, San Francisco.—It is one of your functions, no one having been chosen for the purpose, to decide the matter in accordance with the evidence presented by the bettors, or in accordance with the best information you can get in case the bettors furnish no evidence.

BUFFALO BETTORS.—That was one of the schemes devised for the settlement of the slavery question. If it was ever really before Congress, it never became a law. Better draw the bet, which, as you have worded it, is rather inexplicit.

MUGGINS, Galesburg.—1. Badger Girl's record is 2:23¼. 2. Gen. Garfield's, 2:21. 3. Her age is said to be forty years. 4. It will be necessary for you to state the race, as A could lose such a bet almost as frequently as a draw could be made of it.

BLUE JEANS, Philadelphia.—Neither has won as yet. The official returns must be awaited, and you will win if those returns show a Democratic Governor for Indiana, though the Republicans should elect every other officer on the ticket.

H. J. P.—It was the students of St. Bartholomew's Hospital that snowballed the City of London police, and held their own for a while. The students of St. Thomas' and Guy's Hospital did not participate. The affair occurred last Winter, at, we believe, the grounds of St. Bartholomew's, and not at the St. Thomas' Hospital.

S. AND W., Boston.—The throwing-out of the games played by the Mutuals and Athletics annuls the bet, as, had those clubs completed their series, the Bostons might, or might not have won more than they can now do.

OLD NED, Chicago.—The direct distance from Scotland to Iceland is about 550 miles, and the same between Newfoundland to Scotland is about 1,700, though the navigable course is much longer.

R. C., Vancouver.—His name was Sumner, and so was his great-great-grandfather's. It is a historic name in the annals of this country, from the Revolution down to the death of Charles Sumner the Senator.

G. A. J., Toronto.—1. Francis Courtney Wemyss died in this city Jan. 5, 1859. He was in comfortable pecuniary circumstances. 2. There are such works, but they are out of print. 3. At the Boston (Mass.) Theatre.

SOLIO, Washington.—If the understanding was that the bet was upon the teams as composed at the time said bet was made, any change in the composition of either team invalidated the wager, as far as they were concerned.

INTERESTED READER, Newtown.—Call at the pool-rooms in the vicinity of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, this city, any afternoon or night of a secular day, as to the pools. As to the other, never learn.

READER, Jersey City.—J. wins. Lula's fastest three heats were not what are called "straight" in turf technology; and, whether "straight" or merely consecutive, they are not the fastest three, having been surpassed by Goldsmith Maid's three straight ones at Buffalo this year.

E. H. P.—A was justified in endeavoring to win the pot by overbetting up to the limit; but his claim that he is playing liberally in bluffing a man who has been a heavy loser is unreasonable.

J. L. C. JR., Xenia.—Buffalo Bill acted in Rochester, N. Y., during the week ending Oct. 7. Texas Jack is in Philadelphia, Pa. Letters addressed to them in care of this office will reach them soonest.

E. H., Syracuse.—1. A wins, the score being 7 to 0, which is "two to one," and even better. 2. What is now called Rockaway is farther from New York, by rail, than Far Rockaway. 3. About thirty miles.

JOHN ALLEN, Brooklyn.—1. Jim Mace was born April 8, 1831; Joe Goss, Nov. 5, 1838. 2. Will give you the dates in our next.

F. B. T., Washington.—1. It depends upon what rules, if any, the race was rowed under. It is not customary to have more than one umpire or referee.

SOL ROBERTSHAW, Phila.—It is possible that he did, but not in a match of any importance. We have not the names of all of Westhall's opponents.

H. W. P., St. Johnsbury.—1. The stakes were returned. 2. Heenan and Sayers fought once only. 3. Geo. B. McClellan's residence is at Orange, N. J.

McDONNELL, Fonda.—1. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 2. Jacob Martin of Ypsilanti, Mich., is said to have repeatedly lifted 1,350 pounds, dead weight, with one hand.

R. A., West Philadelphia.—Philadelphia was in 1859 the second largest city, in point of population, in the United States.

L. H.—We would not be justified in aiding to obtrude upon the lady's privacy, the more especially as we are not cognizant of your motive.

D. W., Fall River.—1. A Dutch sketch for two persons would cost from $30 to $100, according to who might write it. 2. Write to Ed. James, as per his advertisement.

I. R. J.—1. Bradley is Bond's superior as a pitcher. 2. We never saw Sullivan of the Orange nine play, and therefore cannot comment on their play.

M. S., Butler.—The bets will be determined by the vote cast for the head of the ticket, which, in the supposed cases, is the Governor.

STAKEHOLDER, Irvington.—A will have won as soon as the official returns show that Indiana has elected a Democratic Governor. The head of the ticket is determinative.

A. E. P., Indianapolis.—The poem referred to was only published in THE CLIPPER, and we have no copies of the number in which it appeared.

H. M. B. D. S., London.—No. John Gully, after his battle with Bob Gregson, May 10, 1808, declined the office of champion of England, which descended to Tom Cribb. Gully was elected to Parliament in December, 1832.

PHILADELPHIA, Washington.—The bet stands, and is decided by the shooting, unless B, when he bet, named certain riflemen as the ones who should constitute the different teams.

GREENHORN.—Auction pools are closed at once; mutual pools are closed before the beginning of the event bought on, but the same pools on elections are ordinarily closed every night.

B., Albany.—The State goes in October as the candidate for Governor. In electing him, the head of the ticket, the Democrats carry the State, though all the other offices may fall to the Republicans.

J. W., Dodge City.—Only the player who fixes the trump, by making it, by taking it up, or by ordering it up, can go alone at regular euchre. Such has been our decision ever since THE CLIPPER was started.

J. W. B., Bremond.—1. 1:41¾, by Kadi, Hartford, Sept. 2, 1875. 2. Lexington's four-mile time has been beaten by Fellowcraft (7:19¾, Saratoga, Aug. 20, 1874), and by Ten Broeck (7:15¾, Louisville, Sept. 27, 1876).

PADRO, Cleveland.—1. B cannot count his pedro until the cards are all played out, and then high, low, jack, game and sancho will count before it. 2. Ned Donnelly's fighting weight was 152lb; Bill Hayes, 136lb.

R. C., St. Louis.—You can address C. B. Elliott, George Rohr, John Kyle, Stephen Roberts, and Thomas Fearon, in our care.

HEATH, Baltimore.—At seven-up the dealer counts every jack fairly turned, even though the cards subsequently run out.

C. E. D., St. Louis.—The greatest distance walked in one hour is eight miles. It was done by W. Perkins, champion of England.

HORATIO, Lacrosse.—1. Search the Bible, and see if you can find Monday, Tuesday, etc., mentioned therein. 2. We know nothing of a game called "Cincinnato Swindle."

A. W. U., Negaunee.—The Great Eastern was built at Millwall, Eng., and the first American port she made was this city, June 28, 1860.

MINNEHAHA.—The bet is off; not because the game was given to No. 1, instead of its being won by them, but because no game was played.

H. H. S., Lexington.—1. Mary Brennan won the Phœnix Stakes at Lexington in 1838. 2. John C. Heenan and John Morrissey fought at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858.

G. R. B.—The best running time on record for one mile, by a pedestrian, level ground, is 4min. 17¼sec. Bill Lang ran a mile, partly down hill, in 4:02.

L. C., JR., Milwaukee.—The late Helen Western was a sister of Lucille Western, who was born in New Orleans, La., Jan. 8, 1843.

APOLLO, Brooklyn.—1. The statue of the Apollo Belvidere is over 7ft. high. 2. The taller man would be the finer-looking, if developed in proportion to his height.

R. F. P., Kansas City.—The three being a case-card the bettor ought to make a stand-off of it. But faro-bank keepers decide these questions for themselves.

D. S., Newport.—Miss Georgiana Drew, now performing in Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, in this city, is a daughter of Mrs. John Drew of Philadelphia.

F. L. W., Topsfield.—THE CLIPPER will cost you $5 per annum, and it would be mailed from here every Tuesday morning.

T. D. P., Chelsea.—1. Capt. T. G. Moore, Crab Orchard, Ky. 2. Col. Rufus Hunt, St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, La.

CASSINO, Lynn.—1. He cannot add the ace on the board to your pile of eight. 2. If he merely plays a four, you can make another eight of it.

NORMAN.—You are a citizen if your father, after having been naturalized, did not forfeit his citizenship upon his return to England.

F. H., Baltimore.—1. Miss Linda Dietz is an American. She is not of Jewish extraction, and is unmarried. 2. We cannot spare the space to republish the article referred to.

W. J. T.—Orel started in the mile-and-half dash at Lexington, Ky., won by Phillis.

V. D., Sing Sing.—The five deuces beat the five aces at poker-dice.

ROLLAND, Washington.—Address Scott & Co., Fulton street, this city, for their coin list.

BLUFF, Phila.—Straights have no fixed value, being as often played to beat but two pair as three of a kind.

ARNOLD, Palestine.—Address the American News Company, this city.

C. E. D., Chicago.—The bet is void—same as a bet (not play or pay) on a race that never takes place.

EDWARD MORRISON, Montreal.—It was an exhibition affair, and we cannot notice it.

JAMES WOLFE.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

H. S., Chicago.—Weston is in England. No answers by mail or telegraph.

IRELANDOIS, Halifax.—The fastest pedestrian time for 100 yards is 9¾ seconds; 200 yards, 19¾ sec.

GUS, Boston.—The head of the ticket governs, and B wins.

W. E. LE P.—At euchre a player who has not the suit can either trump the lead or "throw away."

C. C. F., Chicago.—It will be some weeks yet before the official returns are announced.

W. H. D., Milton.—Franklin Pierce, 1,596,395; Scott, 1,393,089; Hale, 158,123.

N. P. T., Philadelphia.—The Live Stock Show is not a part of the Exhibition for the purpose of that pool.

C. N., Baltimore.—He can call for your best card and go alone.

A. P., Dogtown.—Address J. C. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, this city.

INFORMATION, Toronto.—We think it is Tchoupitoulas, but we have not at hand the means of verifying it.

REDPATH LYCEUM BUREAU, Boston.—Mail so as to reach us by the first mail Monday mornings.

A. A. B., Grand Rapids.—"Evelyn De Vere" was commenced in THE CLIPPER dated May 13, 1876.

HENRY, Trenton.—Your opponent could not play it alone against you, and was entitled to but two points.

S. H., Atlantic City.—1. Begin as a utility-man. 2. Salary ranges from $8 to $15 per week.

MINNEAPOLIS.—The bet is void. A game had to be begun to bind it.

A. W. McD.—The draft riot in this city began on Monday morning, July 13, 1863.

CONSTANT READER.—The United States census shows the Methodists to be the more numerous body.

E. B. T., Toronto.—Signor Vallo's address is 439 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. H., Roseville.—The shield-side on a five-cent nickle is the head.

W. H. S., Philadelphia.—Watch our Miscellaneous summary for the whereabouts of Healy's Hibernica.

H. M.—Thanks for bill. It will be used when occasion offers.

E. J. M.—The Park Theatre in this city was burned the first time May 25, 1820, and the last time Dec. 16, 1848.

A. R. W., Aylmer.—See advertisements. We cannot undertake to recommend any particular firm.

CASSINO, Winona.—Not having an eight in his hand, B could not combine an eight for the benefit of his partner.

CHICAGO.—The city of Washington is in the United States.

FOND DU LAC.—If K.'s name was not presented in convention as a candidate for nomination, the bet is a draw.

INQUIRER, Marlboro.—Write to Ed. James, as per address in our advertising columns.

H. A. R., Crawfordsville.—1. Ole Bull has just returned from Europe. 2. Read our baseball department.

FOUR.—Miss Fanny Davenport is the eldest daughter of E. L. Davenport.

W. J. M., Richmond.—Cannot undertake to determine the relative circulations of newspapers.

P. G. B., Tomat.—*General* William T. Sherman ranks *Lieut.*-gen. Philip H. Sheridan.

T. Y. M.—You are referring to its editor until recently. He is an Englishman.

A READER, Philadelphia.—Watch our variety summary, or address a letter to her in care of this office.

C. H. B., Syracuse.—All right. The suggestions were given to aid you.

DECLINED.—"No One to Love, Now I'm Old," "Charley, My Darling," "Love versus Hatred."

A SUBSCRIBER, Erie.—The letters "lb." mean first-base hits made by each player.

A GYMNAST, Cincinnati.—The apparatus is not made in this country. It is a professional secret.

SPRINGFIELD.—The nine refusing to play when required by the umpire forfeit the game.

H. H. C., Stapleton.—That player wins the game who was first to call or claim out.

CHARLES.—They have not, as we write, been announced.

J. M., Carlinville.—Only your partner could play alone.

SLICK, Chicago.—James G. Blaine was born Jan. 31, 1830.

K. C., Erie.—They were alive when last heard from.

SHYLOCK.—"The Merchant of Venice" is a comedy.

E. L. W., Chicago.—James O'Neill is unmarried.

TEXAS, Houston.—Which is correct every time.

C. H. H.—Will endeavor to answer next week.

R. W. T., Detroit.—Such a bet would be void.

J. G., Chicago.—Dexter's best time is 2:17¼.

ASSESSMENT, St. Louis.—A wins the money.

ITHACA.—Yes; Mace defeated Allen fairly.

B. WILLIAMS, Philadelphia.—No record.

A. AND B., Brooklyn.—The bet is void.

KAWDERS.—It is a matter of opinion.

EDWIN P. P.—B wins the money.

C. A. D., Detroit.—It is a draw.

PENDY.—Your card costs $2.40.

L. D.—Will answer next week.

H. CROWTHER.—Out of print.

ED. D.—Will give it a place.

F. W.—We do not know.

"WHITEWASH."

This is a composition introduced within the last decade to cover up the specks, spots, stains, scars, and blemishes of damaged reputations. When laid on by skillful hands, a reputation never so soiled looks as "good as new," and the owner thereof goes about his business, as though nothing had happened, with a clean bill of character. It is applied only to those holding high positions, and is not for the "vulgar herd," who must take care of their own reputations. It is a glorious thing, indigenous to and confined exclusively to this country, the benighted governments and institutions of other lands not looking upon the article with favor, owing to their old-fashioned notions of meting out justice, which, happily, do not obtain in the "land of the free and the home of the brave." Blessed be "whitewash," for it hath saved many a reputation that otherwise would have gone down to a *timely* grave. Great is "whitewash," and great are the "whitewashers" who apply it. May the one never lose its consistency and adhesiveness, nor the hands of the other their cunning in the matter of applying it. Long may it wave—"Whitewash."

THE CLIPPER CHESS TOURNEY.

We herewith present a record of the games contested up to the morning of Oct. 16. It will be seen that it is a tight race between Bird and Delmar; while Mason, who did not show in his usual form in the early stage of the tourney, is now coming with a rush, and the situation is deeply interesting:

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Baird	3½½	8	Limbeck	8½	4
Bird	14	2	Lissner	5	5
Becker	6	*2	McCutchen	5	3
Clarke	8½	4	Marr	0	15
Cohnfeld	3	10	Mason	13	2
Delmar	14	1½	Orchard	7½	*9
Dill	9½	3	Rose	6	*1
Dwyer	3½	9	Ryan	3½½	8
Ensor	10	3	Weinch	9½	7
Fowler	1½	10	Williams	2	12
Gunther	3	9			

*Retired.

HAD THE JEROME PARK FALL MEETING opened as vigorously as it closed, the entire show might have been a grand success. How so? Well, when the meeting commenced the services were not of a very interesting character, and the attendance was, accordingly, quite slim, the absence of the dear sisters being especially noticeable; but on the closing day the ceremonies were of a sympathetic kind, and the congregation enjoyed it hugely. Not only was the flat-racing good, but the programme of sport closed with one of the most exciting steeplechases ever witnessed there, and one that furnished more real enjoyment than all the other numbers put together. The horses, as if knowing what was expected of them, tumbled to it from the very beginning; and as they became warmed up to the work and jumps before them, they moved along like a thing of life. The spectators were as excited as the horses, and when a couple of the latter fell, and rolled over the course and the jockeys, you couldn't have heard a pin drop. It was a pretty sight, and everybody was delighted. It far surpassed that game of Polo in which Mr. Douglass was injured, and gave eclat to what would otherwise have been a rather tame series of races. Deadhead is to be credited with the last fall at the Last Fall Meeting of the American Jockey Club, and he came very near making a deadhead of his rider, too. Taking the entire meeting into consideration, it would seem that the sport is not growing in popularity hereaway, and the finances of the club will have to be taxed to make both ends of the meeting meet.

NEW-YORKERS are a shrewd business people, and they know it. Now, here is an instance of our cuteness: Sunday, there was a nipping and an eager air, and it was as cold as a miser's heart. Notwithstanding this condition of the weather, with "probabilities" of its continuance, one of our ice-cream merchants took his accustomed place at a Chatham-street corner, prepared to serve his customers; but, with a sagacity worthy of Prince Bismarck, he built a rousing bonfire to make the boys believe it was a warm day!

WE MADE just as much of a time over the Indiana and Ohio elections as if they had been our own; and up around the Fifth-avenue Hotel, and thence to the pool-rooms between Twenty-eighth and Thirtieth streets, the people became almost frantic on Tuesday evening, when the election-returns came in. Gosh! If those little affairs created such an excitement, what may we look for when the Presidential election comes off!

NOW, ISN'T IT time that straw-hats were called in? What is the use of laws if they are violated with impunity. We think our police-officers should be ordered to "shoot the hat!"

THE YACHT ATALANTA has heretofore been looked upon as an idler craft than the Idler; but she proved herself to be a go-ahead yacht in the recent race to Cape May and back, when she got back on the Idler with three hours to spare. The sailer of the Atalanta was Roth, but the sailer of the Idler was wrathier.

THE REPORT of the death of Commodore Vanderbilt, which gained currency on Monday, was received by the reporters with manifestations of delight; but their joy was of brief duration, for, later in the day, the Commodore announced that he was not only alive, but better than he had been for some time.

A GOOD MANY of the boys would join a Polo club if they could only get a mustang, on which, they assert, must hang the beauties of the game. Maybe some of our capitalists can be induced to go into the business of *raising* a crop of mustangs for our poor but honest young friends.

THOSE PEOPLE who "persecuted" Stokes ought to feel cheap enough when he comes out, shorn of his *Auburn locks*, on October 28. *Postscript.*—He obtains his release just in time to be registered and get his vote in if they are not too obstinate to take it.

MUSHROOMS are just as dead as toadstools—nobody calls for them any more. Proprietors of hotels on the European plan feel quite bad over it, and deny that any man ever died from eating toadstools cooked on the mushroom plan!

THESE CENTENNIAL TIMES are dreadfully hard upon hotel-hands. A suffering night-porter in a down-town hotel informs us that he's always sure to be *rapped up* by somebody just as he has *wrapped up himself*.

IN ONE of our furnishing stores on Broadway may be seen the announcement "Keep's custom shirts." Thus forewarned, it is not likely that customers will give the proprietor an opportunity to do so.

A "CLUBBING" ASSOCIATION desires to learn our special rates to such. About these times they can make better terms with political organizations.

WERE our metropolitan police to stick feathers in their Derby hats, they would look even more like country soldiers than they do now.

EXCUSE US, but we merely wish to ascertain whether those ladies who wear the Cardinal red also possess *all* the cardinal virtues.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

⁂ On Oct. 9: David H. Peterson, a negro, who killed his colored mistress, Josephine Kelly, in this city, was sentenced to State-prison for life......William Scott, a butcher, also of this city, received a sentence of ten years for highway robbery......Mrs. Irene A. V. House was indicted by the Mercer County (N. J.) Grand Jury for manslaughter......The St. Paul (Minn.) and Pacific R. R. was taken possession of by the trustees, on behalf of mortgagees......Anderson Hamilton & Co., pork-dealers of Louisville, Ky., failed, with liabilities estimated at $240,000; assets, $40,000......Edward Hayes was struck and instantly killed by a locomotive at New Brunswick, N. J......David Myers was reported to have committed suicide by taking poison at Boonton, N. J......Jacob Rehm, one of the chiefs of the Chicago, Ill., whiskey ring, was released from imprisonment upon paying a fine of $1,000, the President having reduced the term of his sentence to three months......Cable dispatches stated that, at a public meeting in St. James' Hall, London, to consider the Eastern question, Mr. Gladstone attacked the Administration for persisting in a policy condemned by the nation and not supported by Parliament, expressed the conviction that making Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria independent of the Ottoman will would end the controversy, but declared he has exhausted all hope that the Government will see the true merits of the case; that Gen. Tchernayeff has demanded that all Serbians between the ages of 18 and 50 years be called out; and that the new wharf, with flour and rice mills, was destroyed by fire at Rotherhithe, Eng.—loss $450,000......Losses by fire: Otis & York's elevator, the Railroad Hotel and adjoining property, at Cleveland, O.—loss $244,000, partially insured; three business blocks at Pine Bluff, Ark., including Chowning & Saunders' grocery, Cohn's drygoods store, McGregor & Thompson's hardware store—loss $125,000, partly insured; H. R. Morris' store, at Wurtsboro, N. Y.—loss $6,000, insurance $3,000; F. H. Cooledge's chair shop at Westminster, Mass.—loss $20,000, insured for $6,000......Magoon was convicted at Montpelier, Vt., of the murder of Streeter......Hewson Brown was found dead in bed at Mount Lebanon, N. Y.—supposed to have committed suicide......The breaking of a rope by which cars were being hoisted from a coal-mine at New Boston, Pa., caused the death of four miners.

⁂ Oct. 10: At Beaver, Utah, Judge Boseman sentenced John D. Lee to be shot Jan. 26, 1877, for participation in the Mountain Meadow massacre nineteen years ago......Gov. Bedle of New Jersey refused to interfere with the death-sentences of John Hill and John Fullman......Four cars were wrecked by a collision between railroad trains at North Andover, Mass......The body of a ranchman named Rhode, who was killed and scalped by the Indians, was brought into Fort Laramie, Wy. Ter......James McKenna, aged 33, was drowned in the North River, this city......Giovanni Lazerrio, who stabbed and killed Paulo Tropiani in this city, was convicted of manslaughter in the second degree, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment......The steamboat Southern Belle was totally destroyed by fire near Plaquemine, La......John Slaughter, aged 72, was killed on the B. and O. R. R. at Blue Bridge, Md......Mrs. Martha Baker, aged 85, was burned to death in Philadelphia......At Grand Island, near Buffalo, N. Y., Lewis Schelier, aged 15, accidentally shot and killed Chas. Hammond, aged 16......Albert M. Bailey, a policeman of Providence, R. I., was strangled to death while trying to drink a cup of coffee......Patrick Boyle was fatally injured by falling from a wagon at Boston, Mass......Per cable: Turkey decided to grant an armistice for six months—until the end of March, 1877; the Turks had been repulsed in an attempt to cross the river Drina near Ratscha; a rumor prevailed that ex-Sultan Murad died Oct. 7; the case of Dr. Slade, the American spiritual medium, charged with vagrancy and conspiring to defraud, was adjourned at London, Eng., to Oct. 20; and Gen. Martinez Campo had finally been appointed commander of the Spanish army in Cuba, and 15,000 men will leave Spain for the island Oct. 20......Losses by fire: The Harvester Works, at Minneapolis, Minn.—loss $60,000, insured for $25,000; the Mitchell and Rowland Lumber Company's buildings, Toledo, O.—loss $35,000, fully insured; S. H. Solomon & Eberlein, grocers, lost over $21,000 (insurance $15,000) by a fire which destroyed nineteen houses in Mobile, Ala.; J. D. Harring's tea store and the P. and L. F. H. R. R. Co.'s stables, at Paterson, N. J.—loss $12,000, insured for $10,000; Edwin Hobart's residence, at North Amherst, Mass.—loss $5,000, insured for $3,500; Thos. Lethorpe's waste mill, at Manchester, N. H.—loss $5,000, insured for $1,500.

⁂ Oct. 11: Mrs. Donohue of Lawrence, Mass., died from the effects of a beating received at the hands of her husband......It was reported that on Sunday, Oct. 8, Wm. Barnes shot and killed Sam Burkett, in a colored church at Mount Washington, Ky......Jack Monroe, a herder, was killed by Indians near Fort Laramie, Wy. Ter......George Vanderlip, who killed a man named Murphy, was indicted for murder at St. Catharines, Ont......Mrs. Mary Rhawl was reported to have committed suicide on the 10th, at Jamaica, L. I......Henry A. Weeden of Taunton, Mass., also ended his life with poison......News per cable: Russia supports Serbia in rejecting the offer of a six months' armistice; Count Von Arnim had published in Switzerland a reply to Prince Bismarck's letter to the Emperor William, in which he rebuts every imputation of the Prince......Francis M. Alden fatally shot Night-watchman Jefferson at Hamilton, Ont......William Thompson was killed on the railroad near Poughkeepsie, N. Y......Losses by fire: The business portion of Sandy Hill, N. Y.—loss $100,000, insurance $57,000; James Weston's dwelling and outbuildings, at Ascutneyville, Vt.—loss $7,000, insured for $2,500.

⁂ Oct. 12: Fifteen persons were killed outright, a number of others fatally injured, and many more badly hurt, by the explosion of a battery of boilers in Zug & Co.'s nail factory, at Pittsburg, Pa......Rev. C. D. Lathrop was expelled from membership of the First Congregational Church at Amherst, Mass., because of cruelty to his family......Mme. Blanc died in this city from the effects of the pistol-shot wound received at the hands of her husband......Michael Gallagher was killed at Verplanck's Point, N. Y., by a bank of clay falling upon him......Otto Rust of this city was cut to pieces on the railroad at Newark, N. J......Elbert A. Woodward, jointly indicted with Wm. M. Tweed in five indictments for forgery, was brought to this city from Chicago, Ill., and committed to the Tombs......Frank Woods, fireman, was killed by a railroad collision near Aurora, Ind......James Ryan, a wealthy merchant of Peterboro, N. Y., was sentenced to be hanged Nov. 21 for the murder of his wife......Comptroller Andrew H. Green of this city accepted the nomination for Mayor tendered by the "committee of independent citizens."......Cable news: Three Egyptian expeditions had been destroyed by the Abyssinians; Count Von Arnim was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the House of Correction for treason against the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck; Jovellar will retain the Captain-generalship of Cuba, under the orders of Gen. Campos as commander-in-chief; Russian residents in Austria and Germany who are liable to military duty have been ordered home; a detachment of officers have been sent to equip the Black Sea squadron, which is ready to carry 96,000 men from the northern to the western shores; France has demanded of China the punishment of the mandarin who is responsible for the murder of the Catholic priest at Ning Kone Ton; Persia, in compliance with the desire of Russia, was sending troops to the Turkish frontier......Losses by fire: R. Joslin's Richmond Mill, at South Scituate—$25,000, insured for $13,000; Mrs. Wiggins' farm buildings, at Patten, Me.—$3,000, insurance $2,000.

⁂ Oct. 13: A collision between a freight and a passenger train occurred on the Old Colony Railroad, Mass., by which Fireman Abbott was killed, Engineer Crosby probably fatally, and several others severely injured......The schooner Maggie Nixon of Toronto, Ont., was reported to have been lost, with all hands, during a storm on Lake Ontario......George Vanderlip was acquitted at St. Catherines, Ont., of the charge of murdering Roger Murphy......Dennis Sweeney of this city committed suicide......A burglar who accidentally lost his life the night previously, while attempting a robbery here, was identified as Charles, alias "Troy" Dennis......Mrs. Cora Cheeseman, residing here, was reported to have shot herself, perhaps fatally......Fatal casualties: Richard Gardner and Isaac Fitzgerald were killed by the fall of a heavy stone at Indianapolis, Ind. John Murray, a brakeman, was cut to pieces by a train at Goderich, Ont. Mrs. Anna White was killed on the railroad at Locust Point, Md. Mrs. Dr. Stewart was burned to death at Port Dover, Ont. In this city: John Mosbogh was killed by falling from the roof of a new house; Margaret McDonald fell from a window. Jacob Keily died in Brooklyn, N. Y., from burns received some days previously......Elwood Hill, tried at Mount Holly, N. J., for the murder of Elwood Master, was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment......A man named Douglas received a sentence of fifteen years in State-prison for assault and robbery, at Trenton, N. J......Thomas McGough, who killed Richard Evans in this city, was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment......Cabled news: The Porte was willing to grant an armistice upon certain conditions, but rejected the peace proposals submitted by the Powers; the Serbians will not accept a six months' armistice, because the present large army could not be maintained, and refugee families be supported, during the Winter; an understanding on the Eastern question between Austria and Russia is considered certain; the French Foreign Office considers that Germany alone can avert war; in her alliance with Russia, Italy has in view the acquisition of Tunis; creditors of Turkey had seized 292 Krupp guns which were being shipped from Antwerp; 4,000 horses from Russia had arrived at Kladowa; the Turkish authorities have arrested Chefket Pasha, a leader in the Bulgarian outrages; rain imperils the grain crop in England and Scotland; Von Arnim's sentence involves the forfeiture of his title, and possibly his property; all fortifications in the Basque Provinces not occupied by the Spanish troops are to be destroyed immediately; the Duke of Marlborough had succeeded the Duke of Abercorn as Viceroy of Ireland; two thousand troops had arrived at Havana, Cuba, from Spain......One man was fatally injured, and several others badly hurt by the giving-way of the floor of an exhibition hall at Farmington, Me......Captain Marston was reported to have been drowned by the sinking of the schooner Iona, at Portland, Me......John Donovan, quartermaster of the steamship Abyssinia, died here from injuries received by falling from a yard-arm......Losses by fire: H. B. Owings' bonded warehouse, near Smith Grove, Ky.—$27,000, insured for $14,000; Smith's Place, Cranston, R. I.—$10,000, insured for $5,000; P. Brennan's barn, at Newton, Mass.—$2,000.

⁂ Oct. 14: A man named Russell, with his wife, daughter and son, from Cedar Rapids, Ia., were killed while attempting to cross a railroad track in a wagon at Lincoln, Neb......Frank Scott of Baltimore, Md., committed suicide by swallowing poison at the side of his wife's grave......Frank Deshler, a bank-teller, ended his life with a pistol-shot in the heart at Franklin, O......The dead body of Henry Schaffer, a cattle-dealer, who had been murdered and robbed, was found in the woods near Pittsburg, Pa. Henry Leukner, his partner, was arrested on suspicion......Frank Sturges & Co., metal and tin-plate merchants of Chicago, Ill., failed; liabilities about $450,000, assets nominal......Foreign dispatches were to the effect that none of the great Powers had yet given their consent to the conditions of the armistice proposed by Turkey; that Russia rejects them, and demands that a six weeks' armistice shall be imposed upon the belligerents; that the Italian Government regrets the boastful and warlike language of some of the Italian newspapers in reference to Austria; and that fifty more Russian officers, some of whom have held high positions on the Russian staff, had arrived at Belgrade......At Salt Lake City, Utah, Judge Shaefer decided that if the money adjudged Ann Eliza was not paid in ten days, Brigham Young would be brought into court for contempt......News was received of the abandonment at sea Sept. 22 of the steamer Sylvia, from Philadelphia for Havre, France. The captain and crew were brought to Liverpool, N. S......Three men were killed and two wounded by the explosion of the boiler of the steamer Matamoras, near Morgan's Point, Texas......Captain Trim and wife of Bucksport, Me., were murdered by unknown parties, who subsequently burned the premises. Their little daughter is supposed to have been killed also......Henry Smith, formerly of Long Island City, committed suicide in the Astoria jail......A heavy snowstorm visited different portions of Canada......In Brooklyn, N. Y., Louis Greenstern was beaten, it was thought fatally, by one Cottel......Patrick Brennan and Wm. McNealis were arrested for the murder of Frank Brennan, at Buck Mountain, Pa......Captain James Howard, a steamboat builder, aged 62, was drowned by the backing of a horse and buggy, in which he was seated, off a ferry-boat, at Jeffersonville, Ind......Nick Taylor, Joe Lardner, Geo. Friday and John Dugan were killed in a fight between tramps and miners, near Shamokin, Pa......Losses by fire: The Free Will Baptist Church, and other property, at Laconia, N. H.—loss about $19,000; W. Granbering and M. B. Ducloo's tenements, at Brattleboro, Vt.—loss $10,000, insurance $6,000; Wilbur's bobbing factory, at South Scituate, R. I.—loss $8,000, uninsured; H. J. Hall's grocery store, at Washington, D. C.—loss about $8,000, fully insured; Wheeler's shoe factory, at Salem, Mass.—loss about $6,000, covered by insurance; Grovetown House, at Grovetown, N. H.—loss $5,000, insured for $3,750.

⁂ Oct. 15: The first snowfall of the season in this vicinity occurred......Charles Walters committed suicide in this city......John David, Michael Avery, and a man named Pougre were reported to have been drowned by the swamping of a boat near Port Felix, N. S......While returning from an inquest at Hamilton, O., two jurors, Asa Clines and Robert Reed, were thrown from a wagon and fatally injured......As a train turned a curve near Jenkentown, Pa., D. Capett and Robert Robertson were thrown from a platform, receiving injuries which resulted in death......Frank Saunders was arrested upon the charge of having murdered the Tripp family, at Bucksport, Me......William Simmons, colored, of this city, was knocked down by an unknown white man, receiving fatal injuries......John Wards, residing near Clifford, Ont., committed suicide......A dispatch from Washington stated that informal action has been taken regarding a treaty of extradition between the United States and Spain......Losses by fire: the Beecher Block and adjoining property, at Canastata, N. Y.—loss $75,000; Murchie & Son's Steam Sawmill at Mayaguadiara Lake, N. B.—loss $20,000, insured for $15,000; about 2,000,000 feet of lumber in Dodge, James & Stokes' yard, at Williamsport, Pa.—loss not stated......Ransom Randall committed suicide in this city.

⁂ Oct. 16: At Pottsville, Pa., the following members of the Molly Maguire gang were sentenced to imprisonment for the terms mentioned: John Kehoe, Dennis F. Canning, Christopher Donnelly, and Michael O'Brien, fourteen years each; Frank O'Neil, two and one-half years; John Gibbons and John Morris, seven years each; Patrick Dolan Sr., one year; Thos. Donohue, two years; Edw. Monaghan, seven years. Sentence was also passed on a number of the witnesses who had committed perjury at the trial....Mrs. Ann Tackerbury of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 40, died from the effect of burns......At Bucksport, Me., Frank Landers, the suspected murderer of the Tripp family, was discharged, and E. M. Smith arrested for the crime......Charles Miela was taken into custody, charged with the murder of the negro Wm. Simmonds......Edward Shannon of Newark, N. J., was stated to have been killed by falling backwards down a flight of stairs.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BLANC, Mme. Marie—Opera-bouffe vocalist. Shot by her blind husband, who also killed their child and himself—this city, Oct. 12.

BRISTOL, William B.—An old resident of New Haven, Ct., where he was also prominent as a lawyer—that city, about Oct. 11.

BOULDIN, Wood—Judge of the Supreme Court of Virginia, having in 1872 been so appointed by the Legislature to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Joyce. He was a member of the Secession Convention of 1860, and served in the Legislature of Virginia before and after the late war—Charlotte County, Va., Oct. 9, aged 64.

BEERS, Henry A.—Of the Stock Exchange of this city, and at one time conspicuous as an operator in Wall street. Suddenly—Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 9, aged 31.

BROWN, Frances—Widow of Major Smith W. Brown—this city, Oct. 8, aged 64.

BALFOUR, Alexander—Actor. See Drama—near Dunkirk, N. Y., Oct. 9.

BAYERLINE, George—Known as "Big George," and a special policeman at the Theatre Comique, Toledo. (See Variety Summary)—there, Oct. 13.

CLEVELAND, John Fitch—Since 1871 financial editor of *The New York Tribune*, and for many years a stockholder in that paper. Born in Clymer, Chautauqua County, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1819. He was educated there, and became a printer, and in 1844 was given a position on the staff of *The Tribune*, of which he afterwards became the Albany correspondent, as well as editor of the weekly and semi-weekly editions. In 1862 he withdrew from journalism temporarily, and in September of that year was appointed Revenue-assessor in the Sixth District of this city, being in 1869 transferred to the Thirty-second District, where he remained until the Fall of 1871, when he returned to *The Tribune*. By his marriage in 1846 with Esther Greeley, he became the brother-in-law of the late Horace Greeley. He was a member of the Liederkranz Society of this city, and also of the Tammany Society, though not of the latter in its political aspect—this city, Oct. 8, aged 57.

COMSTOCK, Hon. Calvert—A prominent citizen of Rome, N. Y., and the first Mayor of that city. He had also been a member of the State Legislature, and during James Buchanan's Presidency he was Postmaster of Albany. Prior to 1854, he was editor and proprietor of *The Rome Sentinel*, and afterwards he was one of the editors and proprietors of *The Albany Argus*—Rome, N. Y., Oct. 10.

FERRIS, John C.—Actor. See Dramatic—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 14.

HUNT, Charles S.—Editorial writer on *The N. Y. Times*. Born in Litchfield County, Ct., April 7, 1842, and in 1856 entered the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. In 1858 he resigned his commission and entered Phillips' Academy, Andover, Mass. Leaving college at the outbreak of the Rebellion, he was commissioned an acting-master in the U. S. Navy, and served on board of the Juniata. Resigning from the navy, he resumed his studies, and graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1868. His first journalistic experience was on *The Sun* of this city, and from that paper he went to *The Tribune*, in February last joining the staff of *The Times*—this city, Oct. 15, aged 34.

HAWLEY, Mrs. Hannah—Daughter of Lieut. Rollins, who served in the Revolutionary War, and who is said to have been at the side of General Warren when the latter fell at Bunker Hill. She was in sound mind and in good physical health until a few days before her death, which resulted from a shock caused by a fall in going down-stairs. Born in Stratham, N. H., Aug. 26, 1774, and was reputed to be the oldest person in Massachusetts, if not in all New England—Boston, Mass., Oct. 10, aged 102.

HAY, Sir George—Marquis of Tweedale. Born Feb. 1, 1787, and on Aug. 9, 1804, he succeeded his father as eighth marquis. He had served in the British Army with the rank of General, and of late had been colonel of the Thirtieth Regiment of Infantry. In the Peninsular War he had served as aide-de camp to the Duke of Wellington, and in that capacity was wounded at the Battle of Busaco. From 1842 to 1848 he was Governor and Commander-in-chief in Madras. Hereditarily he was Chamberlain of Dumferline and Lord-lieutenant of Haddington County. On March 28, 1816, he married Lady Susan Montague, third daughter of William, Duke of Manchester, and by her he had eight children—London, about Oct. 10, aged 89.

KNOX, James—Ex-member of Congress from the Galesburg (Ill.) District. He graduated at Yale in 1830—Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 9.

KING, Rufus—Entered West Point in 1829, and was graduated therefrom in 1833, with a commission as Lieutenant of Engineers, being detailed to assist in building Fortress Monroe. After the erection of that stronghold he resigned from the army (Sept. 30, 1836), and became Assistant-engineer of the New York and Erie Railroad, which position he vacated in 1839 to become Adjutant-general of the State of New York, in which office he continued until 1843. Removing to Milwaukee, in 1845 he became editor of *The Milwaukee Gazette*, and held other positions of mark in Wisconsin. In 1861 Abraham Lincoln appointed him Minister to Rome, which appointment was quickly followed by a commission as Brigadier-general, dated May 17, 1861. He served under McDowell, McClellan, Banks, Pope, Dix, Heintzelman and Meade, and a large part of the time was commander of a division. Ill-health forced him to withdraw from service in October, 1863—this city, Oct. 13, aged 62.

LANGLOIS, Rev. J. B.—Rector of the Catholic Cathedral, at Savannah, Ga. He was a native of Canada, and long attached to the diocese of Montreal. In September, 1875, he resigned the pastorship of St. Hubert's Church, that city, to accept the professorship of theology at Pio Nino College. In March last he was assigned to the charge of the Catholic Church at Milledgeville, Ga., and when the Rev. William H. Gross, Bishop of Savannah, went to Europe, in May last, he was called to the rectorship of the Cathedral in the latter city—Savannah, Ga., about Oct. 11, of yellow-fever.

LODER, Benjamin—Formerly president of the Erie Railway Company—Rye, N. Y., Oct. 7, aged 75.

LOUDER, Major W. W.—For the past two years well known as a politician in Colorado. He had at one time been the private secretary of Charles Sumner. Suddenly—Denver, Col., Oct. 9.

MIDDLETON, John A.—A native of Charles County, Md., but for a great many years had resided in Baltimore, to which he removed from Washington City. After being employed a while in the drygoods store of J. Edward Bird, Baltimore, he came to this city and acted as European buyer for Lane, Lawson & Co. In 1862 he returned to Baltimore and went into business for himself. As an active member of the Catholic Church, he was for two terms president of the Catholic Friends' Society, was for a time acting president of the Catholic Union of Maryland and a trustee of the Dolan Aid Society. He was also a director in the Metropolitan Savings-bank—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, aged 51.

MECKERT, Adolphus—Brewer of Guttenberg, N. J., and also proprietor of Rock Cellar Park, that place. Born in Strasbourg, Germany, in 1824, came to this country in 1851, remained in Texas one year, and in 1857 built the vast Guttenberg brewery bearing his name—Guttenberg, Oct. 14, aged 52.

MORAN, Hon. Charles—An old citizen of Detroit, Mich. His wealth is estimated at $2,500,000—that city, Oct. 13, aged 79.

PERTZ, George Heinrich—Well-known historical writer—Munich, Germany, about Oct. 10.

POILLON, Cornelius—An old resident of this city, where he was heavily interested in real estate—here, Oct. 12, aged 60.

REMINGTON, C.—Retired silk importer of this city—Richmond, Va., Oct. 9.

SMITH, Michael S.—Freemason since 1806—Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 10, aged 93.

SEAMAN, Capt. E. B.—For twenty years he had been in command of one of the vessels of the Black Ball Line, plying between this port and Liverpool. President Taylor then appointed him to be Discharging-officer at Quarantine, N. Y., and Gov. King afterwards made him Port-warden. His ability as president of the Board of Port Wardens led to his appointment as Captain of the Port by Gov. Dix, and he was continued in that position by Gov. Tilden—Staten Island, N. Y., Oct. 9, aged 58.

SQUIER, Benjamin H.—A veteran of the War of 1812—Newark, N. J., Oct. 11.

SCHROEDER, Christopher—See City Summary. Father of George Schroeder, proprietor of Opera-house, Bloomington, Ill.—this city, recently, aged 86.

ST. JOHN, Cook—A centennarian. Born in Norwalk, Fairfield Co., Ct., June 1, 1773. At twenty years of age he joined a surveying party and went to Canada, and about 1793 reached this city, where, as he claimed, he built the first dock on the North River, near the Battery. He was twice married, first on Dec. 21, 1796, and next in January, 1805. His descendants number about one hundred and forty persons—Walton, Delaware County, N. Y., Oct. 12, aged 103.

VALAPE, Letellier—Member of the French Senate—France, about Oct. 11.

WEBB, General Henry L.—An old citizen of Southern Illinois, but born in Claverack, Columbia County, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1795. His father was Gen. Samuel B. Webb of the Revolutionary Army, and who had been aid-de-camp to General Washington, and one of the founders as well as secretary of the Society of Cincinnati. Gen. Henry L. Webb, who was a brother of Gen. James Watson Webb of this city, settled in Southern Illinois in 1817, and as a representative of that section frequently sat in both the Assembly and the Senate of that State. During the war with Black Hawk the Indian he was a major of volunteers, and in the Mexican War he was a colonel of the Eighteenth Regiment of U. S. Infantry—Macanda, Jackson County, Ill., Oct. 5, aged 81.

WILSON, Frederick—Well-known turfman—Norfolk, Va., of apoplexy, Oct. 14.

A CENTENNIAL RHODE ISLAND CLAM-BAKE is to be partaken of at Gabe Case's Hotel, Central avenue, this (Tuesday) afternoon, the onslaught to commence at three o'clock, sharp. The festive board will be presided over by Shepherd F. Knapp, aided and abetted by Vice-presidents Wm. H. Wickham, Wm. C. Conner, David Bonner, S. P. Nichols, Geo. M. Van Nort, Sheridan Shook, J. B. Ayres, C. W. Griswold, W. H. Turnbull, and T. J. Allen; Secretaries J. J. Mooney, A. H. Purdy and E. P. Barker; and Treasurer James A. Flack.

A TERRIFIC CANINE ENCOUNTER took place near the city of Philadelphia on Tuesday, Oct. 10, between Joe Begley's Centennial Award dog Nelson Jr., 29½lb weight, and Pat Carroll's dog Rock, 30lb, which lasted three hours, and only one scratch, Nelson killing his adversary in the pit. The fight was for $500. A number of Washington sports witnessed it.

THE BALTIMORE (MD.) CALEDONIAN CLUB last week elected the following officers: Chief, Andrew Smith; first chieftan, W. B. Stuart; second, Wm. Shearer; third, J. D. MacKinzie; fourth, Wm. McKay. Trustees—G. H. Patterson, Wm. Reid, and Jas. Coupland. Librarian, A. T. McLeod. Piper, D. H. McLeod.

A LACROSSE MATCH between the Shamrock Club of Montreal and the Toronto (Ont.) Club was contested on the latter's grounds Oct. 14. About twelve thousand people witnessed it. The Torontos won two games and the Shamrocks one, when darkness came on and a draw was declared.

THE TURF.

JEROME PARK FALL RACES.

FIFTH DAY—TUESDAY, OCT. 10.

A delightful Indian-Summer day, soft, warm and balmy, combined with an attractive card of racing, caused a good attendance. The track was in excellent running order. Five races were on the programme, commencing with a purse of $500 for three-year-olds, entrance-money to second horse, one mile and a quarter; colts to carry 110lb, fillies 105lb. Beaten maidens allowed 5lb, and winners during the year of $500 to carry 3lb extra; of $1,000, 7lb; of $2,000, 10lb. Nine came to the post, viz., Doswell's Outcast, 110lb; G. L. Lorillard's Warlock, 110lb; Grinstead's Mettle, 113lb; A. Belmont's Dauntless, 105lb; M. Donohue's Waco, 107lb; P. Lorillard's Tigress, 105lb; C. Reed's Red Coat, 113lb; J. McCormack's Pera, 112lb (including a penalty of 5lb for winning over $1,000 at the Baltimore Spring Meeting); and Longstaff's Freebooter. The last-named horse, Mettle, and Red Coat carried the 3lb penalty for winning $500. The last pools averaged: Freebooter, $125; Outcast and Red Coat, $110 each; Warlock and Mettle, $105 each; Tigress, $100; Waco, $45; and the field, $70. There was some delay in starting, which was from the three-quarter pole at the head of the homestretch. When the starter dropped the flag, all were well together except Freebooter, who had his head turned the wrong way, with an attendant holding him by the bridle. Mettle first showed in front, followed by Warlock, Waco, Tigress, Dauntless, Red Coat and Pera close together, and running in this order as far as the judges' stand. Here Barbee took Warlock to the front, with Mettle, lapped by Dauntless and Red Coat on each side of him, second; Waco, Outcast and Tigress the next lot, and Freebooter ploughing along hopelessly in the distant rear. Warlock was running so strong and fast that, at the quarter-pole, he had opened a gap of two lengths on Mettle, who was three lengths before Dauntless, with Waco at the saddle-girths of Mr. Belmont's filly. Rounding the club-house bluff, Tigress took third place, but soon fell back again, and the hopes of the numerous followers of Pierre Lorillard's stable were at once extinguished as she disappeared from the front division. Barbee was riding Warlock with his characteristic resolution, and had assumed so commanding a lead that the backers of the orange-and-blue jacket were never in doubt, for he kept widening the gap between himself and his pursuers at every stride, and galloped home the easiest of winners by ten lengths in 2:14; Outcast beating Mettle a length for second place, Dauntless fourth, Waco fifth, and Freebooter last. The rider of the latter was suspended for the remainder of the meeting, on the complaint of the starter that he had not tried to get away with the other horses. Mutual pools paid $70.50 on winner.

The second race was for two-year-olds, for a purse of $500; beaten maidens allowed 5lb; winners of $500 to carry 5lb extra; of $1,000, 7lb; of $2,000, 12lb extra; three-quarters of a mile. Seven started, viz., Geo. Bowie's Oriole, A. Belmont's Hibernia, P. Lorillard's Benzine, G. Lorillard's Loiterer, G. Longstaff's W. I. Higgins, D. McDaniel's Lady Salyers, and L. A. Hitchcock's Planet colt. Loiterer sold for $400; Benzine, $275; Higgins, $260; Hibernia, $200; Oriole, $190; field, $125. After a good deal of delay the flag fell, Oriole, quickest in getting into her stride, first showing in front, with Loiterer, Hibernia and Benzine close up. At the half-mile pole, Lady Salyers headed Loiterer; but, failing to maintain the fast pace Oriole was leading the field, she fell behind, and Benzine, with Hibernia, passed her. Hughes kept Oriole going so fast that none of the others could overtake her, and she came galloping up the homestretch to the judges' stand the easiest of winners by two lengths in 1:20¾; Hibernia finishing second, a head only before Benzine, the struggle between the pair being the most interesting feature of the race. Loiterer was fourth, and Higgins was a bad fifth. Mutual pools paid $17.90.

A two-mile dash for a purse of $800, entrance money to the second horse, had only four contestants—McDaniel's Vigil, C. Reed's Athlene, A. Belmont's Fiddlestick, and P. Lorillard's Preston. They were all three-year-olds, and carried 103lb each, except the filly Athlene, who had 100lb. Vigil had the call, selling in the pools for $700; Fiddlestick, $475; Preston, $325; and Athlene, $160. The latter made the running at her best pace, the favorite lying second, Preston third, and the Withers Stakes victor fourth; and thus they ran throughout the first mile in 1:48, Athlene leading under the string two lengths before Vigil and Preston, who were only a neck apart. Going around the upper turn, Preston quit in the most unmistakable manner, and Fiddlestick took third place. At the half-mile Spillman released his pull on Vigil, and the colt responded by at once shooting alongside Athlene, racing with her head-and-head along the lower turn, and, quitting the Pat Malloy filly at the head of the homestretch, galloped leisurely home a winner of the race by three lengths in 3:40; Athlene second, six lengths before Fiddlestick, and Preston beaten off.

A mile-dash, for a sweepstakes of $30 each, for maidens of all ages, with $400 added, four-year-olds allowed 3lb, and five-year-olds or more 7lb, had four runners—McDaniel's Sister of Mercy, 102lb; West's Courier, 105lb; Doswell's Rappahannock, 105lb; and Gibney's Love Chase, 102lb. Midgely's Moorhen was entered, but, being unable to get a rider for her, she did not start. There was a strong plunging on Rappahannock, who had enjoyed a long rest since the Monmouth Park meeting, and he sold for $1,000; Courier, $550; Sister of Mercy and Love Chase together, as a field, for $200. Many who bought the latter thought that New York was included, as he was named on the card; but, on weighing in, it was found that he was not a "maiden," he having won a $50 purse on June 19, given by the Maryland Jockey Club, at Pimlico Park, which disqualified him for the race. The favorite took the lead when the flag fell, followed by Love Chase, Courier, and Sister of Mercy. On the turn, Courier and Love Chase singled themselves out, and raced together in front around the bluff, along the lower turn, and into the straight-run-home, where Love Chase quit, having shot her bolt. Courier then apparently had the race in hand; but Spillman, suddenly bringing up Sister of Mercy with a tremendous rush, cut down Courier, and, to the surprise of no one more than her owner and trainer, who had not backed her for a dollar, won the race by three lengths in 1:47; Courier half a length before Rappahannock, and Love Chase last. So often had the winner disappointed the stable, that this time they did not back her for a dollar, her only supporters in the stable being the two colored boys who severally attended her and rode her in the race. Mutual pools paid $58.80.

The steeplechase, for a purse of $700, over the short course of two miles and a quarter, had five runners—Deadhead, 150lb; Resolute, 145lb; Bullet, 154lb; Bay Rum, 138lb; and Doubtful, 122lb. Donohue's entry sold for $400; Bullet, $345; and the field, $250. The contest lay entirely between Bullet, Resolute and Deadhead for two miles, when Maney took Deadhead to the front, and, after a fine race with Resolute, beat him by a length in 4:50½, Bullet a bad third. Mutual pools paid $11.80.

SIXTH DAY—THURSDAY, OCT. 12.

The prospect of seeing a grand four-mile race between some of the best long-distance horses on the turf attracted the largest assemblage of the meeting. The weather was charming, being warm, bright and genial, and the track in excellent running order. It commenced with the race for the Members' Cup, a sweepstake for all ages of $25 each, play or pay, with a piece of plate, value $300, and $300 in money; members of the club to ride; one mile and an eighth. The cup itself is in the shape of a tankard of a holding capacity of one quart, with three handles of solid silver, and a wheat-ear border in gold and in high relief between the handles—a good picture of the Centennial Cup trophy, representing General Washington and his broodmare and foal. Four started for the prize, R. Peters riding First Chance, B. Purdy riding Madge, R. Center on Waco, and W. E. Peet on Gray Friar. Madge had the call, selling for $350; Waco, $225; Gray Friar, $110; First Chance, $60. Mr. Peters made the running on First Chance, Madge second, and Mr. Center, with bad judgment, lying far behind with Waco. First Chance held the lead until coming into the homestretch, when Madge and Waco closed on him, but could not fairly reach him, for he just managed to beat Madge by a short head, Waco being a neck behind Col. McDaniel's mare. Pools paid $49.50.

The Centennial Cup—four miles, a sweepstakes of $250 each, $100 forfeit, with plate of the value of $2,500, and $1,500 in cash added by the Jockey Club, the second horse to receive $750 out of the stakes, and the third to save his entrance money—was the next race. There were twenty-three nominations and four starters, making the value of the stake, including plate, $6,900. The four contestants were Tom Ochiltree, 4yrs., carrying 118lb, and ridden by Barbee; Acrobat, 5yrs., 124lb, ridden by Noah Heywood (colored); Big Sandy, 4yrs., 118lb, ridden by Clark; and D'Artagnan, 4yrs., 118lb, ridden by Swim. Tom Ochiltree was the favorite, selling for $1,760; Acrobat, $760; D'Artagnan, $410; and Big Sandy, $200. The horses were started on even terms, Acrobat dashing to the front and cutting out the running at a pace he could live all day, Ochiltree a length behind him and the same in advance of Big Sandy, with D'Artagnan in the rear. The first mile was thus run in 1:55, and the second in 3:47, their relative positions unchanged. On the third mile D'Artagnan commenced to hang out signals of distress, and Big Sandy passed him and took third place, Tom Ochiltree all the time pulling on the bit so hard that Barbee could scarcely restrain him. The three miles were run in 5:42, Acrobat leading him two lengths under the wire as they entered on the last mile. Barbee kept the favorite under a powerful restraining pull until they entered the homestretch on the last quarter, when he let go of his head, and, in a few strides he had collared Acrobat. Taking a steadying pull, he allowed Acrobat to lap him at the furlong-pole; then he loosened his finger on the rein, and the big horse again shot away from his little but game antagonist, and galloped home an easy winner by three-quarters of a length in 7:36. Big Sandy was third, eighty yards behind Acrobat, and D'Artagnan beaten off and badly distressed. The first mile was run in 1:55, the second in 1:52, the third in 1:55, and the fourth in 1:54; total, 7:36. Mr. Geo. Lorillard, the owner of the winner, expressed after the race his willingness to match Tom Ochiltree against Ten Broeck, four miles, for any amount the owner of the latter might name. Accompanying is a record of the best four-mile races ever run at Jerome Park.

Sept. 29, 1860—Inaugural four-mile heats; Jerome's Kentucky, by Lexington 7:35, 7:41¾
Oct. 17, 1866—Jerome's Kentucky against time, 7:30; time won; Kentucky, by Lexington, 120lb 7:31¾
Oct. 19, 1867—McDaniel's Morrissey (3yrs.), by Breckenridge, 95lb 8:25½
Oct. 10, 1868—Pennock's J. A. Connolly (4yrs.), by Vandal, 108lb 7:42¾
Oct. 7, 1871—Doswell's Ecliptic (4yrs.), by Eclipse, 105lb 8:54
Oct. 17, 1871—McDaniel's Abd-el-Koree (3yrs.), by Australian, 95lb 7:33
Oct. 12, 1872—Sanford's Monarchist (4yrs), by Lexington, 108lb 7:33¾
Oct. 4, 1875—McGrath's Aaron Pennington (4yrs.), by Tipperary, 108lb 7:42
Oct. 12, 1876—G. Lorillard's Tom Ochiltree (4yrs.), by Lexington, 118lb 7:36

The third race was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for three-year-olds, for a purse of $500, for which five horses started: Warlock, 118lb; Mettle, 121lb; Athlene, 110lb; Courier, 113lb; and Outcast, 118lb. Warlock was the favorite, and sold for $400; Athlene, $150; Outcast, $130; Mettle, $80; Courier, $75. Warlock jumped off with the lead, and, with Outcast and Courier in close attendance, made the running throughout, was never headed, and won easily by three lengths in 2:13½, Mettle finishing second, and Athlene third.

The fourth race was a dash of a mile and three-quarters, for a purse of $500, winner to be sold by auction, selling allowances. Five horses ran: Shylock, $500, 114lb; Partnership, $500, 112lb; New York, $300, 101lb; Gray Friar, $300, 101lb; Wateree, $300, 87lb. Shylock had the call in the pool-betting, selling for $300; Partnership, $180; and the field, $300. Gray Friar made the running for a mile and a half, with Partnership second, but, on entering the homestretch the last time, Barbee brought up Shylock with a rush, and, stalling off Partnership's challenge, won the race by three lengths in 3:12½, New York finishing third. The winner was sold by auction for $810. Mutual pools paid $9.40.

A hack race for a private sweepstakes had six starters, all the subscribers riding their own horses. It was won by Mr. Alexander's Pollywog (the second favorite), beating Mr. Center's brown mare, Mr. Peters' Lizzie (the favorite), Mr. Peel's Pauline, Mr. Babcock's Persuader, and Mr. Soulter's gray horse; time, 1:25½. The mutual pools paid $21.90.

SEVENTH DAY—SATURDAY, OCT. 14.

The meeting at Jerome Park was brought to a termination on Saturday, Oct. 14. There could not have been a more beautiful day, and the attendance was large. The introductory race was a free handicap sweepstakes of $25 each, if not declared out, with $500 added, second horse to receive $150 out of the stakes, one mile and an eighth. Eight horses entered and started, viz., Madge, carrying 114lb; Egypt, 106lb; Bill Bruce, 99lb; Invoice, 98lb; Leamington 2d, 94lb; Sweetlips, 93lb; Pera, 92lb; Tigress, 90lb. At first Bill Bruce and Madge sold alternately first choice, then Egypt came strongly into favor, supplanting Madge, and the last few pools sold averaged $130 for Bill Bruce, $125 for Egypt, $100 for Madge, $85 for Invoice, and $145 for the field. After several breakaways, the flag fell to a straggling start, Pera, Sweetlips and Tigress being away in front, Madge next, and in a pocket next the rails Bill Bruce and Egypt together, behind Col. McDaniel's mare, and Invoice and Leamington 2d the two last off. Pera and Tigress raced together head-and-head past the stand, and around the turn and club-house bluff, Madge giving way to Bill Bruce and Egypt. These two waited behind Pera and Tigress, as the latter struggled hotly on the lower turn into the homestretch, where they closed, and the four swung into the straight-run in a breast. Pera quit at the furlong-pole, leaving Tigress in front; but Matthews, who had ridden Bill Bruce with fine patience and judgment, now brought him up with a sudden burst of speed, collared Tigress, and, after a splendid finish, won cleverly by a length, with something in hand, in 1:59, Tigress beating Egypt four lengths for second place and money. Madge was fourth, a neck behind Egypt, while several lengths away were Pera, Invoice, and Leamington 2d.

The second race was a dash of one mile and a half for the All-aged Stakes, of $100 each, half forfeit, but only $25 if declared by May 1, 1876, with $1,500 added; the second to receive 10 per cent. of the whole stake ($365), and third 5 per cent., or $182. There were 38 subscribers, of whom 28 paid the $50 half forfeit, making the stake worth $3,650. Five came to the post, viz.: Parole, 3yrs., 92lb; St. Martin, 4yrs, 108lb; Warlock, 3yrs, 95lb; Virginius, 3yrs., 94lb; and Rhadamanthus, 4yrs., 108lb. This was a heavy-betting race, for each horse was warmly supported by his owner and friends. Parole, who was heavily backed by Mr. P. Lorillard, one of the heaviest bettors on the turf, brought $1,100; St. Martin, $300; Rhadamanthus, $145; Virginius, $130; Warlock, $120. Sparling had the mount on the favorite, Swim on St. Martin, Smith on Warlock, Holloway on Rhadamanthus, and Spillman on Virginius. As the stake closed before the adoption of the new scale of weights, the old light-weights were carried. A capital start was effected (the race being on the regular Belmont Course), Warlock first taking the lead; but, as the horses entered the old track, Parole took up the running, and as they came up the homestretch and passed under the string he was leading Warlock a couple of lengths, Virginius and St. Martin head-and-head, three lengths before Rhadamanthus, the half-mile having been run in 48 seconds. Parole increased his lead at every stride. The pace was so fast that Virginius could not maintain it, and on rounding the turn he fell back into the rear, to keep company with Rhadamanthus, who, although a known speedy horse, was already hopelessly out of the race at this early stage of it. At the quarter-pole Parole was leading St. Martin two lengths, and running under a steady pull, the latter half a length before Warlock. Around the club-house bluff and along the lower turn, Parole steadily increased his lead over St. Martin, and swept up the homestretch with the race in hand, winning easily by five lengths in 2:38—the fastest time a mile and a half has ever been run over this course. A splendid finish for second money between St. Martin and Warlock resulted in the two horses going under the wire so locked together that the judges decided it a dead heat between them. Eighty yards behind them came Virginius, while Rhadamanthus forty yards behind the black colt, walked in from the lower end of the stand. The first half mile, as already stated, was run in 48 seconds, the mile from stand to stand in 1:50, making 2:38 for the entire distance. Directly after he had won the All-aged Stakes, Mr. Pierre Lorillard was asked if he would run him against any horse in America, and he immediately declared his readiness to do so. The American Jockey Club then announced a sweepstakes for all ages, two-mile dash, $2,000 added, to be run on an extra day's racing, on Saturday, Nov. 4. Parole was promptly entered, as was also Brother to Bassett and Vigil. Mr. George Lorillard was at once telegraphed to, and he instantly agreed to enter Tom Ochiltree.

The third race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile for maiden two-year olds, for a purse of $500, which brought out Lucifer, Benzine and Princeton, Benzine, being a gelding, carrying 107lb, and the other two 110lb each. A good start was had; but Princeton, quickest in moving, at once dashed to the front, and cut out the running three lengths in advance of Lucifer; Benzine, who swerved at the moment the flag fell, being last. On the lower turn Benzine passed Lucifer, and on entering the straight-run-home he made a resolute effort, under the pressure of whip and spur, to overtake Princeton. This he failed to accomplish, and McDaniel's colt galloped home an easy winner by six lengths in 1:19½, Benzine beating Lucifer two lengths.

The selling race, one mile and three-quarters, for a purse of $1,500, horses entered to be sold for $2,000, to carry weight for age; for $1,500, allowed 3lb; for $1,000, 7lb; for $500, 12lb; entrance money to the second horse. Six started—Partnership, $500, 112lb; Galway, $500, 114lb; Sister of Mercy, $1,000, 94lb; Ambush, $500, 92lb; James A., $500, 106lb; and Rappahannock, $1,500, 101lb. James A. was a warm favorite, selling for $1,025; Galway, $300; Ambush, $250; Partnership, $155; Sister of Mercy, $140; Rappahannock, $130. The latter took the lead when the flag fell, followed by Sister of Mercy, Ambush, Partnership, and Galway in the order named, the favorite last off. At the club-house turn Ambush took up the running, with Partnership next, and Rappahannock third, and they ran thus to the judges' stand, Ambush leading three lengths under the wire, followed by Partnership, Galway and Rappahannock lapped on each other, James A. and Sister of Mercy last. The latter dashed up to Galway at the club-house turn, and the two laid at the quarters of Partnership and Ambush at the half-mile pole, where the McDaniel's filly died away. Ambush retained his lead into the homestretch, where Barbee let out Partnership, and, keeping him resolutely to work, he galloped home the winner by two lengths in 2:12¼, Galway beating Ambush a head for second money, James A. fourth, and Rappahannock last. It was at first thought that James A. had broken down in the race, but it transpired that it was a return of his old lameness. The winner was put up at auction at his entered price of $500, and was bid in by his owner for $610, the surplus ($110) going to the second horse (Galway) and the Jockey Club in equal proportions.

The steeplechase for a purse of $800, of which $200 to the second horse, about two miles and a half, had seven runners—Resolute, 145lb, ridden by Midgely; and Risk, 133lb, with Foster up; Bullet, 153lb, ridden by Little; Capt. Hanmer, 136lb, piloted by McLaughlin; Scamp, 140lb, ridden by his owner; Oxmore, 135lb, ridden by Henry; and Deadhead, 155lb, with Meany in the saddle. The latter was a hot favorite, for he had won the two previous steeplechases at this meeting. He sold for $600; Resolute and Risk, $410; Bullet, 225; field, $110. The race was a chapter of accidents. Risk, Scamp, and Captain Hanmer bolted the course, Oxmore fell at the water-jump, and was badly stifled—as Diavolo had been the previous year—and Deadhead, the favorite, fell at the hedge in the south field, throwing Meany heavily. These casualties left the race to Resolute and Bullet, who raced together at a terrific pace for the last hurdle, which they both took at the same moment. A tremendous finish was won by Resolute by half a head in 4:22½, Bullet second. The mutual-pool tickets paid $18.60 on the winner. Meany fortunately escaped without any broken bones, but was badly shaken; his horse, Deadhead, escaped unhurt. This brought the meeting to a termination.

NASHVILLE FALL RACE MEETING.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, OCT. 9.

The Fall meeting of the Blood-horse Association of Nashville, Tenn., commenced on Monday, Oct. 9, having been postponed from some cause or other, from the previous Saturday, which was originally announced as the opening day. There appears to be something wrong with the management of the affairs of this Association, as the racing, instead of lasting over six days, as originally contemplated and advertised, was brought to an unexpected termination on the third day. The first race run was the Young American Stakes, for two-year-olds, $25 entrance, play or pay, with $250 added, second to receive $50, three-quarters of a mile. Of the 24 nominations, nine came to the post, viz., Belle of the Meade, Alice Murphy, King William (winner of the four-mile-heat purse in California last Fall), Colonel Hull, Belle Isle, Joe Burt, Cheatham's Belle De Mona, Sallie Polk, and Annie C. Belle of the Meade was made a hot favorite, $100 to $20 being the current offer that she would beat the field. The favorite jumped off in front when the flag fell, and, making the pace a cracker, was never approached, and cantered home the easiest of winners in 1:16—the fastest time on record for the distance ever made by a two-year-old. Alice Murphy was second, and King William third.

The second race was for the Lincks Hotel Stakes, for three-year-olds that had not won previous to August 1, 1876; $25 entrance, play or pay, with $300 added; second horse to receive $50; one mile and a quarter. Of the sixteen entries, four came to the post, making the value of the stake $700. These were Largenteen, Jack Sheppard, Remington, and W. H. Jones' Emma Jackson. The odds of $100 to $25 were freely laid on Largenteen, who, after racing with Jack Sheppard to the head of the homestretch, came along and won in two lengths in 2:14¾; Jack Sheppard second, and Remington third.

The last race of the day, one of mile heats, for a purse of $300, for all ages, had four runners: Fair Play, Redding, Highland Vintage and Pythias. Fair Play was the favorite, and he won easily in 1:45¼, 1:47, Redding second.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY, OCT. 10.

The Maxwell House Stakes for three-year-olds—mile heats, $25 entrance, play or pay, with $400 added by the Association, second to have $100—was the first race. Of the eleven nominations only two appeared when the bell rang—Henry Owens and Malmistic. The former was the favorite at $60 to $30. The non-appearance of Creedmoor in this race, for which he was entered, caused great disappointment to the crowd. The favorite won the first heat, "hands down," in 1:47¾, and the second heat and race in similarly easy style in 1:49¾.

A mile-and-half free handicap for the Association purse of $200 had three contestants—Whisper, Jack Sheppard, and Enquirer filly. Whisper was a hot favorite, and justified the confidence of his backers by winning as he liked in 2:44¼, Jack Sheppard second, and the Enquirer filly last.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, OCT. 12.

The weather was beautiful, the track in good condition, the attendance large, and the racing excellent. Four races were on the card, commencing with the Young America Stake No. 2, for two-year-olds, dash of one mile, $25 entrance, play or pay, with $300 added by the Association, second horse to receive $50, and the winner of the Young America Stakes No. 1 to carry 5lb extra. Five out of the twenty-eight subscribers came to the post, viz., Baden Baden, King William, Barbara, Joe Burt, and Alice Murphy. Baden Baden was the favorite against the field, and, after a sharp race home with King William, he won by a length in 1:46¾; Barbara third, Joe Burt next, and Alice Murphy last.

The second race was for the Sewanee Stakes, for three-year-olds, $50 each, half forfeit, with $500 added, two-mile heats. Only two out of the twenty-seven entries came to the post, viz., Creedmoor and Jack Sheppard. The pool-betting was $100 to $10 on Creedmoor; but he was evidently not himself in point of condition, for Jack Sheppard beat him by three lengths in 3:35¼, which is the fastest time ever made on the Nashville track at two miles. In the second heat, Jack Sheppard went away with the lead, and, without ever being approached, won the heat and race in 3:42¼. After the heat, it was discovered that Creedmoor had broken down. A race for two-year-olds that had never won, for a purse of $200, one mile, had five runners: Madge Duke, Belle Isle, Beersheba, John Manuel, and Belle De Mona. A splendid race between Madge Duke, Belle Isle, and Beersheba resulted in the former winning by half a neck from Belle Isle in 1:48; Beersheba third, John Manuel fourth, and Belle De Mona last.

The last race of the day and meeting was a free handicap for all ages, one mile and an eighth, for a purse of $200, which was won by Highland Vintage by five lengths, beating Redding (second), Enquirer filly (third), and Pythias in 2:02¼.

TROTTING AT BEACON PARK, BOSTON.

The October trotting meeting at Beacon Park, Boston, commenced on Tuesday, Oct. 10. The opening race was for a purse of $200, for horses of the 2:50 class, and was won in three straight heats by M. Carroll's b. m. Carrie Allen, beating J. C. Kelly and Shore Boy in 2:36, 2:43, 2:44. The purse of $400, for horses of the 2:26 class, required five heats to decide it, J. J. Bowen's g. g. Hazor winning, and beating Gilman's b. g. Bay (who won the first two heats), Haviland, Nellie Walton, and Flora Belle. Time, 2:29½, 2:28¾, 2:28¾, 2:27¼, 2:29. On the second day (Wednesday, Oct. 11) the purse of $300, for 2:37 horses, was won by the blk. s. Emperor in four heats, beating br. g. Johnnie (who took the second heat), blk. Knox Jr., and blk. g. Defiance, the two last-named horses distanced; time, 2:36, 2:37¼, 2:37, 2:36¼. On the same day, the purse of $300 for 2:30 horses was won by c. g. Gifford, in four heats, beating Nina Belle, Baby Bay, George B., Joe S., and Frank Hull (the two last-named horses distanced), and Jean Taylor, who took the third heat; time, 2:32, 2:31, 2:32, 2:31. On the third day, the purse of $300, for 2:40 horses, was won by T. McLaughlin's c. m. Clara J., in four heats, beating Carrie Allen (who won the first heat), J. C. Kelly, Carrie B., Arthur T., Defiance and Dagger; time, 2:37¼, 2:34, 2:34, 2:34¾. A sweepstakes trot, for $200, was won by D. Bigley Jr.'s blk. g. General in five heats, beating Cassius Prince (who won the first and second heats), Honest Billy and Georgie B.; time, 2:36¾, 2:34¼, 2:33¼, 2:38¾, 2:37½. On Saturday, Oct. 14, the fourth day, a match for $200, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, between D. W. Beckler's ch. g. Gifford and W. S. Payne's br. s. John T. Russell was won by the former in three straight heats. Time, 2:30, 2:32, 2:32. A handicap sweepstakes of $150, mile heats, 3 in 5, was won by A. B. De Hart's br. m. Hannah D., drawing the regular track weight of 150lb, and beating Little Gipsy and Annie Collins, both drawing catchweights. Little Gipsy won the first and third heats, Annie Collins the fifth, and Hannah D. the second, fourth and sixth heats and the race. Time, 2:27, 2:25¾, 2:27¼, 2:27, 2:30½, 2:29¼. It was the general impression that Hannah D. could have won the race earlier, had her driver desired to do so.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The training stables of James A. Grinstead, located at Walnut Hill Stud Farm, near Lexington, Ky., were last week destroyed by fire. The horses, ten in number, mostly yearlings, were rescued without injury......Frank Harper's three-year old filly Very Fine, by Enquirer, dam Fanny Wells, broke her right foreleg recently while playing in her paddock......Keene Richards has purchased of George Cadwallader his three-year-old colt Harry Owings, by Gilroy out of Estelle, who won the Maxwell House Stakes at the Nashville meeting last week......Pierre Lorillard's two-year-old colt Basil, while at exercise at Jerome Park, ran violently against the pole of the harrow at work on the track, which penetrated his shoulder and ruined his racing career, as it is very doubtful if he will ever recover......Messrs. Jackson & Randall of Lexington, Ky., have sent their 3yr.-old colt Knapsack, famous for his bolting proclivities and great speed, to George H. Rice, at Louisville, to be trained in future......Three capitalists of Pickering, Ont., have commenced the shipment of Canada horses to the English markets on a large scale......Geo. L. Lorillard, the owner of Tom Ochiltree, is willing to match that horse against Mr. Harper's Ten Broeck, a race of four miles, for $10,000 a side, or any larger sum; to be run at Jerome Park Spring Meeting. If the match is made, the American Jockey Club will give a handsome addition in money......The young and promising trotter Kossuth Jr., belonging to Mr. Lasher of Madolin, N. Y., met with a serious accident at Poughkeepsie Driving Park, by which his leg was fractured, and, there being no prospects of his recovery, he was destroyed last week. He was valued at $2,000......The Prussian Government have purchased of Mr. Cookson of Neasham Hall, England, the thoroughbred stallion The Palmer, foaled 1864, by Beadsman out of Madame Eglantine, for $35,000, for the imperial stud......Richard Penistan of Philadelphia has recently lost three valuable trotting mares—Lady Davis, Undine, and Bianco. For the former he paid $6,000 after she had won the first heat of the four-year-old stake at Lexington, Ky., in 1874.

SALES OF THOROUGHBREDS.—Owing to continued ill-health, the well-known Massachusetts turfman Lyman A. Hitchcock has announced his retirement from public racing, and his stable of thoroughbreds, now running, were sold at auction at Major Baker's City Tattersalls, on Wednesday, Oct. 11. Galway, 6yrs. old, was knocked down to P. J. Dwyer of Brooklyn for $600; Vineland, 3yrs., by Virgil out of Cordelia, and an unnamed bay colt by the same stallion out of Nannie Butler, to the same party for $800 and $1,500 respectively. A 2yr.-old bay colt by Melbourne Jr., dam Transylvania, was sold to C. R. Miles of Kentucky for $800; a bay colt, 2yrs., by Planet dam Magenta, to Col. L. C. Chase of Boston, for $750; the same party also buying Springlet, 4yrs., by Australian, for $450. Gov. Bowie of Maryland gave $390 for Quits, by imp. Eclipse, dam Columbia, and Mr. A. Welch of Philadelphia took a 2yr.-old bay colt by War Dance out of Flora McIvor, for $325. The Pacific Jockey Club, through A. Daniels, bought a 2yr.-old bay filly, by Baywood out of Lag, for $180, at which price Mr. J. B. Dodd of Philadelphia secured Julia, by Revenue, foaled in 1860. Mr. Lennox of Philadelphia bought Leap Year, 4yrs. old, by Leamington, for $250. Limestone was withdrawn at his reserved price of $2,500.

SMUGGLER DEFEATS JUDGE FULLERTON.—These two famous fast trotters contended for a purse of $1,000, mile heats, three in five, in harness, at Granite State Park, Dover, N. H., on Tuesday, Oct. 10, in the presence of some 4,000 people. Smuggler drew the pole, but gave it to Judge Fullerton on account of difficulty in getting the word. The latter broke directly after the start, and Smuggler jogged home a winner by six lengths in 2:27. Judge Fullerton was again allowed the pole in the second heat, and, profiting by a break of Smuggler's, he gained a lead of two lengths on the first quarter. The great stallion then struck a square trot, and, going very fast, passed Fullerton at the half-mile, and won the heat in 2:21. The third heat was like the second, Smuggler breaking badly and losing five lengths, then trotting very fast, and beating his opponent easily in 2:24¾, thus winning the heat and race. A second trot for a purse of $1,000, for stallions that had never beaten 2:30, was won in four heats by W. H. Saunders' bk. s. Young Wilkes, beating Aristos (who took the third heat) and John T. Russell, Commodore Perry being withdrawn. Time, 2:30½, 2:34, 2:31½, 2:32.

THE CESAREWITCH STAKES AND MIDDLE PARK PLATE.—These principal events of the Newmarket (Eng.) second October meeting were decided respectively Oct. 10 and 12. The Cesarewitch had twenty-nine starters out of eighty subscribers, and was won by James Smith's b. c. Roseberry, by Speculum, dam Ladylike, by Newminster, 4yrs. old, 103lb; F. Swindell's c. c. Woodland, by Melbourne, dam Whiteface, 4yrs., 100lb, second; Mr. Meadows' br. f. Merry Duchess, by the Duke, dam Mirella, 3yrs., 91lb, third. Betting: 7 to 1 against Roseberry, 4 to 1 against Woodland, 12 to 1 against Merry Duchess. The Middle Park Plate brought out a field of eighteen, out of one hundred and seventy-four subscribers, the favorite being Lord Falmouth's Lady Golightly, at the rate of 2 to 1, but she failed to get a place. The winner turned up in Count de Lagrange's b. c. Chamant, by Mortemer, dam Araricaria; Duke of Westminster's b. c. Pellegrino, by the Palmer, dam Lady Audley, by Macaroni, second; Plunger third. Betting: 20 to 1 against Chamant, 7 to 1 against Pellegrino, and 4 to 1 against Plunger.

THE RING.

THE TWO PATSYS—Sheppard and Hogan—gave a joint exhibition at Lyceum Hall, Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 10, when, in addition to the wind-up between them, Marcellus Baker and Dan Davidson, Jimmy Gallagher and pupil, Tommy Drohan and Connolly, and Sheppard and Sol Aaron sparred. There was a paying house. The pair returned to New York on the 14th. They desire us to return their thanks to Honest Brock and Ed. Crockett of the Hub, Billy Crawford of Providence, and others for courtesies extended to them. On Wednesday evening, Oct. 18, the first of the home-and-home sparring matches between Sheppard and Mike Coburn is to take place at Central Park Garden, this city.

STEVE TAYLOR AND JOHNNY DWYER are to have another passage-at-arms at Central Park Garden, Seventh avenue and Fifty-ninth street, on Saturday evening, Oct. 21. It is said to be for "blood," and we are informed that Joe Goss holds twenty-five dollars on behalf of each principal, to bind the bargain.

JOE COBURN AND JOE GOSS were announced to spar at Danbury, Ct., on Monday evening, 16th inst. Goss and Johnny Dwyer are down for a go at Gothic Hall, Adams street, Brooklyn, N. Y., this (Tuesday) evening, Oct. 17.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Tom Allen and James Mace (2).

CRICKET.

YOUNG AMERICA vs. ST. GEORGE.

The last important match of the season in this vicinity will be the return game to be played between the Young America Club of Philadelphia and the St. George of this city, on Thursday, Oct. 19, on the grounds of the latter, at Hoboken. This will be the first appearance in this city, this season, of the noted champion cricket team of America; and, as the St. George Club will place their best team in the field to escape defeat, a fine display of the beauties of the game may be anticipated. The contesting elevens will be as follows:

Young America.		St. George.	
H. Newhall,	R. S. Newhall,	Rance,	Gibbes,
C. A. Newhall,	John Lange,	Soutter,	Mostyne,
G. M. Newhall,	C. Baird,	Whetham,	Marsh,
D. E. Newhall,	L. Baird	Jones,	Sleigh,
Pease,	Morgan,	Moeran,	Giles,
Sanderson,	Bussier.	Cashman,	Gracie.

The occasion will be taken advantage of to give Mr. Giles—the gentlemanly professional of the club—a well-merited testimonial benefit. An effort will be made to begin play at 11 A. M.

FASTEST BICYCLE TIME.—A mile bicycle handicap, for valuable prizes, took place at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, Eng., Sept. 30, Oct. 2. There were a large number of entries, and in Heat 3 of the third round J. Keen won from scratch, beating J. Sankey (165 yards start) by eight yards, in 2m. 56 1-5sec.—the fastest time on record by 3 4-5sec. Keen won the final heat easily by thirty yards in 3:01; B. Keen (85 yards), second; S. Best (190), third; A. Patrick (70), fourth. Rain fell steadily on the first day, and there was another down-pour on the morning of the second. G. W. Atkinson was referee and timekeeper, and F. White was starter. Keen and David Stanton were to have decided the fifty-mile championship Oct. 9, at Lillie Bridge.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Oct. 17, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn, N. Y. (exhibition).
Oct. 18, Princeton College vs. Olympic of Paterson, at Princeton, N. J.
Oct. 19, Alaska vs. Aloha, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 21, Nameless vs. Union, at Brooklyn.
Oct. 28, Arlington vs. Eagle, at Stapleton, S. I.

THE LEAGUE-PENNANT CONTESTS.

A plucky rally for the lead in the closing part of the season by the Hartford team has resulted in their winning second place in the pennant race. We say "winning," though, in fact, it is not yet fully assured, inasmuch as there is a certain contingency in the way that might reverse the positions now occupied by the Hartford and St. Louis nines, which we will explain. By the full record of all the games played in the League arena to Oct. 16, the Chicago Club win first place by their record of 52 victories; the St. Louis second place, by 45; and the Hartfords third, by 44. Throwing out the Mutual and Athletic games, the record stands as follows: Chicago 38, Hartford 32, and St. Louis 31. Now, suppose Cincinnati should fail to play their tenth game with the St. Louis nine, and thereby the Cincinnati record be thrown out, the three clubs would then stand as follows: Chicago 28, St. Louis 24, and Hartford 23. It would, in such case, be necessary for the Hartfords to win both the games yet to be played with the Bostons to exceed the St. Louis score of victories, and to win at least one game to tie the St. Louis score. This is the only circumstance now in the way of Hartford's success. The appended table shows the position the two clubs would occupy in the case of the full record being counted and the throwing-out of the three clubs named:

	Chicago	Hartford	St. Louis	Boston	Louisville	Total	Cincinnati	Total	Mutual	Athletic	Total
Hartford	4	0	4	6	9	23	9	32	3	9	44
St. Louis	6	6	0	6	6	24	7	31	6	8	45

By the same rule which obliges the League directors to throw out the Athletic and Mutual Club games, those of the Cincinnatis must be thrown out if they fail to play their tenth game with the St. Louis nine, as the Western papers say they probably will do.

The record of the games played by the clubs which are now in the arena is as follows. We give the names in the order of games won:

	Chicago	Hartford	St. Louis	Boston	Louisville	Cincinnati	Games Won
Chicago	..	6	4	9	9	10	38
Hartford	4	..	4	6	9	9	32
St. Louis	6	6	..	6	6	7	31
Boston	1	2	4	..	5	10	22
Louisville	1	1	4	5	..	8	19
Cincinnati	0	1	2	0	2	..	5
Games lost	12	16	18	26	31	44	147

It will be seen that, in case of a tie score—even if the Cincinnati record is thrown out—the Hartfords would win by having the fewer defeats.

On the 31st of July last we made up an estimate of the probable result of the campaign in November, counting, of course, the games of all the eight clubs. In that estimate we calculated that Chicago would come out first by a record of fifty-six victories and fourteen defeats; that Hartford would be second by fifty-one victories and nineteen defeats; and St. Louis third by forty-seven victories and twenty-three defeats. We hit it exactly in the case of Chicago, as, with the four games they ought to have played with the Athletic and Mutual Clubs, and which they would no doubt have won, their record would have been 56 and 14. With the Hartfords, though we placed them right in putting them second, the losses sustained by the Bond trouble upset our calculations. With the Mutual games added, and the two Boston games, they might have scored 49 victories. Our St. Louis calculations, however, were out of the way. They played better than we thought they would.

A NEW MOVEMENT OUT WEST.

A new movement in professional baseball business is on the tapis, emanating from the St. Louis Red Stockings, whose secretary seems determined that the semi-professional clubs—or "outside nines," as the League people call them—shall not want for a leader to promote their special interests, which have this season loomed up quite prominently, owing to the splendid fielding games which have been played outside the League, and the important victories this class have won over prominent League-club nines. Without at present committing ourselves in favor of the new project, or against it, we simply append a copy of the circular that has been sent by Mr. Waite to the leading semi-professional nines of the country. Those who have not received this circular will accept this copy as being specially sent to them.

St. Louis, Sept. 23, 1876.

GENTLEMEN.—The time has undoubtedly arrived when non-League baseball clubs should be making their preparations for the ensuing year, and the object of this circular is to obtain the views and suggestions of all who are interested in the welfare of the national game, especially that portion of it which pertains to so-called "semi-professional" clubs. As the present season is about at an end, it behooves us, for mutual protection, to be up and doing. We should go systematically to work to remedy the evils that beset us during the past, and also to take some action in regard to the League, the few clubs composing which seem to be so anxious to have a monopoly of the business, and to dictate terms to the hundreds of good clubs outside its code of laws. It will not take long to convince any man of common sense that, if the first-class non-League clubs will band together, with rules as stringent as those of the older organization—binding not only on the players, but on their employers also—an association can be formed larger and stronger than any that has ever existed in this country. Such an association should be formed at as early a day as practicable; and, in order to start the ball, I would respectfully suggest that you, in replying, detail your views especially as to when and where a convention should be held, the number of delegates you think advisable from each club, etc. As soon as I have learned the preferences of the numerous organizations, and whether a majority of them are in favor of cutting loose from any and all associations that may at present exist, and whether they are in favor of forming a new one, as here referred to, notification can be given such clubs as are in sympathy with the new movement, and we can then arrange for holding a convention, at which the necessary constitution and by-laws can be drawn up. In my opinion, the League should be allowed to monopolize the high-salary business. In forming our association, it strikes me that two of the most essential points to be carried out are these: under no circumstances whatever should we play League clubs, and only twenty-five cents admission should be charged to our games. It has been practically demonstrated this season that non-League clubs can play every bit as pretty a game of ball as their older rivals; and when but half-price is charged, we are sure to receive our share of public patronage. While these theories are advocated by the "St. Louis Reds," that club, of course, will at all times give way to the opinion of the majority, should it be contrary to theirs. Please give this matter careful consideration, and be kind enough to let me hear from you at your earliest convenience. Respectfully and fraternally,

L. C. WAITE,
Secretary St. Louis Red Stocking B. B. C.

FALL RIVER vs. BOSTON.

On Saturday, Oct. 14, the Fall River (Mass.) Club crossed bats with the Bostons on the latter's grounds, when Nichols' unusually good pitching and batting won the game for the semi-professionals. The winners were somewhat crippled by the lameness of one of their players, and the Bostons had to play Morrill in the field owing to a bad hand. At the close of the sixth inning, and again at the end of the eighth, the score was even; but in the ninth the Reds were blanked and the visitors won, as herewith described: Libby went to the bat in the ninth inning, struck three times in vain, but got his first off a muff by Murnan of a badly-thrown ball by Brown. Crane made a safe hit, Canary tipped out, Whitney scored his first safe hit, and the bases were full. Mutrie flied to O'Rourke, Oxley sent a high one, which Morrill reached but muffed, and two scores were made, winning the game, as the Bostons went out while Murnan, the first striker, was still on third.

Fall River.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Boston.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b	1	1	3	3	1	G. Wright	1	1	1	3	0
Canary, l. f	1	1	1	0	0	Leonard	0	0	2	3	0
Whitney, 3d b	1	1	2	3	1	O'Rourke	1	2	3	0	1
Mutrie, s. s	0	0	0	3	0	Murnan	1	3	8	0	1
Oxley, r. f	1	1	0	0	0	Morrill	0	1	2	0	2
Butler, c. f	0	1	1	0	0	Manning	1	0	0	0	1
Nichols, p	1	3	1	2	2	Brown	0	0	10	3	3
McGonagle, c	0	2	6	2	5	Schafer	0	1	0	1	2
Libby, 1st b	1	1	13	2	0	Bradley	0	0	1	2	1
Totals	6	11	27	15	9	Totals	4	8	27	12	11

Fall River 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 2—6
Boston 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 1 0—4

Earned runs—Fall River, 2. Two-base hit—Wright. Three-base hit—Nichols. Struck out—Crane, Canary, Mutrie, Butler, O'Rourke, Morrill (twice), Bradley. First base on errors—Fall River, 3; Boston, 1. Umpire, Mr. Borden of the Bostons. Time, 2h. 10m.

CRICKET vs. BOSTON.

Defeat was again the portion of the Bostons in their game with the Crickets, played at Binghamton, N. Y., Oct. 10. The local team almost won in the very first inning, wherein they made no fewer than five runs, in the manner herewith described: Dailey started off with a splendid fair-foul base-hit; McGuinness followed with a handsome two-baser nearly to the back fence, which brought Dailey home; Latham reached first on called balls; Kennedy was put out at first, and Roche by a foul fly; Richardson made a fine two-base hit into the back field, bringing home McGuinness and Latham; Hotchkiss reached first on three strikes and an error; Smith and White followed with fine base-hits, bringing home Richardson and Hotchkiss. The Reds made their first tally in the third inning by an error of Roche, and a two-base hit by Bradley. This the Crickets offset in the fourth inning, the result of a two-baser by McGuinness and a muff at centre, and in their next turn at the bat the Bostons, by another two-baser by Bradley, and an error by Roche, secured one more, which they doubled in the sixth inning on errors by their opponents, followed by a good base-drive by Brown. They failed to add to their score afterwards, while the home team made two runs in the final inning, thus winning by four. Roche played behind the bat until the middle of the sixth inning, when he was obliged to retire, being succeeded by Richardson, who played capitally until the close of the game. Richardson's place in right field was then taken by Kelley.

Cricket.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Boston.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dailey, s. s	5	1	1	2	3	2	Wright, s. s	4	0	0	1	0	1
McGuin's 2b	5	2	2	1	1	0	Leonard, 3b	4	0	0	2	4	2
Latham, 1b	5	2	0	14	0	1	Rourke, l. f	4	1	0	1	0	0
Kennedy, l. f	5	0	0	2	0	0	Murnan, 1b	4	1	0	5	0	1
Roche, c	3	0	1	2	0	5	Morrill, c. f	4	0	1	1	0	1
Richa'n, r.f.c	5	1	2	5	2	0	Man'g, p., r.f	4	0	0	2	2	0
Hotchk's, c.f	5	1	2	1	0	0	Brown, c	4	0	1	8	0	2
Smith, 3d b	5	0	1	0	3	0	Schaffer, 3d b	4	1	0	3	1	0
White, p	4	0	1	0	4	0	Bradley, rt. p	4	1	2	4	0	2
Kelley, r. f	2	1	0	0	0	0							
Totals	44	8	10	27	18	8	Totals	36	4	4	27	7	9

Cricket 5 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2—8
Boston 0 0 1 0 1 2 0 0 0—4

Runs earned—Cricket, 3. First base on errors—Cricket, 6; Boston, 4. Passed balls—Roche, 4; Brown 2. Two-base hits—Bradley and McGuinness, 2 each; Hotchkiss and Richardson, 1 each. Total bases on hits—Cricket, 14; Boston, 6. Balls called—on White, 25; on Bradley, 12; on Manning, 13. Bases on called balls—Latham, Hotchkiss, White and Wright, 1. Strikes called—off White, 30; off Manning, 14; off Bradley, 26. Umpire, H. W. Wheeler. Time, 2h. 45m.

MUTUAL vs. OLYMPIC.

On Oct. 11 the return game between the Mutuals and the Olympics of Paterson took place on the Union Grounds, the Mutuals, as before, winning by one run only.

Mutual.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Olympic.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsworth, c f	0	0	3	1	0	Braden, 2d b	0	0	0	1	2
Treacy, l. f	0	0	1	1	0	St. L'rence, 3 b	0	3	0	5	1
Force, s. s	0	0	1	4	2	M. Kelly, s. s	1	1	8	0	1
Craver, 2d b	1	1	5	2	0	Lillis, c	0	0	3	1	4
Seward, c	0	0	[illegible]	1	3	Sweeny, c. f	0	0	0	0	0
Booth, r. f	1	1	7	1	0	McCormack, p	1	2	1	6	1
Mathews, p	1	0	0	0	1	J. Kelly, r. f	0	1	0	0	0
Nichols, 3d b	1	0	3	3	4	Crane, 1st b	1	2	13	0	1
Start, 1st b	1	1	7	0	0	Ellis, l. f	1	1	2	0	1
Totals	5	3	27	13	10	Totals	4	7	27	13	11

Mutual 0 4 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—5
Olympic 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2—4

Runs earned—None. First base by errors—Mutual, 2; Olympic, 2. First-base hits—Mutual, 4; Olympic, 7. Umpire, Mr. Rankin. Time, 1h. 50m.

STAR vs. AUBURN.

These strong New York State nines tried their skill in opposition at Syracuse Oct. 10, and, although the weather was unpleasant, a numerous company was present, largely composed of Auburnites, who had followed their home team down, sanguine of success; but here again was proven the correctness of the time-worn maxim "The best laid plans of mice and men oft gang agiee," and the visitors were obliged to return to their homes with nine blinders, to a score of seven in favor of the Stars.

Star.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Auburn.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, c	1	2	6	1	0	Shattuck, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Farrell, 2d b	0	2	4	2	1	Whitney, l. f	0	1	0	1	2
Geer, s. s	1	2	3	2	1	Allen, c. f	0	0	2	0	0
McKinnon, 1 b	1	0	6	0	1	Purroy, p	0	0	3	2	4
Tipper, l. f	2	1	4	0	0	Fleet, 2d b	0	1	1	3	1
Hall, r. f	0	0	0	0	0	Sullivan, 1st b	0	0	7	2	0
Madden, 3d b	1	2	0	1	1	Caskins, s. s	0	0	2	2	0
Adams, c. f	1	2	3	0	0	Dixon, 3d b	0	0	6	1	1
McCormick, p	0	1	1	4	0	Knowdell, c	0	0	5	3	3
Totals	7	12	27	10	4	Totals	0	4	27	13	11

Star 1 2 0 4 0 0 0 0 0—7
Auburn 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Runs earned—Star, 1. Total base-hits—Star, 15; Auburn, 4. First base on errors—Star, 5; Auburn, 4. Called balls—McCormick, 12; Purroy, 21. Passed balls—Knowdell, 1. Left on bases—Star, 3; Auburn, 6. Double-plays—Star, 1; Auburn, 1. Called strikes—McCormick, 14; Purroy, 11. Two-base hits—Geer, 1; Adams, 1; McCormick, 1. Umpire, B. Kimball of Rochester. Time, 2h.

HARTFORD vs. CINCINNATI.

A crushing defeat was sustained by the Cincinnati Club at the hands of the Nutmeggers on Monday, Oct. 9, at Cincinnati, O., as witness the following:

Cincinnati.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Hartford.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Snyder, l. f	4	0	0	5	0	1	Remsen, c. f	5	0	1	1	0	0
Booth, 3d b	4	0	1	2	3	0	Burdock, 2b	5	1	2	4	3	0
Jones, c. f	4	0	0	2	0	0	Higham, r. f	5	0	3	1	0	0
Gould, 1st b	3	0	1	7	1	0	Ferguson, 3b	5	0	1	2	1	0
Kessler, s. s	3	0	2	0	2	3	Carey, s. s	6	2	3	1	2	0
Foley, c	3	0	0	6	1	3	Cummings, p	6	2	3	0	0	0
Sweazy, 2d b	3	0	0	3	3	2	York, l. f	5	3	3	4	0	0
Dean, p	3	0	1	0	1	2	Cassidy, 1b	4	1	1	9	0	0
Clack, r. f	3	0	0	2	2	0	Allison, c	4	2	2	5	1	0
Totals	30	0	5	27	13	11	Totals	45	11	19	27	7	0

Hartford 0 0 0 0 5 3 0 3 0—11
Cincinnati 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Runs earned—Hartford, 7. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 0; Hartford 4. Balls called—on Dean, 12; on Cummings, 11. Strikes called—off Dean, 12; off Cummings, 9. Base on called balls—Allison, 1. Two-base-hits—Higham, 1; Cassidy, 1. Double-plays—Kessler, Sweazy and Gould, 1; Burdock and Cassidy, 1. Umpire, William E. Walker. Time, 1h. 55m.

CRICKET vs. BOSTON.

The poor Bostons, once the "top of the heap," now seem to be getting it on all sides. After their defeat by the Auburn (N. Y.) Club, they proceeded to Binghamton, where they fell a prey to the Crickets, by whom they were beaten 2 to 1. Score:

Cricket.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Boston.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dailey, s. s	1	1	2	3	2	Wright, s. s	0	0	1	0	0
McGinness, 2 b	2	2	1	0	0	Leonard, 2d b	0	0	2	5	1
Latham, 1st b	2	1	14	0	1	O'Rourke, l. f	1	1	2	0	0
Kennedy, l. f	0	0	2	0	0	Murnan, 1st b	1	0	5	0	1
R'che, C. K'ly. rf	1	0	2	0	7	Morrill, c. f	0	1	1	0	0
Richardson, r. f	1	2	5	2	1	Manning, p., r f	0	0	2	1	0
Hotchkiss, c. f	1	2	1	0	0	Brown, c	0	1	7	0	2
Smith, 3d b	0	1	0	3	0	Schafer, 3d b	1	0	3	1	0
White, p	0	1	0	5	1	Bradley, r. f., p	1	2	4	2	2
Totals	8	11	27	13	12	Totals	4	4	27	9	7

Earned runs—Cricket, 2. First base on errors—Boston, 5; Cricket, 5. Bases on called balls—Boston, 1; Cricket, 3. Left on bases—Boston, 5; Cricket, 9. Wild pitch—Bradley, 1. Passed balls—Brown, 1; Roche, 5. Struck out—Boston, 8; Cricket, 3.

MUTUAL vs. CHELSEA.

On Oct. 10 the Mutuals, assisted by Force of the Athletics and Seward of the New Havens, in place of Hallinan and Hicks, had a close game with the Chelseas of Brooklyn, as the appended score shows:

Mutual.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Chelsea.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsw'th, c. f	0	0	2	0	0	Clare, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Start, 1st b	2	0	6	0	0	West, 2d b	0	0	3	4	0
Treacy, l. f	0	0	2	0	0	Nelson, s. s	0	0	1	4	2
Force, s. s	1	2	0	0	0	Hourigan, l. f	0	0	0	0	1
Craver, c	0	1	4	1	0	Rule, p	1	1	3	3	3
Seward, 2d b	1	1	4	2	1	Dunne, 1st b	1	1	15	0	1
Booth, l. f	0	0	2	0	0	Cassidy, c. f	0	0	0	0	1
Mathews, p	0	0	5	0	2	McCabe, 3d b	0	1	0	1	1
Nichols, 3d b	0	0	2	3	1	Brennan, c	0	0	5	1	4
Totals	4	4	27	6	4	Totals	2	3	27	13	13

Mutual 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0—4
Chelsea 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—2

Runs earned—None. First base on errors—Mutual, 6; Chelsea, 3. Umptre, Mr. Williams. Time, 2h.

ENTERPRISE vs. ORANGE.

The Enterprise Club of this city paid a visit to Orange, N. J., Oct. 14, and there played an eleven-inning game with the local team. Neither won, as darkness put an end to the contest when the score was a tie—8 to 8.

Enterprise.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Orange.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Clark, c. f	1	2	4	0	0	Ricker, 3d b	0	0	2	2	1
Duffy, p	1	1	0	1	1	Chandler, c	1	1	2	2	1
Donohue, 3d b	0	0	2	4	3	Wadsworth, s.s	1	1	3	2	1
McDermott, r. f	1	1	2	0	0	Smith, 2d b	4	1	3	2	0
McCracken, l. f	1	1	3	0	0	Freeman, p	2	1	1	3	2
Nolan, 1st b	2	1	12	1	1	Demott, r. f	0	1	4	2	0
Quinn, 2d b	2	2	6	7	2	McGall, 1st b	0	0	14	1	2
Rypschlager, c	0	0	2	0	1	Sullivan, l. f	0	0	2	0	0
Brestnon, s. s	0	9	2	2	1	Lewis, c. f	0	1	2	1	2
Totals	8	17	33	17	9	Totals	3	6	33	15	9

Enterprise 2 0 4 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—8
Orange 4 0 1 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 0—8

Runs earned—Enterprise, 2.

A PICKED NINE GAME.

Two nines selected from the Chelseas, Staten Islands, Nassaus, Press, Amity, and Hudson Clubs contended for glory at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 14, with the result below shown:

West's Side.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	T.'s Side.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Care, s. s	1	2	1	4	1	Thompson, c	1	1	8	1	3
Rankin, 3d b	1	2	2	5	1	Coyle, 1st b	1	2	10	0	2
West, c	1	1	6	3	3	Degnan, s. s	1	2	1	6	1
Worth, 1st b	1	2	15	0	2	Manning, l. f	0	1	0	1	0
Morris, 2d b	1	1	1	3	0	Barnes, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Jones, l. f	0	1	0	0	0	Brady, 2d b	0	0	4	2	0
Morrison, r. f	0	1	0	0	0	Reilly, c. f	0	0	0	0	0
Nelson, p	1	1	0	4	2	Schenck, 3d b	1	0	2	3	0
Armstrong, c. f	1	0	0	0	0	Brownsell, p	1	1	1	2	0
Totals	6	11	27	19	9	Totals	5	6	27	14	6

West's Side 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 1—6
Thompson's Side 3 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—5

NAMELESS vs. STAR.

These clubs, the former of Brooklyn and the latter of Greenville, N. J., played a game at the latter place Oct. 14. Result:

Nameless.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Star.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Slade, 3d b	2	2	4	1	2	Seaman, 1st b	1	0	16	0	1
Vallie, p	3	1	2	1	2	Phaler, p	0	0	0	1	1
Pirnie, 1st b	0	0	10	0	0	Clarke, c	0	0	9	0	1
Nelson, 2d b	1	0	5	1	0	Miller, 2d b	0	0	0	2	4
Lee, l. f	2	1	0	0	0	Bidwell, 3d b	0	0	0	0	0
Walters, c	1	0	5	4	2	Birchop, l. f	0	1	0	6	1
Fargo, s. s	1	1	1	1	1	Berhans, s. s	0	1	1	0	0
Crosby, c. f	1	1	0	0	0	Gerstner, r. f	1	0	1	0	1
Hall, r. f	0	0	0	0	0	Smith, c. f	0	0	0	3	3
Totals	11	6	27	8	6	Totals	2	3	27	11	12

Nameless 3 0 3 0 0 0 1 4 0—11
Star 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

Umpire, Mr. Benner of the Produce Exchange Club. Time, 1h. 50m.

SHORT STOPS.—On Oct. 7, at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., the Actives overcame the Harlem Club of this city by a score of 17 to 14......12th, at Boston, Mass., Pioneer vs. Emmet, 14 to 5......14th, at Chelsea, Mass., Chelsea vs. Upham, 11 to 7; at Woburn, Gen. Worth of Stoneham vs. Actives, 15 to 6; at Boston, Eagle vs. Concord, 9 to 0......New Bedford (Mass.) championship games: 10th, Hathaway & Soule vs. Monitor, 21 to 13; 13th, Emmet vs. Academy, six innings, 31 to 19; 14th, Hathaway & Soule vs. Emmet, eight innings, 26 to 11.

WITOKA VS. ALPHA.—The home-and-home match between these clubs was decided on the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 14, the Staten Islanders being beaten. Innings-score:

Witoka 3 3 0 0 1 0 2 0 0—9
Alpha 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1—4

HARVARD VS. BROWN.—The representative nines of these Universities contended at Providence, R. I., Oct. 14, when the Harvards were victorious by the innings-score below given:

Harvard 0 5 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—5
Brown 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Thos. Carey of the Hartford B. B. Club.

BILLIARDS.

SCRATCHES.

William Sexton was in Boston last week......John Bessunger was in this city......In the suit of Geo. E. Phelan vs. Cornelius Deane the Brooklyn room-keeper, plaintiff being awarded $185, the judgment is reported as having been satisfied......Adrian Izar and Rudolphe one night last week played a game of finger-caroms. There was a row, of course, before it was through; but the general verdict seems to be that on this occasion Rudolphe was not only blameless, but also absolutely right......George Slosson's is a familiar face at the New York poolrooms, but there is a prospect that he will accept the post of superintendent at Dan Strauss' room, Fourteenth street and University place......One of the principals in the recent Burleigh-Bessunger game in Philadelphia reports that the referee adjudged Bessunger winner; and yet Bessunger cannot get the stake-money—that is, the whole of it. It is wrong to keep the boy out of his money. ......The game between Melvin Foster and Joseph Palat, played in private in this city on the night of Oct. 9, was won by Melvin. It was close until towards the end, when there was a difference of about 50 points, the full number being 250, and the stake $50 a side. Neither contestant made so high a run as 40. Mons. Palat has reached the time of life when billiard-match playing becomes uninteresting, and it is now several years since Foster could play just a little bit. It took them just about three hours to get to the end of the 250. Among the professionals present were Dudley Kavanagh, Adrian Izar, Garnier and Rudolphe, the latter two having once more buried the little hatchet......On Friday night, Oct. 10, there was also a goodly gathering at Izar's room, to join in the ceremonial of burning up the latter's crutches. A variety of billiard games were also played while the company were awaiting the election returns from Ohio and Indiana......At the Crescent Rooms, New Orleans, on Oct. 4, in the sixth match of the new series of games for the championship of Louisiana at three-ball caroms, the then regnant champion, Louis Abrams, was defeated by Henry Miller, whose majority was 156 in 300. The table was a 5x10, and the winner's average was 6, while his best run was 63 against 23 by Abrams. Thus Miller avenges the family for his brother John's defeat at the hands of Abrams early last August. The latter had come into possession of this championship emblem last March by capturing Frank Maggioli, and since then he had defeated Charles Quaid and John Miller...... Mason of Albany, N. Y., having disposed of the room he had so many years kept there, is represented as looking for a location in this city. Should Mr. Mason succeed in finding one, William Sexton, who about two years ago was his superintendent in Albany, may join his forces here......Col. J. A. Walker, after an absence of a month or so, spent in this city and Philadelphia, has reached his home in New Orleans......At Rudolphe's room, 315 Broadway, on Oct. 11, Foster and Palat played the return game of their little match, Foster being again successful. At its close, Rudolphe and Cyrille Dion had it, best two in three games of 100 points each, for $50, which Rudolphe won.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF TOLEDO.—As the result of a tourney in which participated Albert Severance, Frank Butze, Louis and Ed. A. Bassett, and Al. Just, and which was held last week, the first-named gentleman wins the three-ball championship of Toledo, a gold-mounted cue, and $15 in money. Frank Butze was second. There was also a second-class tourney, in which Messrs. T. Leroux, A. B. Stone, Charles Goble, and E. D. Simonds took part, and the result of which has not reached us.

RUDOLPHE'S CASE.—A. P. Rudolphe, who had a preliminary examination some two weeks ago upon the charge of having violated the Gambling Act at his place of business on Broadway, had his case called up at the Tombs Police Court on Monday afternoon, Oct. 16; but it was postponed, owing to the absence of Col. John R. Fellows, his counsel.

AQUATICS.

CHAMPIONSHIP SWIMMING MATCH.

Johnson Again Defeated.

The second match race between those celebrated masters of the art natatorial E. T. Jones and J. B. Johnson was decided on Saturday, Sept. 30, on the Thames River, Eng. The course was from Putney Aqueduct to Hammersmith Bridge—less than two miles—and the stakes at issue, aside from the championship, £50. *The Sporting Life* gives the following account of the contest, which, it says, was unquestionably square, and a fine exhibition of pluck and dogged perseverance: "Johnson was first away, Jones, as usual, hesitating before taking his plunge, the result being that, when he rose to the surface, the Manchester man was quite five yards ahead. Johnson, who faced Jones, at once settled down with a long, sweeping, and well-regulated stroke; whilst Jones, in the style peculiar to himself, adopted a quicker one. When fairly at work, Jones began to rapidly decrease the leader's advantage, and just before reaching the Star and Garter went to the front, and led on passing the last-named hostelry by three yards. The rain, which had ceased just before starting, now commenced to fall rather heavily; but, not in the least disconcerted, despite the fact that the water was only 58 degrees in warmth, the men now began to work in real earnest, and by the time Jones reached the London Rowing Club's Boat-house he had increased his lead to five yards. (Time, 3min. 50sec.) Johnson was in much better form than when he last competed; notwithstanding, however, Jones gradually left him in the rear, and on arriving at the Point was twenty-five yards ahead. (Time, 9min. 55¾sec.) Johnson now commenced swimming in grand form, and, as Jones appeared to slightly diminish in speed, although he worked hard, very slowly but perceptibly decreased the latter's lead, the fine stretch of water up to the Soap Works enabling the men to show off their splendid swimming powers to great advantage. Johnson, in answer to the call of his pilot, redoubled his exertions, and when opposite Rose Cottage made a most desperate spurt, which lasted for about twenty yards, when he settled down to his original pace, and Jones passed the last-named place about eighteen yards ahead, in 17min. 19¾sec. Without a spurt, but with very little deviation from the rate of speed he had been traveling at, Jones kept well in front, and opposite the Soap Works steered over to the Surrey shore, whilst Johnson was signaled more into the centre of the stream. (Time, 22min. 37¼sec.) Again, and for the last time, Johnson quickened in action, seeing which Beckwith urged on the leader, who, after taking a momentary look at his opponent, pluckily responded, although he appeared to feel acutely the severity of the struggle; and, although Johnson labored with all the gameness for which he is noted, Jones retained the lead and passed under the bridge a winner of one of the grandest races ever yet recorded in the annals of swimming, by twenty yards. The time, taken by R. Watson, was 27min. 23¼sec. J. Vandy, referee."

GREENWOOD LAKE AMATEUR REGATTA.

The rowing regatta on Greenwood Lake was brought to a close on Monday, Oct. 9, when the two races postponed from the 7th were decided over a course of two miles, straightaway. The day was clear and bracing, the water in capital condition, and a good-sized company viewed the racing. The first event was for

PAIR-OARED SHELLS.

Neptune R. C.—James H. Riley, Julian Kennedy (stroke). 1
Atalanta B. C.—W. H. Downs, J. E. Eustis (stroke) 2
Argonauta R. A.—Ed. Smith, F. E. Eldred (stroke) 0

At the word the Neptune pair, who were the favorites, took the lead, which they had made half a length at the half-mile, while the Atalantas had a little the best of the Argys. The mile-mark saw Kennedy and Riley a length in front of the Atalantas, and here the Argonautas, to the surprise of their friends, gave up the race and paddled home. The New-Yorkers tried hard to overtake the leaders, but in vain, the Neptunes continuing to draw away, and finishing about five lengths in front, having accomplished the distance in the good time of 12:20¾.

JUNIOR SINGLE SCULLS.

R. H. Orr, Seawanhaka Club 1
G. E. Man, Argonauta 2
Ed. Mills, Atalanta 3
Emil Conlon, Friendship 4
J. D. Foot, Nassau 0
F. McLaughlin, Nautilus 0

This turned out, as had been expected, a gift for Orr, who led from start to finish without having occasion to fully extend himself. Man and Mills had a sharp struggle for the honor of second place, which the Argonauta sculler gained, Mills having signified, ere the final quarter was reached, that he had had enough of it. Foot and McLaughlin gave up the ship after pulling a mile. Time, 14:15. The lockets and flags were subsequently presented to the victors at the Brandon House, A. H. Vernam, president of the Regatta Committee, making the presentation speech.

OCEAN YACHT RACE.—The race from the Owl's Head, N. Y. Bay, to Cape May and return, for the Loubat Challenge Cup, between Wm. Astor's Atalanta and Commodore Colgate's Idler, was started on Thursday, Oct. 12. The Atalanta had two minutes' lead at the start; but opposite Coney Island Point the Idler got even with her, and rounded the Southwest Spit five minutes ahead, which lead she maintained around the Sandy Hook lightship. At Barnegat lighthouse the Idler was a good ten miles in advance, three miles from shore, while the Atalanta was twice that distance at sea. From 1.30 to 5 o'clock A. M. of the 13th the Idler had the misfortune to be becalmed, the Atalanta passing her in the meantime, and when daylight broke the latter was off Atlantic City, five miles ahead. Favored by a strong breeze from the Southwest, the Atalanta gradually widened the gap between the vessels, and at 1.37 P. M. she turned the Five Fathom lightship off Cape May, N. J., the Idler following at 3.22:30—nearly two hours' difference. In running back before the wind, the Atalanta proved herself the superior sailer, both vessels piling on all their available muslin, as the breeze was light. When the sun went down that day, the masts of the Idler were barely discernible from the deck of the Atalanta, and she was not again seen by those on board the latter until 7 o'clock A. M. on the 14th, when the Atalanta was off Lower Quarantine. The race was finished at 4.01:30 A. M., at which time the Atalanta arrived at the Sandy Hook lightship, the Idler following at 6.53. The Atalanta therefore won by 2h. 51min. 30sec. actual time, and 3h. 38sec., including the time allowance of 9min. 8sec. The result was a great surprise to yachtsmen generally, who had conceded the race to the Idler. Both vessels are centre-boards, the length of the Atalanta being 93ft. 6in., and the Idler 106ft.

SEAWANHAKA BOAT CLUB.—The Seawanhakas picked out a bad day for their closing regatta, the wind blowing great guns from the northwest on the 11th, and the water, in consequence, being quite rough. There was some talk about postponement; but, as the lady and gentlemen friends of the members were present in strong force, and the races were comparatively unimportant, it was finally decided to bring it off. The initial race was for pair-oared gigs, for which two crews were entered, viz., J. Keppel and N. Smith (W. E. Kelly, cox.), C. Searle and W. Wilson (Frank Adee, cox.) The former couple proved themselves the more accomplished oarsmen, winning by over a minute in 11:45; distance, one and a half miles. Another race of the same sort followed, and it was a much more interesting affair than the preceding. George Smith and William Wood won, defeating N. Goldenkirk and J. Moller. Time, 12:10. Junior scullers three then pulled into line, but failed to make anything like a race, C. Searles running away from W. E. Kelly and W. Wilson, and winning by three minutes. Wilson shut up after pulling about one-fourth of the distance. Time 12:00. Three senior scullists then tried conclusions, R. H. Orr springing to the front when the word was given, and retaining that position until the home stakeboat was reached, John Keppel, who was close behind him all the way, being beaten five seconds. Time, 11:00. Goldenkirk was far in the rear. A four-oared gig race brought the aquatic festival to a close. It was contested by two crews, who made a very pretty race, causing considerable excitement. It was won by R. Hoer (bow), W. Wilson, W. E. Kelly, N. Goldenkirk (stroke), defeating C. Searle (bow), J. Moller, J. Rankin, J. Keppel (stroke) Time, 10:00. After the regatta the guests of the club partook of a collation, and subsequently dancing was indulged in in the spacious reception-room of the club-house.

SCULLING AT GREENWOOD LAKE.—The scullers' race, for prizes of $200, $100 and $50, given by the Greenwood Lake Sportsmen's Club came off on Wednesday, Oct. 11. The high wind which prevailed caused many to believe that the race would have to be postponed; but, after waiting more than two hours after the time appointed for the start without the water becoming much more suitable, the referee, in compliance with the expressed wish of the contestants, ordered them into line, the following oarsmen responding: Fred Plaisted and John A. Biglin, New York; Harry Coulter and Edward Powell, Pittsburg; John A. Landers, Salem, Mass.; and John Mekeel, Creskill Station, Pa. At 4.30 they were started, Coulter making the quickest start of the lot, but being soon compelled to relinquish the pride of place to Plaisted, who at the mile point held a lead of a trifle over a length on Coulter and Mekeel, who were nearly abreast, each pulling all he knew how. Landers was lapping Mekeel, while Biglin and Powell were thus early out of it. Landers gained upon and finally passed Coulter and Mekeel, assuming second place and rounding his stake about three lengths behind Plaisted. On the journey home, Fred doubled this lead; and, though allowing Landers to cut down the gap considerably after entering upon the last half mile, he finished first by eight seconds in the good time of 21:45¼, Landers second, Coulter third, Mekeel fourth. Biglin and Powell were not timed. A protest was entered against Plaisted, Coulter and Mekeel because they failed to turn their stakeboats from east to west, as required, and the referee, holding the point to be well taken, awarded the first money to Landers, second to Biglin, and third to Powell. Richard Neville was referee, F. H. Hamilton judge at the finish, and W. O. McDowell timekeeper.

YALE COLLEGE REGATTA.—The annual Fall regatta of the Yale Navy came off on Lake Saltonstall, a few miles from New Haven, Ct., on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 14; and, as the weather was mild, and the sun shone forth bright and warm, some three thousand persons of both sexes availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying a drive and witnessing the closing struggles of the year between the college oarsmen. The first race was between six-oared barges, crews from the classes of '77, '78 and '79 manning the three boats which drew into line. The race was close all the way, '78 going away with the lead, but both of the other crews passing them inside of a quarter-mile, and '77 finally winning in 13:27¼; '79 second, in 13:28¼; '78 third, in 13:40. A single-scull race followed, with three entries—T. Peet, '77; P. J. Wilson, '77; E. P. Livingston, '79. The last-named was an easy winner; time, 16:02¼; Peet second, 16:55¾; Wilson third, 17:16¾. The next race was for six-oared barges, and was contested by two Freshmen crews—'80 Academic and '79 Scientific. The former went away with the lead, were never headed, and won in 14:07; Scientific, 14:43¼. Four-oared shells, manned respectively by crews representing classes '77 and '79, contended in the closing race of the day, which was over a course of three miles, the distance pulled in the previous races having been two miles, with a turn. The '79 four took the lead at once, and won with the greatest of ease in 21:35¾; time of '77 crew, 22:13. The water was not in the best condition for rowing, which will account for the poor time made.

ED. HANLON, who won the international scullers' race at Philadelphia, and is said to have the necessary funds at his back to row a match race with any man living, has purchased the saloon known as "Pat's," on King street, Toronto, Ont.

WILLIAM LUMSDEN and Wm. Nicholson are matched to row a race on the Tyne, Eng., in open boats, for £100 a side Dec. 4.

CHARLES BENJAMIN and Henry Ehlers rowed a working-boat race of about two miles and a half, for $50, on the Harlem River, Oct. 10. Benjamin soon assumed the lead, which he retained throughout, going around his stakeboat several lengths ahead, and finally winning by a long distance easily. Time, 24:00.

OVER ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS have already been contributed to the fund being raised with a view to sending a Cornell crew to England, to row a four-oared race, with coxswains, with four of the winning eight in the next annual race between Oxford and Cambridge.

THE F. A. BRITT BOAT CLUB of Wheeling, W. Va., recently elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Chas. Adams, president; Geo. Frye, vice-president; Jos. Hague, treasurer; Wm. Molter, secretary; Chas. Stoetzer, captain; Messrs. Prager, Arbor, Kemp and Cady, directors.

THE NAIL CITY BOAT CLUB of Wheeling, W. Va., have elected the following officers: Chas. Bingell, president; C. W. Seabright, vice-president; Jos. Weeler, secretary; G. W. Johnston, treasurer; Wm. Peters, captain; Ed. Knowles, R. W. McClellan Jr. and John Barrett, trustees.

PEDESTRIANISM.

HANDICAP PEDESTRIAN MEETING.

The series of handicaps gotten up by James Watson took place at the grounds of the N. Y. Athletic Club, Mott Haven, on Monday, Oct. 9. Numerous entries were made for each of the four events, and the fields in all were large; but the attendance of spectators was small, and the affair, viewed from a pecuniary standpoint, scarcely a success. The weather was delightful, and the track in superb order. James Watson officiated as referee, Messrs. Barnes and Pollock as judges, John Welcher as starter, and C. H. Pierce as timekeeper. The following is a return of the racing:

100yds run, in heats, twelve starters—Heat 1: A. Varian Jr., Knickerbocker Y. C. (19ft. start), 1; C. J. Williams, Chicago F. B. C. (5), 2; M. E. Burnton, N. Y. A. C. (24), 0. Time, 11 3.10sec. Heat 2: W. T. Livingston, Harlem A. C. (10), 1; G. H. Parker, N. Y. A. C. (3), 2; W. O. Wilkinson, Y. M. C. A. G. (19), 3. Time, 11 1-5sec. Heat 3: E. B. Foote Jr., N. Y. A. C. (20), walked over. Heat 4: H. Lauterbach, College City of N. Y. (6), 1; J. H. Ferguson, Yonkers Lyceum (15), 2; C. L. Jones, N. Y. A. C. (30), 3. Time, 11 1-5sec. Heat 5: E. G. Kidder, H. A. C. (25), 1; J. F. Peacock, Athletic B. C., Paterson, N. J. (15), 2; C. Horton, N. Y. (18), 3. Time, 11 3-5sec. Second trial heats—Heat 1: W. L. Livingston, 1; G. H. Parker, 2; A. Varian, 3; C. J. Williams, 4. Time, 11 1-5sec. Heat 2: H. Lauterbach, 1; E. B. Foote, 2. Time, 11sec. Heat 3: J. H. Ferguson, 2; E. G. Kidder, 2; J. F. Peacock, 3. Time, 11 1-5sec. Final heat: H. Lauterbach, 1; W. T. Livingston, 2; J. H. Ferguson, 3. Time, 10 4-5sec.

275yds., run in heats, eleven starters—Heat 1: A. Varian Jr., K. Y. C. (15 ft.), 1; the other starters were C. J. Williams (6), C. A. Borst, New York (17), and A. H. Oakes, Y. M. C. A. G. (20). Time, 31 3-5sec. Heat 2: C. O. Mook, Y. M. C. A. G. (17) and H. E. Ficken, New York (22), dead heat. Time, 47sec. Heat 3: A. Gilderman, A. B. C., Paterson (17), 1; G. H. Parker, N. Y. A. C. (4), 2. Time, 31 2-5sec. C. L. Jones (30), W. O. Wilkinson (20), and R. Prior Jr., H. A. C. (22), also ran. Final heat: A. Gilderman reached the tape first, but the second man, H. E. Ficken, protested, on the ground that he (Gilderman) started before the pistol was fired.

Two-mile walk, twenty contestants—J. A. Byrne, Yonkers, N. Y. (180 yds.), 1; W. E. Barnes, Harlem (225), 2; F. F. Dale, Yonkers (200), 3; W. H. Griffin, Wood's Gymnasium (scratch), 4. Byrne obtained the lead before the close of the first mile, and kept it to the end, winning by about seventy feet. Bennet Grieg, New York (225), walked well until the close of the eighth lap, when he unexpectedly quit. Time, 16:05.

600yds. run, thirteen starters—F. C. Duffy, H. A. C. (40yds.), 1; C. J. Williams (15), 2; C. Vought, Yonkers Lyceum (15), 3. Time, 1m. 21sec.

440yds. handicap, closing on the grounds—W. J. Duffy won, beating B. C. Williams and Slater.

DANIEL O'LEARY attended at *Bell's Life* office, London, Eng., on Sept. 26, when he met several representatives of English long-distance peds. After some discussion, an adjournment till the 28th was had, when two matches were arranged, each for £100 a side, two men—Crossland of Sheffield and W. Howes—being pitted against the American. Each match is for 300 miles, and O'Leary is to be allowed an interval of three weeks between them. R. Lewis staked £10 on behalf of each of the Englishmen.

PEDESTRIANISM IN CANADA.—Two races came off at Toronto, Ont., within the past fortnight. The first, which took place Oct. 4, was between "Thomas Brown" of New York and James Conley, dash of 150yds, for $100. Brown won in 16sec. They went away to a flying start. The second event, a spin of 80yds, for $50, between John S. Barnes and Thos. Brown. The former, who was conceded a start of five feet, won.

J. BARNES of Camberwell undertook, Oct. 2, for a bet of £20 to £15 (the backer of Time laying the odds), to walk fifty miles in ten hours, at the Star Grounds, Fulham, London, Eng. Stopping but three minutes, to have his legs rubbed, and taking his refreshments while walking, Barnes won easily in 9 hours 47 minutes 1 second. He was attended by J. Windsor, R. Perkins, J. Hurley and J. Boot.

E. P. WESTON concluded a sixty days' walk at the Admiral-street Skating Rink, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, Eng., at 11.50 P. M., Sept. 30. The distance covered in the six days was 497 miles and nine laps (eleven to the mile). His fastest mile on the closing day was walked in 10min. 18sec., and the last in 14:25. During the week he rested 25h. 22m. 20sec.

GEO. F. AVERY AND W. C. DOLE are to walk their fifty-mile match, for $200, at Hamilton Park, New Haven, Ct., on Wednesday, Oct. 18. Much interest is felt in the result by the residents of that section.

GEORGE H. PARKER defeated W. J. Duffy in a race for the quarter-mile champion medal of the New York Athletic Club, at Mott Haven, N. Y., Oct. 9. He won by two seconds in 59sec.

A 200-YARD RACE, for $20, came off at St. John, N. B., Oct. 10, Arthur McHugh defeating James Kimball.

GEORGE F. AVERY claims to have walked seventy-five miles in 16h. and 23min. at Waterbury, Ct., Oct. 10.

THERE IS A COMMUNICATION in our care for J. W. Stubbs.

THE TRIGGER.

THE ENGLISH TEAM RECONSIDER THE MATTER.—The following is clipped from *The* (Dublin) *Irish Times:* "The American Rifle-team may be credited with a double victory. According to reliable authority, it was the intention of the English eight, whose fine display of shooting at Wimbledon won the Elcho Shield from the Scotch and Irish, to challenge the Yankees should they prevail against the foreigners at Creedmoor. It is said that the gauntlet was absolutely prepared for casting, and the men had signified their willingness to put the victors to the proof. When, however, the Centennial scores reached here a change came over the spirit of the Englishmen's dream. The totals scored were so far above any winning performance ever achieved at this side of the Atlantic that the ambitious *tireurs* were fairly appalled, and wisely concluded to hold their peace. One of the London morning papers, commenting on the match at Creedmoor, expressed regret that England was not represented, as in that event the Yankee colors would surely have been lowered. The experts themselves know better, and have withdrawn from their intention. Unqualified admiration of the scores obtained has been the tone among marksmen here, and it will be gratifying to the friends of the Irish team to learn that the phenomenal totals piled up by Johnson and Milner have formed the topic of conversation among the proficients."

INTERSTATE RIFLE MATCH.—The contest for the trophy offered by the Crescent City Rifle Club of New Orleans, La., for competition by teams of eight from all rifle clubs in the States, upon the same conditions as governed the international championship contests, took place on Thursday, Oct. 12, each team firing upon the range at their home. The result of the competition was the success of the Crescent City shootists, who made the good score of 1,507 out of a possible 1,800 points. The scores of the other competing eights were: New York Amateur R. C., 1,423; Dearborn R. C., Chicago, Ill., 1,420; Hartford (Ct.) R. A., 1,371; out of a possible 1,800 points. The scores of the other competing eights, as far as heard from, were: Amateur Rifle Club, New York, 1,423; Dearborn R. C., Chicago, Ill., 1,420; Hartford (Ct.) R. A., 1,371; Worcester (Mass.) Sportsman's Club, 1,097. The team representing the Amateur R. C., which was partly made up on the day of the shoot from such riflemen as appeared on the grounds, was composed of Isaac L. Allen, R. Rathbone, Douglas Smyth, Wm. Hayes, H. S. Jewell, L. Weber, C. E. Overbaugh and S. G. Perry.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE ASSOCIATION held their Fall meeting at Glendrake Range, in Westchester County, N. Y., on Thursday, Oct. 12. Few persons were present, owing to the decided coolness with which the weather-clerk treated humanity. First was the ladies' match, for a Remington sewing machine, to be won twice before becoming personal property, ten shots, 500yds., any position and rifle. The principal scores were C. A. Hodgman, 50—every shot a bull's-eye; Homer Fisher, 40; Capt. A. W. Peck, 37; J. L. Heasley, 33. This was followed by a subscription match, open to all, 500yds., five scoring and two sighting shots, military rifles allowed six shots. There were ten entries, and the best scores were H. Fisher, 25; C. A. Hodgman, 25; Col. Underhill, 18; J. L. Heasley, 18; Major Coburn, 18.

THE CHALLENGE BADGE offered by *The Turf, Field and Farm* was contended for the eleventh time at Creedmoor, L. I., Oct. 14. The distance was 200 yards, and the leading scores were as follows: W. Hayes, 43; J. L. Price, 41; J. L. Kellinger, G. F. Merchant, W. H. Cochran Jr., 39 each; D. C. Pinney, 38; N. D. Ward, T. W. Linton, J. W. Todd, 37; C. E. Latimer, 36; O. Wishall, 35; P. Bossert, 34; G. L. Morse, G. H. Moller, 33.

How sweet to recline in the lapse of ages—say about eighteen.

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WOE to him who smiles not over a cradle, and weeps not over a tomb.

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CHATEAU MABILLE VARIETIES, Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue. J. L. Mason, Manager. Evening at 8. Matinees, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2. 4 new stars. First-class specialty artists, especially lady dancers, can always get a date. [1t*

FOR SALE.—ONE SCIOPTICON, with all the latest improvements, tinters, etc., for exhibiting slides from 3ft. to 25ft. in diameter, with screen and extension posts to fit large or small hall. Also, 30 Photographic views of Egypt and the Holy Land, and six beautifully colored slides, mounted with wood, illustrating the ill-fated ship and storm at sea. Also, 12 slides, same as above, illustrating the legend of the Wandering Jew. Also, one ediotrope, one comic slip slide, and several others, with description of all the slides, enough to make a three hours' exhibition. Also, two boxes with locks for the Sciopticon and slides.
All the above warranted to be as good as new. Will sell for $100.
Address Post-office Box 180, South Norwalk, Ct. 30-1t*

HENRY W. MITCHELL,
LEADING MAN,
AT LIBERTY AFTER OCT. 28,
for long or short engagements. Address 2,234 Christian street, Philadelphia, or SIMMONDS & WALL,
30-1t* New York.

NEW
Boylston Museum
AND
NOVELTY THEATRE
WASHINGTON STREET, OPPOSITE BEACH,
BOSTON, MASS.
G. E. LOTHROP, MANAGER & PROPRIETOR.
T. H. PLUMER.....DIRECTOR OF AMUSEMENTS
CHAS. H. YALE.....ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
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READY AT LAST!
GRAND REOPENING
Monday Evening, Oct. 23,
WHICH WILL MARK THE DAWN OF A
NEW ERA IN AMUSEMENTS.
THIS ESTABLISHED
FAMILY RESORT
has, after many months of labor, and at a great outlay of skill and money, been transformed into a
PERFECT BIJOU
Palace of Beauty,
BEING ENLARGED TO
DOUBLE ITS FORMER CAPACITY,
presenting advantages hitherto unexpected, with private boxes specially arranged for FAMILY PARTIES, giving all the COMFORTS OF A SELECT PARLOR, and every seat commanding a PERFECT VIEW OF THE STAGE, which combines
EVERY MODERN IMPROVEMENT,
Not a Vestige of its Former Self Remaining.
The entertainments produced will also be in keeping with the increased facilities, and will
Surpass in Attractiveness
ALL PREVIOUS EFFORTS.
Novelty after Novelty
WILL FOLLOW IN
BRILLIANT AND RAPID SUCCESSION,
VARIED IN THEIR NATURE, AND COMPRISING
MINSTRELSY,
PANTOMIME,
COMEDY,
BURLESQUE,
SPECTACLE,
DRAMA,
FARCE,
OPERA,
EXTRAVAGANZA,
AND
BALLET.
In addition to the large number of Specialty Artists who will appear from week to week, the following
STOCK FAVORITES
will be retained during the season:
MR. THOMAS H. PLUMER,
Leading Character Actor and Pantaloon.
CHAS. H. YALE,
The Popular Young American Clown and Specialty Artist.
MR. WILL J. STANTON,
Low Comedian and Harlequin.
MI[illegible] NELLIE CARLTON,
the Beautiful Bu[illegible] and Specialty Artist and [illegible]mbine.
MISS LIZZIE CARLTON,
Charming Soubrette and Vocalist.
MR. THOMAS NIBLO,
Miss Ida Robinson,
Miss Alice Hale,
Susie Martin,
Ella Gardner,
Maggie Worth.

Hennessy Brothers,
ACROBATIC SONG-AND-DANCE
AND
IRISH SPECIALTY ARTISTS,
having just closed a most successful engagement at the
THEATRE COMIQUE,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.,
OPEN AT THE
BOYLSTON MUSEUM
FOR TWO WEEKS, COMMENCING OCT. 23,
where they can be addressed.
The proprietors of the above places take pleasure in endorsing these young gentlemen, and have no hesitation in saying THEY EQUAL ALL, AND ARE SUPERIOR TO MANY. FIRST OPEN DATE, JAN. 1.

AS THE CAPACITY HAS BEEN ENLARGED
TO ACCOMMODATE FIFTEEN HUNDRED,
arrangements can be made with first-class combinations to play on shares or otherwise. The most liberal terms will be offered, and their business carefully attended to.
Good Variety People
are wanted at all times, but fancy salaries are abolished at this theatre.
ARTISTS BOOKING AT THIS ESTABLISHMENT
are at perfect liberty to appear at any other place in the city at any time before or after their date with us.
PERFORMERS OF MERIT appearing here can arrange time at the THEATRE COMIQUE, PROVIDENCE, by addressing the manager.

Theatre Comique,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOHN D. HOPKINS & CO....Proprietors
THIS POPULAR TEMPLE OF MOMUS
is now open for the regular season, and is in the
FLOOD TIDE OF SUCCESS
presenting each week a varied entertainment,
SECOND TO NONE
IN THE COUNTRY,
combining all the leading features of
BRIGHT, CRISP
AND
Kaleidoscopic Performances.
ARTISTS OF
RECOGNIZED ABILITY
appearing at this place can arrange time at the
BOYLSTON MUSEUM,
BOSTON, MASS.,
by addressing the management. 30-1t

TONY PASTOR'S TROUPE
WILL COMMENCE ITS ANNUAL TRAVELING SEASON ON OR ABOUT
MARCH 26, 1877.
ARTISTS OF RECOGNIZED ABILITY
WILL PLEASE ADDRESS
TONY PASTOR,
TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE, 587 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS NEED APPLY. 30-1t

ERBA ROBESON,
"THE SWEET SONGSTRESS OF THE SUNNY SOUTH,"
THEATRE COMIQUE, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, OCT. 23. STANDARD AMERICAN BALLADS. ADDRESS AS ABOVE. 30-1t

SONGS, LECTURES,
DRAMAS, SKETCHES, ETC.,
WRITTEN TO ORDER.
30-1t* WM. R. WATTS, 192 Bleecker st., New York.

SONG-AND-DANCE, ESSENCE, AND LANCASHIRE CLOG-DANCING for the STAGE taught by
GEO. W. VERE.
Address care of WM. TOVEE Box 356, Brooklyn P. O., N. Y. 30-1t*

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?
CAPTAIN OF THE GALLANT GRAYS.
New military song and chorus by FRED BYRON.
PRICE 40 CENTS PER COPY.
Address all orders to F. W. HELMICK,
50 West Fourth street,
30-1t* Cincinnati, O.

NOONAN'S VARIETIES,
Corner Ninth and Chestnut streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
JOHN C. NOONAN.....Proprietor
HARRY BUTLER.....Business and Stage Manager
Open the year around. Now playing to crowded houses
Lady specialty artists wanted every week. Write and get a date.
N. B.—All letters answered. 30-1t*

NOVELTY THEATRE,
Morgan street, between Tenth and Eleventh,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
HI. CHAPMAN.....Lessee and Manager
Opens Saturday evening, Oct. 28, as a first-class variety theatre. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability, write at once. None other wanted. Everything new.
30-3t Address HI. CHAPMAN.

MANNING AND MOORE,
MUSICAL MOKES,
SONG-AND-DANCE AND SPECIALTY ARTISTS,
wish an engagement with a traveling troupe. Salary low, but must be sure. Sure to make a hit.
Address M. AND M.,
30-1t* Box 45, Hudson, Mass.

MAGIC, MAGIC, MAGIC.
MAGICAL APPARATUS
AND TRICKS OF ALL KINDS.
Catalogues, 15c. HENRY STONE,
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WANTED,
FEMALE VARIETY PERFORMERS
and Ballet Ladies for troupe about organizing. Address, stating business, salary expected, and inclosing photo, FEMALE VARIETY, care CLIPPER office. 30-1t*

MANAGER WANTED.—ONE THAT stands in need of a thoroughly experienced agent, my services available. Have traveled six consecutive seasons South. P. W. SHRADER, Rushville, Rush Co., Ind. 1t*

A TRAPEZE AERONAUT
can be engaged to perform under a hydrogen or a hot-air balloon. Good references, if required. Address AERONAUT, Ilion, N. Y. 30-1t*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
TAUGHT TRAPEZE, RINGS, ETC., FOR THE STAGE.
Simple method, or at their residence. Address
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CURIOSITIES.—THOSE HAVING THEM for sale or to let (living preferred), with or without keepers, address P. O. Box 1,690, Boston, Mass. 30-4t

CAUTION.
Managers are hereby cautioned against producing, for causing to be produced, my play, entitled
THE VIRGINIAN,
soon to be brought out at the Royal St. James' Theatre, London. Any infringement will be dealt with legally.
BARTLEY CAMPBELL,
30-4t Savage Club, London, Eng.

FOR SALE,
an interest in a good paying Variety Show, with Bar attached, in a large city near N. Y. Good reasons given for sale. Apply in person to MANAGER, 755 Broadway, upstairs, Wolcott's Agency. 30-1t*

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SEVENTH STREET, BELOW ARCH,
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HARRY ENOCHS.....Proprietor
JOHN R. LANE.....Business-manager
ARTISTS OF ABILITY
can always find open dates.
LADIES WITH SPECIALTIES WANTED AT ALL TIMES.
Address, with stamp, to manager as above. 30-1t*

NUNN BROTHERS'
Orchestra and Brass Band open for engagements.
Address care of CLIPPER office. 30-2t*

MLLE. NINA NUNN,
Lady Magician and Magical Elocutionist. Address care of CLIPPER office. 30-2t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TRENTON, N. J., will open for the season Oct. 23, 1876. Wanted, male and female artists in every line of the Variety business. Also Piano-player and small Orchestra that plays brass band preferred. State lowest salary. Address until Friday next, J. H. BERRY, Manager, Hoboken, N. J. [30-1t*

A SOLO CORNET-PLAYER
can be engaged. Reads and transposes at sight.
C. W. PETTITE,
30-1t* 59 Second street, New York.

FLORENTINE AND ELLIS
join New York Serenaders at Montreal, Canada, Oct. 18. Sensational lady performers are wanted.
Address JAMES HEYWOOD,
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CLARK BROS.,
Billed at Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, are not the CLARK BROS., the musical mokes. 30-1t*

MAGICIAN OR OTHER SPECIALTY PERFORMER wanted for the road, with gifts, by an experienced manager, on sharing terms. Address M. A., care of CLIPPER office. 30-1t*

MADAME DUCLOS'
Brilliant Little Theatre, Reading, Pa. The opening week, ending Saturday, 14th inst., a continuous and notable success. The house taken by storm nightly. The Little Brilliant alway packed. A success unprecedented in Reading, Pa. N. B.—Variety talent, accepting low terms with certain payment, will address as above. 30-1t*

P. BRENNAN,
LEADER OF ORCHESTRA,
and alto or clarionet;
T. J. BRENNAN, solo B-flat cornet;
E. MENTA, 2d violin and clarionet;
now at Ward's Opera-house, Fall River, can be engaged by responsible managers, traveling or stationary, at reasonable salaries. An orchestra and brass band furnished, if necessary, by applying to P. BRENNAN,
30-1t* Leader of Orchestra, Fall River, Mass.

GILMORE'S GARDEN THEATRE, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Variety talent wanted at all times, especially ladies. Salaries low, but sure. 30-1t*

KATIE PUTNAM
AS
LITTLE NELL AND THE MARCHIONESS.
OLYMPIC THEATRE
(FIRST DRAMATIC STAR),
MONDAY, OCT. 23, WEEK, SUPPORTED BY THE
OLYMPIC DRAMATIC COMPANY,
specially enlarged and strengthened for this occasion.
PARK THEATRE, BROOKLYN,
MONDAY OCT. 30, WEEK.
Combination season 1876-77 inaugurated Nov. 13. Time filled to April 1, 1877.
J. J. SULLIVAN.....Manager
JNO. E. WARNER.....Business-manager
30-1t Address Union Place Hotel, N. Y.

COMIQUE,
WILLIAMSBURG, L. I.
JAMES E. CARTON AND THOMAS THEALL, MANAGERS.
GREAT DOUBLE COMPANY. 30-1t*

FIFTH WEEK AND IMMENSE SUCCESS
OF
GRIFFIN & RICE,
DOUBLE ECCENTRIC SONGS AND DANCES
AND
CHARACTER SKETCHES, BLACK FACE
now fulfilling second engagement this season at
Olympic Theatre, New York.
Refer by permission to
COL. WM. E. SINN.
Always a Big Success and Re-Engaged.
Address care Olympic Theatre, New York City. 1t*

JOHNSON AND BRUNO,
ORIGINAL ACROBATIC AND CONTORTION
SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS AND LINGUISTS.
HIT OF THE SEASON AT THE
Howard Atheneum, Boston, Mass.,
IN THEIR NEW AND ORIGINAL
SONGS-AND-DANCES:
THE DARKIES FROM DE NILE,
YUST FROM TENNASIE,
WE'LL GET DARE YUST IN TIME,
DIS AM DE WAY WE'D GO,
COLORED CONGRESSMEN,
THE NIGGS FROM ALABAM,
LIMBER NIGGS,
OUR OLD MASSA'S KITCHEN FLOOR,
EARLY IN DE MORNIN',
THE SELDOM-FED BRIGADE,
CHARMING BRIGHT-EYED SUE,
and several other songs dedicated and written expressly for them. Address HARRIGAN & HART'S Theatre Comique, New York City. 30-1t*

LATEST COMIC SONGS.
"Pretty Peggy," song-and-dance, by Pat Rooney; "Bright Side," motto song; "I'm an Absent-minded Girl," song for ladies; "Behind the Scenes," "Irishmen to the Front," "I've Just Arrived From Dixie," "Poor Old Uncle Rufe," "Beautiful Caroline," song and dance; "Pins and Needles by the Dozen," Dutch song; "Dutch, Pull Down Your Vest," "Buckles on Her Shoes," "The German Fifth," Gus Williams' latest hit. Price, 35 cents each, or any four songs mailed postpaid for $1. Address LOUIS P. GOULLAUD, Boston, Mass. 30-2t

THE
MERRYMAKERS.
The above title has been
COPYRIGHTED,
according to law, by the
WORRELL SISTERS,
and any infringement of the title or act will be prosecuted to the extent of the law. 30-1t*

DR. M. HERRMANN
THE MAGICIAN
AND PUNCH-AND-JUDY PERFORMER.
The only successful exhibitor of the Indian Box Trick, assisted by his accomplished medium Mlle Frederica, can be engaged for public and private exhibitions, at moderate terms. Call or address 219 Centre street, printing office. At present at the Ladies' Fair, St. Peter's Hall, Barclay street—the third week. 30-1t*

NOTICE TO HALL AGENTS.
A party by the name of HEALEY is now traveling in the West, and using the title "Mac Evoy's Hibernicon," purchased by the undersigned of PROF. JOHN MAC EVOY, and duly copyrighted and protected according to law, said Healey pretending to have purchased the name from some unknown and irresponsible party for the sum of $1, thereby defrauding the undersigned of his just rights and deceiving hall agents and the public. Many Agents, I am aware, do not care who occupies their hall so long as the rent is paid. To such I have only to say that legal measures will be taken by the undersigned and PROF. JOHN MAC EVOY for damages, and that letters are now being mailed to all hall agents and proprietors in the United States, notifying them of such intended action. The following letter speaks for itself and requires no comment:
LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 11, 1876.
MR. FRANK MAC EVOY—Dear Sir: Your letter received too late. Healey showed here under the name of "Mac Evoy's Hibernicon." I was busy at the time, and did not know who the party was. You are right in saying I do not approve of such things; and, had I known it, would not have permitted him to show in my hall. But this time I was honestly deceived. Yours truly,
JESSE WOODRUFF.
Asking the same fair dealing and honest protection from other friends whom I expect to see the present season as in the past, Yours truly,
30-1t* FRANK MAC EVOY.

ARCHIE WHITE
AND
ELLA ESMOND
in their original double songs-and-dances. Address care of CLIPPER office, N. Y. 30-1t*

CHARLEY WHITE,
ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN, CHARACTER ARTIST AND AUTHOR, is prepared to arrange time with FIRST-CLASS MINSTREL AND VARIETY TROUPES FOR THE SEASON OF 1876-77.
Many years of managerial experience qualifies him for the production of amusing novelties especially adapted for the minstrel and variety stage. Repertoire consists of the entire Library of Negro Acts, Sketches, Burlesques etc.
30-1t* Address 250 Hudson street, New York.

BOB MACK,
Dramatic and Variety Agent,
13 BETTS STREET, CINCINNATI, O.
Wanted, first-class talent, both male and female, with attractive specialties, for responsible variety theatres. Dates open at all times for first-class artists. Managers in want of good talent for located or traveling companies can always find the same by sending me their orders. Good dramatic and variety talent booked at all times. All letters answered. 30-1t*

MRS. J. H. HACKETT
prepared to accept dates through her agents,
MESSRS. SIMMONDS & WALL,
30-1t No. 10 Union square, New York.

J. EDWARD HENSHAW
AND
MAY TEN BROECK,
SPECIALTY STARS AND MUSICAL SKETCH ARTISTS,
in their new and original sketches: FAREWELL TO FADERLAND and THE JOLLY TWO, received nightly with shouts of applause. Permanent address care of CLIPPER Office. 30-1t*

I WANT A
FIRST-CLASS
IRISH COMEDIAN AND LADY.
SKETCH PERFORMERS PREFERRED. None but first-class performers need apply. A year's engagement to the right parties. I know them all. Answer, stating lowest salary, to DR. JOHN E. HEALY, Manager McEvoy's Hiberaica and Healy's Hibernians (consolidated), care Russell, Morgan & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. 30-1t

Continued Success of the Wonderful
ORRIN BROS.,
NOW AT THE HOLLIDAY-ST. THEATRE, BALTIMORE. Address care of CLIPPER Office, or to
30-1t SIMMONDS & WALL.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION
PROF. NEIL SMITH AND DOGS.
At Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, where I just closed, there is great talk about performing dogs and what they can do. But the thing is to show them up. My dogs have been pronounced by public and press to be the best-trained dogs ever exhibited in this country. I open at the Theatre Comique, Broadway, the 23d of October, giving all managers and dog-trainers the opportunity of seeing for themselves that my dogs are the smartest, mind the quickest, and accomplish more tricks in less time than any other dogs in the business. My clown-dog Handy Andy is the only acrobatic canine that throws a complete somersault without assistance, by the word of command only. I have few open dates. NEIL SMITH,
148 Third avenue.
N. B.—I have very attractive wood cuts. 30-1t*

T. M. HENGLER,
IN HIS NEW AND ORIGINAL SKETCH ENTITLED
The Merry Minstrel.
TO BE SEEN AT
Tony Pastor's Theatre
EVERY NIGHT, AND
W. E. Sinns' Park Theatre, Brooklyn,
NOV. 6.
Managers of Dramatic and Variety Theatres address as above, or CLIPPER office. 30-2t

"PENDY,"
THE ACTOR-VOCALIST,
commenced season in August with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, New York; thence to Theatre Comique, New York; Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn; Ward's Opera-house, Newark; New Adelphi, Brooklyn, E. D. Now at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia. Engagements to follow New York; Brooklyn, Hartford, Newark, etc.
N. B.—The New Adelphi, Brooklyn, E. D., formerly Carton's, is a solid institution, the proprietor, Mr. GOODWIN, being a gentleman in every respect, and continues the excellent performance heretofore given by Mr. J. E. Carton. 20-1t

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.
AS I AM ERECTING A
VARIETY THEATRE
AT
Nos. 235 AND 237 BOWERY.
NEW YORK CITY (OPPOSITE PRINCE STREET)
TO BE KNOWN AS
THE LONDON
and intend opening the same on NOVEMBER 20 or 27, I would be pleased to hear from those of the profession who would like an engagement for the opening, or a later date. Please address Respectfully yours,
30-1t* HARRY MINER, Lessee and Manager.

CITY HOTEL,
BROADWAY AND EIGHTH STREET,
Entrance No. 1 Clinton place.
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLAN.
Single rooms, $1 per day; double rooms, $1.50 to $5; table board, $1 per day; $5 per week. Elegant rooms en suite. Special rates to professionals. M. E. DWINELLE, Proprietor. R. FITZGERALD, Manager. 30-1t*

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SEND FOR REDUCED PRICES OF
TEN PINS
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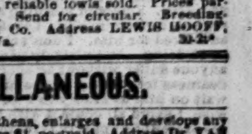
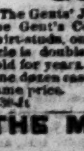

JOHN FUGEMAN & SON, Manufacturers,
30-4t* 90 Fulton street, New York.

GAMES: THOROUGHBRED GAMES, of well-tested and popular strains, for sale. Only healthy, reliable fowls sold. Prices particularly low. Send for circular. Breeding-farm, Fairfax Co. Address LEWIS HOOFF, Alexandria, Va. 30-2t*

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERFEZIONE strengthens, enlarges and develops any part of the body. Price $1, postpaid. Address Dr. VAN HOLM, 161 Court st., Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted.) 30-1t*


The PERFORMING SKELETON, 14 inches in height. It will dance in perfect time to any tune; falls down, rises, walks, bows, etc., as requested, defying detection. It never fails to delight, astonish, and produce a roaring sensation. Price reduced to 15 cts. 2 for 25 cts. Mailed, post-paid. Address EUREKA TRICK AND NOVELTY CO., 39 Ann St., New York, Box 4614. 30-1t*

GOOD AS GOLD.
The Gents' Jewelry Case contains one Gent's Vest Chain, one Gent's Collar-stud, one set Sleeve-buttons, one set Shirt-studs, one heavy Ring, one Bosom Pin. Every article is double fire gilt, and will keep the appearance of gold for years. By mail, 25 cents. Circulars free to agents. One dozen cases by mail, $1.75; six dozen, $9. Ladies' cases same price. WOOD & SCOTT,
30-4t Box 3,708, New York.

THE MAMMOTH PACKAGE
ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.
Contains one Uncle Sam's Joke Book, one Tony Pastor Song Book, one elegant Map of New York City, one pack of Trick Cards, one set of Age Cards, one splendid Watch Chain, one French Coral Scarf Pin, one set of Oroide Shirt Studs, one Mocking-bird Whistle, one handsome Collar-button. Sent on receipt of 25 cents. M. J. IVERS,
105 Fulton street, N. Y.

ENLARGE and develop any portion of the body by using "Perfezione." Price $1, postpaid. Reliable and safe. Address Dr. Van Holm, 161 Court st., Boston, Mass. [30-1t*

THE "GUY" IN THE COUNTRY TOWN.

To Henry Barnum, Howe's London Circus.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN McVEIGH.

It was in the Summer of Seventy-one,
With the old Van Amburgh party,
Tom Adams and I traveled that time,
Feeling gay and hearty.
We had plenty of fun as we jogged along,
For we ne'er let our spirits go down;
But the funniest "snap" that occurred that trip
Was "doing" a "guy" in a country town.

The place was Grabtown, Illinois,
A short distance from the river;
The hotel was bad, and so was the "peck,"
For three times a day we had liver;
But the canvas was up, and everything right
(Hen. Barnum and Zeb Meade at the door),
And the people were standing in crowds (outside),
Just to hear the wild animals roar.

It was just about three in the afternoon,
When the "guy" he first appeared;
He gazed wistfully 'round a moment or so,
Then straight for the door he steered.
He said: "'Nibsies,' do you pass the 'culleys' here?
For you bet that I'm one of them boys;
I used to travel with old Dan Rice,
And I've been with Charley Noyes."

We hired him to play in the concert with us,
To beat the bass-drum in the band,
To sell tickets whenever John Like was away—
In fact, for "a general hand."
He said he'd a banjo, and was told to bring it,
So he could commence that night;
He said: "That's me, but I don't want any pay
'Till I show to you all that I'm right."

He came that night, with several friends
That wanted to see him act;
We blacked him up with wagon-grease,
And that he was a "sight" is a fact.
He was put in last, as is usual,
And commenced to holler and shout,
But when he sang of his "Gal in the Clover,"
It was then that the people *went out*.

But he played and sang just all the same—
It seemed he never intended to quit;
Horse-pedestals, poles, seats and such things,
Why, they didn't seem to faze him a bit.
He finally stopped, and was told he was great,
And engaged for the forthcoming year,
And was sent to wash up in a bucket of paint
That was mixed with some stale lager-beer.

He rubbed and scrubbed for nearly an hour,
But the black it staid on good and tight;
He was a mixture of Indian, "nig," and Chinee,
And he hollered out loudly for fight.
"I can whip the whole crew," that's what he said,
"Only heap up here in a bunch;
I'll tear down the canvas and eat up the poles,
And take the animals in for a lunch."

None of us answered; we thought it was best—
Not that any of us were afraid!—
But the "main bloke" was kicking—he was terrible hot,
And this is what Frank Uffner said:
"If I find out the parties that done this trick—
And I'll give a cool hundred to know—
They'll pack their trunks, you bet your life,
And quit the Van Amburgh Show."

They didn't find out, for the gang were "all right,"
And nary a one would squeal;
Still, the "guy" was wild, and kept up a howl—
He'd "eat a circus-man every meal."
"They won't fight, dog-gone 'em; fight isn't in 'em."
Said one of his friends: "Come on, Bill, let's go.
You've got one consolation, you can bet your life,
You'll be blacked up, anyhow, for next show."

WRONGED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

CHAPTER VI.

"I was looking over William' clothes one day, when I found a letter without name or date, mailed a few days before in New York, and containing the words: 'The boy is still alive, and resembles the father. What do you want?' The name of the street and the number were given. Something whispered to me that it referred to my boy. I concluded the letter had been preserved that it might be delivered to some other party, and I intended to know who received it, if possible. In a few days the captain proposed a visit to his mother, and I astonished him by accompanying him without question or excuse. My stepfather was at the station, and doubtless expected the captain, as he spoke to him eagerly before he observed me, and they had professedly been enemies since our marriage. William handed him the identical letter which I had seen. It required the exercise of all my power to control myself, for I then felt confident that it referred to my own poor, wronged baby; but I did not betray my knowledge. I wrote to the detective department of New York, having only street and number to guide them, but giving the age of my boy if he was living, and a description of his father. The reply was that such a boy was certainly there—his name was Williams, an orphan of Irish parentage, a few months younger than the age I had given; a bright, intelligent boy, in rather delicate health. My hopes failed me, and I came to the conclusion he was an illegitimate son of my stepfather.

"William's former cook, who had married and was now in great poverty, came to my house one day, and I requested her never to come again. I could but feel sorry for her in her sad condition, and was willing to assist her children. I did not speak harshly to her; but William had been on his good behavior for some time, and I felt anxious to aid him in every way I could. I knew, if Molly should gain an influence over him, it would do him no good. She went to the ship, and reported to him in an exaggerated form her meeting with me. He returned home in a rage, and struck me a terrible blow, which felled me to the floor. In his passion he betrayed many things that I had desired for years to know; and, sharp as was the pain of the blow, I controlled my feelings, which only seemed to exasperate him the more, and he was utterly unconscious of what he was saying. He had been a bitter enemy of my lost husband, who had thwarted him in an attempt to ruin a beautiful girl. He himself had been the seducer of poor Alice Thorn, and it was his unskilled hand that had really caused her death, and opened the way for his revenge, which was more fully wreaked on me than on my husband, although we were both made to suffer more than often falls to the lot of men and women. Then I learned that my early husband was still living, an honor to his profession, and that he was yet true to me, his first and only love.

"'Ah!' he said with a diabolical face, 'I have had a sweet revenge. He thinks you false at heart. The divorce was a fraud, as you surmised. You never were my wife. Your own letters to him were used as the testimony to prove his desertion of you, as they were returned; the desertion was proved to be on the ground of your wicked love for your mother's husband. It was not made public, and no one contradicted it. It was the news of your divorce that, reaching him months after it was granted, brought him from a sick-bed to the ball where you saw him. When he heard that you was married, he said to the old black servant who accompanied him: "She is false; take me back and let me die."'

"Like one dead, I fell at his feet. The blow he struck me with his hard hand was nothing compared with the cruelty of his words. My deathly swoon quieted his rage, and with dashes of water he brought me to. I asked him:

"'O William! have you told me the truth?'

"'Yes, Mable; every word is true. I did not intend ever to tell you; but my anger made a fool of me.'

"'One thing more, William,' I asked; 'is my boy living?'

"'That I don't know, but I think not.'

"Edith! Edith!" said Mabel, and she clasped her friend's hands so tightly that the print of every taper finger was left in her flesh, "can you know how I felt? Can you ever imagine? God grant that no other woman shall ever measure the depths of sorrow that I have known! I wonder if it is possible for another to feel the loathing and hatred I felt for the man who flaunted his revenge in my face?

"When again alone, I wondered what was best to do. Years have passed. Nearly all who had any part in that tragedy are dead. If I make a move, he will thwart me. No good can come of making the matter public. Perhaps I was wrong. I had no friend to whom my proud heart would unburden, and I could not, consequently, have any advice. He returned in the evening, and I asked him to spare me the horror of his presence. With a willingness that surprised me, he sold his vessel, and, going to New York, shipped for a voyage around the world. No one who knew us seemed particularly surprised, or imagined that it was a separation. He gave me a portion of his property—his mother was dead, and he inherited all she left. A part of his money he carried with him, to invest in ship or cargo.

"I lived a retired life with my one servant, receiving occasional visits from a small circle of select friends. Having a sufficient income to live comfortably, I employed my time in study and in charitable visits. My health was excellent, and my beauty did not fade. It seemed so strange to me it did not, when I had suffered so much. My mother-in-law had left me some property—a fact that I learned incidentally—and I made a visit to my once probationary home to claim it. She had known of her son's imprisonment and escape, but knew nothing further, although her nurse informed me that she wondered often that I did not write to or visit her. The dear lady was resting quietly in her grave before my baby was born. I was glad that the precious 'new mother' was spared the knowledge of my sufferings, for she loved me. My own mother was sent to an insane asylum. I went and brought her home, keeping her with me until she became uncontrollable; then, closing my house, returned with her, and remained near her until death came, and we laid her to rest. It is a source of satisfaction to me that she wanted for nothing that thoughtful care could provide, and died without the presence of Squire Wilson or any of his children. My stepfather became dissipated, and died a sudden and awful death; but left me letters and papers that have been of priceless value to me, and have aided in bringing one ray of sunshine into my darkened life. William returned from his voyage the cripple that you see him, and had become quite deaf, rendering it impossible for him to command a vessel again. He had been shipwrecked, and lost all his property. One cold morning he came to the door, a ragged, forlorn invalid. I took him in, and clothed and cared for him. I don't claim any especial merit in so doing. Impulsively generous, I could not see anyone suffer without an effort to relieve him. His deafness frequently causes him injuries, and I then wait on him as kindly as I would on anyone; otherwise, I avoid all contact with him. When strangers are present he appears tyrannical, and enjoys annoying me. I am in constant fear that he will say something brutal, and dread the coming of guests when he is at home. When we are alone, one word will silence him—the name of Alice. You remember that, when we first met, he was absent on his long voyage. Your especial attraction to me was that you asked no questions. I held no correspondence with him, but always answered 'that he was well when he wrote last,' if anyone inquired about him. I would have been glad if he had never returned; but when, friendless, penniless, sick and disabled, he returned to me, I could not turn him away, although no pleasant memories stirred my heart.

"The Fall prior to your farewell visit I saw in our city paper a notice of my husband's death. William was absent, and I embraced the opportunity to go and learn something of his last hours. In a palace-car, secure from observation, and veiled to prevent recognition, I made the through trip without halting for any purpose, until I found the desolate home. O my friend! can you imagine the lava-tide of strange emotions that swept through my soul as I knelt at the bed where his life had gone out, and where, perhaps, he had dreamed of me? There, on bended knees, I thanked God that he was free. His pure, noble life, I know, carried him safely over the river of Death and through the golden gates of Paradise. I kissed the pillow where the dear head had lain, looked out on the sunset-scene his dying eyes had viewed, stood in the parlor and imagined his dead face lying there, and listened involuntarily to hear his musical voice and well-remembered, quiet step. His housekeeper had been devotedly attached to him, and cheerfully gave me all the information that a trusted servant could give. Then I returned to the depot, and started on my homeward journey. Exhausted by fatigue and excitement, I fainted in the car. This man who is now my lover chanced to be in the car, and, recognizing me, gave me the most kindly attention, until I reached my home. I admitted to him where I had been, and why? His sympathy was so welcome, so unobtrusive, so refined, that I could not refuse him the further confidence of the hoped-for existence of my boy. Some of the letters left for me by my stepfather referred to him, and my friend offered to assist me in finding him. The housekeeper assured me that there was no positive evidence of his existence, although the doctor had never ceased to search for him, and did not believe him dead. Again the hope was revived that I might yet look on my baby's face. I remembered the assurance of the nurse that he was unsightly, and thought that, if I were to see him, it might bring regret. Then a flood of pitying love would overwhelm me, as I thought, if he was injured, it was my rash act that caused it. O Edith! no other one can know the torture that I endured; and it was doubly severe for my affectionate, impulsive nature, to stand all alone, like some tall tree on the summit of a bleak and barren hill, storm-crowned, without even that companionship which would lessen the loneliness as the rustling of other leaves and the swaying of other branches answered back. I, too, must resist the tempest. I would have given years out of my life at times for one loving look, one kindly, love-prompted caress.

"The housekeeper gave me a book of poems that had evidently been my husband's frequent companion. Where the lines applied to us, I found my name written. It is one of my chief treasures."

She laid in Edith's hand the little worn volume, but the name was not Mabel. Edith started, and looked at her friend.

"Ah, I had forgotten that you did not knew my name is Edina Charlotte. In childhood it was intended to burden me with the additional name of Mabel. My husband called me 'Carlie'—at home I was always 'Sis' or 'Sister.' William disliked both names, as they continually reminded him of my husband. I asked him to call me Mabel, glad to lay aside the name that my husband spoke so tenderly, as I also did my curls, sacred with the touch of the man who alone had toyed with them. My husband's name was McKensie. I have always avoided speaking it, and to those who have known there was a former marriage I have called him Doctor Andrew. His home for years had been in New Orleans. If I could have found him at the time William affirmed that he still lived, I would have gone to him, told him the truth, and would have had the fraudulent divorce set aside; then, together we would have searched for our boy. As I could not find him, it seemed best to quietly endure my thralldom I held the esteem of my neighbors as a lawful wife, and, as nothing could be gained by announcing that my marriage was illegal, I kept the knowledge in my own heart; but, could I have stood by my husband's side, I would have gladly braved all possible contumely.

"Some time elapsed before I received any intelligence from my friend. I was in a state of feverish anxiety as to the probable results of his efforts. At last I received a telegram: 'I have found your boy—come without delay.' It was nearly time for the Eastern express, and I fortunately had sufficient money in the house to defray my expenses. Hastily dressing, I placed a few toilet articles in my satchel, and was ready to start, when William came in. When I laid the telegram before him his face assumed a grayish color. He was dumb with astonishment for a moment, then he exclaimed: 'It is a lie—you are deceived!' I answered: 'I am going, and will know the truth before I return.' O Edith! I have since wondered sometimes how I lived through that journey. I caught a glimpse of my face in the glass—it was so deathly pale that I did not wonder the passengers stared at me. I endeavored to control my feelings, but they must have thought me an escaped lunatic. My friend met me at the train, and conducted me to the home of one of the most popular and eminent physicians of New York. The physician's wife, a charming woman, met me cordially, and her husband, coming in, aided her in quieting my agitation. My son was dying of consumption, and I must meet him calmly if I desired to enjoy his society even for a brief season. He had been prepared for my visit, and was impatient to see the mother whom he supposed long since dead. The doctor and his wife compelled me to partake of food, and to rest an hour. Then I summoned sufficient fortitude, and was led to the bedside of my boy, who was his father in miniature. His grand eyes, lit up with an expression of great joy as he laid his hand in mine, and I kissed him. O Edith! think of it—kissed my baby for the first time in his life! I could not repress my tears, although comparatively calm.

"Did your baby ever lisp the name of mother?" she asked, looking up into Edith's face with her tearful eyes.

"No," was the answer. "The angels carried her away before she learned to speak."

Her expressive face, glorious with the bright memory, her half-kneeling attitude, the uplifted, beautiful hands, formed a speaking, living picture that might express an artist's dream of "The Recall of Sweet Memories."

"Of all the gleams of sunshine that have pierced the pall of Egyptian darkness that has rested on my life, startling me with its rifting brightness, the thrill with which my soul was lifted out of the dust and enthroned in the love of my son when he called me mother is the brightest," said Mabel. "He gazed long and tenderly on my face, as though studying every lineament and expression; then, drawing me closer, he kissed me again, and said: 'Mother, I am so glad that you are beautiful. What a happy life we might have lived together, for I love you now, mother; and, if I could have been with you, I know that you would have loved me.' Ah, me! how I did love him, my beautiful boy. Beautiful even then, when emaciated and suffering, what might he not have been with health and happiness? He lived two days, and I scarcely left him a moment. I told him of his father, but did not tell him of all the wrongs of which we had been the victims. With my arms about him, he died. I longed to hold him forever in my embrace. Sixteen years had passed since my girlhood merged into motherhood, and my boy, sweet pledge of my love, had been a wanderer, and I bearing flowers to the mock grave they had made to deceive me! I followed him at last to one of the sunniest slopes in Greenwood, and laid him away. A marble shaft, with a slain lamb at the base and a tablet with the words 'Our Son,' marks the grave.

"He was taken from the house the morning of his birth, and carried to an old nurse many miles away. They were shrewd enough to leave the wardrobe that I had prepared; excepting one suit, that I might see for myself they had only needed sufficient to inter him. The old nurse surmised that something was wrong, and traced the basket which was his cradle to our village, and was so confident that I was the mother that she demanded an interview with my stepfather, and accused him of abducting the child. He admitted that it was mine; but assured her that I had a dangerous antipathy to the child, was an irreclaimable lunatic, and had been deserted by my husband. There was no alternative then but for him to provide abundantly for him, and give a promise that, in the event of my recovery, he would restore the child to me. The fact of his existence was to be kept secret, as that was the only means of controlling me. When he was five years old, Squire Wilson was summoned to take charge of him again, as the nurse was about to die. He gave him to a childless couple who were about to remove to New York, no doubt hoping that he would be led away by the temptations of the great city. He was too delicate for rude sports, and escaped the contaminating influences he would otherwise have been obliged to contend with. An apt scholar, he was early fitted to occupy a position as assistant-bookkeeper in a large importing house, where his foster-father met and became interested in him. It was a source of pleasure to me to know that all with whom he had lived had treated him kindly. He really loved the kind-hearted couple who had taken him to New York. They had returned to Ireland, and he had been legally adopted by Doctor De Lanny, and for two years had been surrounded by every luxury and granted every pleasure he could desire, although he enjoyed the routine of business, and remained with his employers until failing health demanded rest.

"When I returned home I found William sullen, and to this day he has never referred to my journey or asked me about my boy. An impulse actuated me to have his death announced. In all his life he had never been acknowledged; even I, his mother, had denied my maternity. I published a card reading:

Died, at No. — Madison avenue, New York, April 20, Andrew, adopted son of Dr. De Lanny, son of Mrs. William Carswell and Doctor C. A. McKensie, late of St. Louis. Aged sixteen years ten months. The child was abducted at birth and only recently identified, his mother being permitted to see him while yet alive, and be with him when dying.

"I saw William read the notice, but he made no comments. When you visited me I had only been at home for a few weeks, and almost determined to tell you my story then. I hoped that you had seen the notice, and would speak of it first, postponing my confidence from day to day, until finally it was too late.

"A few weeks after your departure, while sitting on the porch, deeply interested in one of your letters, I heard a weary step coming through the arbor, and, looking up, saw an elderly colored man, with his hat already lifted as he halted at the foot of the steps; he was plainly dressed, travel-stained and weary. I rose, and invited him to come into the porch and sit down. 'If you please, missus, I'd rather go to de pump fust,' he said, and, leaving his hat on the step, he refreshed himself with a thorough ablution of hands and face, accepted gratefully a drink of milk my servant handed him, and, shaking the dust from his coat, came back to the porch. Still respectfully standing before me, he asked, 'Are you Mrs. Carswell?' Replying, I scanned him closely to divine his errand, if possible, confident that he was not a beggar. His solemn, earnest look impressed me that his mission was important. Hesitating a moment, he asked, 'Was you de wife of Doctor McKensie oncet?' I started to my feet as I answered quickly 'Yes.' I could not have spoken another word. 'I was his man, an' I promised to fin' his boy; but I done give 'im up, an' I heerd his death was in de papers, an' cum to see you.' Cordially I grasped the old man's hand, and we sat down and talked a long while of the man whom we had both loved so well. I had brought with me from New York a photograph of my boy, which I showed to him. He looked at the pictured face, tracing the resemblance to the father and myself, then drew from his breast-pocket a little parcel, neatly and securely tied, in a small case of Russia leather. His tremulous hands unfolded first an ivory miniature of myself, life-like and true; and, before I had time to express my surprise, he handed me one of my husband. With a glad cry, I pressed it to my lips, and the tears flowed freely over it. I calmed myself, and asked him how he had obtained mine. He informed me that the doctor had employed an artist to sketch my face, and it was painted from the sketch, adding the curls from the old daguerreotype, where we were taken together. I then recollected an artist who had made frequent calls 'to rest' after a sketching tour on the lake-shore, and I recalled also the fact that he would sometimes look at me until I was annoyed. The doctor's had been painted to match, as presents to our boy, should he ever be found. So many old patients and friends had desired his photograph and been refused, that he exacted a promise from Morris to keep the existence of the portraits a secret. My husband had left him a sufficient sum to enable him to live comfortably; but he desired to be employed, and I kept him at work in my own garden, and among my friends, frequently enjoying long, pleasant chats with him about my husband, learning of his rare skill. Oh, how proud I should have been to share as his wife in his triumphs. Morris was not a gossip, and did not repeat to anyone else what he said to me, or inform them of my past history. Even William did not know that he had been my husband's servant, and never interfered with him, for he had long ago learned that I would do with my garden as I pleased; and as he disliked colored people he gave Morris 'a wide berth,' as he expressed it. When Winter came, preferring his Southern home, Morris left me, carrying copies of the miniature and photograph. I could not refuse them, neither could I claim from him his master's watch, which he had intended to give to the son.

"My gratitude towards the man who had given me one brief joy, although it ended so soon in night, was unbounded, and when he came to see me I kissed him, Edith—kissed him—the first kiss on bearded lips that I had given for many years. He held me close to his breast and told me of his love, asked me to leave William and become his wife; he would be proud of me, and the remaining years of my life should be all joy. I refused to entertain the thought of a public separation by divorce—it would create so much scandal. William was almost helpless; no one else would care whether he had even the necessaries of life. I had endured my life so long, I could still endure it until released by death. It would not right the wrong for me to cast him off now, when he had no means of support, and no place to go except as charity would provide a place for him.

"Again and again he petitioned for my love; the day that you came to pay your farewell visit I promised him a meeting, when I would yield to his entreaties. Sometimes I bitterly regret it, sometimes I am glad. I am confident that William more than suspects our relation to each other, but his selfishness has obliterated all sense of honor, and he does not care. He only married me for revenge; there was no affection enlisted.

"During the Winter that followed some friends proposed a trip to the West Indies. My friend was of the party, and he proposed that I should join them. Our faithful old Mary and her son were with us, and were willing to take charge of William, and anxious that I should go. We passed down the river to New Orleans, and remained there several days. I visited the cemetery, and remained for some hours alone at my husband's grave. Morris welcomed me heartily, and trudged about with me highly pleased. I visited the college where my dead husband's books had been placed, and it was a pleasure to me to listen to the praises bestowed on his name. Not knowing who I was, there was no check on the librarian's tongue.

"We sailed from New Orleans to Cuba. I enjoyed the passage very much, being quite at home upon the water, and never annoyed by sea-sickness, I found my father's grave. A neat stone had been forwarded, and was set up by strange hands. He had left pleasant memories that were evidenced by flowers laid on the mound, and sea-shells artistically placed about them. When the nurse learned that I was his daughter, she seemed to pour out her heart's great love in kindness to me, so that I really felt regret at parting. From her I learned of his homesick longings in his last hours. It was pleasant to know, when I left the island, that the grove would be carefully tended so long as kind-hearted old Chloe lived. I can but think at times of the separation by death and wrong—under the West Indian sun on the sea-shore, my father; in the South, my husband; in the East, my son; at the old homestead in the village churchyard, my sisters, in a lonely corner of the old farm where the blackberries grow, and little children with careless feet search for the luscious fruit; the little daughter whose face I never saw, poor little unwelcome waif, killed by her father's cruelty, and who, perhaps, had she lived, might be a joy to me now; In the cemetery of the State Asylum my mother is lying; and when I lay down my life I will rest alone in the cemetery of this city. William has expressed a wish to rest with his kindred in the old churchyard, near his home. I have wandered from my story, Edith, to tell you some of my thoughts.

"As the Winter waned I felt a strong desire to visit my old Southern home. Leaving my friends with a promise to rejoin them at Norfolk, I sailed from Cuba to Charleston. In Charleston I learned that my grandmother was still living. I was recognized by the strong resemblance to her, in feature and complexion, and was courteously entertained by the landlord and his wife, who sent their own carriage and servants to convey me to the old home. I recognized all the beautiful, romantic road, and as I drove up the long avenue of old trees I could scarcely repress a cry of childish delight. Some of the old servants, whose faces memory recalled, were there. It was *home*, and, forgetful of the ceremonies that mark Southern life, I left the carriage with a light heart and ran up the steps. Then, remembering my grandmother's age, I calmed myself, and sent a servant to say that I waited to see her, and soon was clasped to her heart with a warm welcome. The servants came with protestations of joy, wondering at my size; trying to recall my childish ways, proud that I resembled their dear old mistress. I spent a full fortnight of genuine pleasure, learning from grandma many things of interest to me.

"My father had been—as was afterwards proven—unjustly accused of contracting debts at the gaming-table. My grandfather abhorred gambling or dissipation of any sort, and quarreled with him. He was so unrelenting, that my father would make no further effort at reconciliation, and they parted in anger, never to meet again. My mother's father, whose estates had been suffered to run down, assisted my father to liquidate the obligations, which were really endorsements, made in an hour of convivial excitement, the unscrupulous man who held them having increased the figures much beyond the original amount. So, unexpectedly debarred from any assistance at his father's, the demand financially ruined both; an angry rencontre between the two lifelong neighbors resulted in the sale of the Marrell estates, and the removal of the family to Ohio, when all communication ceased. My grandmother was the most beautiful woman that I ever saw. Not quite as large as I am, with the same complexion, her hair a glistening, snowy white, and curling as in her youth—it seemed impossible that it could ever have been brown; her aristocratic features, with a faint bloom still remaining on cheek and lip, her hands yet plump and shapely, her dress of India muslin and finest lace—she made a charming picture in the old-fashioned drawing-room with its furnishing of blue and gold. Pure in thought and life, her expression was sweet and winsome. She had been a widow for many years, and had longed to see some face that bore a resemblance to hers, or the haughty old man whose portrait hung in the Summer parlor. The hope had been abandoned, and she was content in her second childhood, surrounded by servants who idolized her.

"I slept in the chamber that had been my father's in his childhood; from his window he had flung 'happy good-mornings' to my mother, away on the opposite hill, when she opened the curtains and waved the signal of 'I am coming.' We little folks had often hung our banners from the same window, expressing revolt against the summons, that fluttered over the way, of 'Come home.' Our yellow flag that went up with many a symptom of irrepressible giggles indicated a rebellion that we knew would not be punished; a long, red streamer was a hail for mamma to come; a white flag was a token of surrender, and "We are all coming" was read from its snowy folds. I lived over the babyhood of sweet memories, recalling the storirs with which Letitia used to while away the hours of restlessness.

"Such perfection in culinary art as I sat down to with captivated appetite, can be found nowhere but in the South. The stately mistress of the grand old house rigidly kept the old-time rules, and her dinner was an event in each day. Now that an honored guest sat with her, the repast was princely, and the servitors seemed like the phantoms of some fairy dream to me, who had so long lived in the simplicity of a plain Yankee home. When I left her I bore with me some of the fine old jewels which you have seen and admired. A year passed, and our weekly correspondence was broken off by the death of the dear old lady. The war had opened, but she only heard the first notes of alarm, when she folded her hands and was at peace, leaving to me all her possessions, and praying me to leave my Northern home and live in her place, keeping the slaves together. When the lawyer who had so long conducted his business wrote to me, I requested him to continue the care of the property, as I could not go South. The war extended its dark shadow and menacing eyes, trailing its blood-dyed garments over all the South; the slaves fled in dismay, the house was rifled of its most valuable furniture, and was alternately the headquarters of a Confederate general or Union soldiers. With the months of experience that you had in the war, I need not tell you of its traces. You wore there when a golden pen and tiny hand, guided by the noble heart, wrote that 'chef d'œuvre of strategy,' the 'Emancipation Proclamation,' and my possessions were diminished as by a flood.

"The old mansion on the grove-crowned hill is yet mine, but strangers sit in the long, cool halls, gather the choice flowers, and enjoy the scenery. The portraits and heirlooms are gathered into a suite of rooms, and locked away from sight. My mother's old home went down before the destroying might of a lightning stroke, and is but a heap of ruins. When I gone, Edith, they who took possession of my lovely home, which will know my face no more, will banish portrait and handwork of deft fingers to the dust and darkness of the old garret. I am the last of my race, and our scattered graves will soon be forgotten. I rejoined my party at Norfolk, and we had a pleasant trip home. My friend was so courteous, so gentlemanly in all our journey that no one suspected our relations to each other. I know that my folly is telling on me, and I think sometimes that I will end it all, and say farewell to him, secluding myself again. But a woman is so weak when a man offers her the refuge of his arms, the treasure of his caresses."

Edith kissed the tearful face, and prayed that God would aid her friend to do right and reclaim her womanhood, although she could never burnish out the spot that her soul recognized as tarnishing the fair armor in which she had been arrayed for the battle of life. Although the world saw it not, she could not turn her eyes away from beholding it.

The story was ended for a time; and, leaving Edith, Mrs. Carswell sought her own room. Hours went by before she returned, and, laying her arm about Edith's neck, whispered "Help me," and passed on to her domestic duties. Edith knew that the battle was won on the side of the right, and tears—glad, thankful tears—fell on the little rose-scented garments that lay in her lap, and which she had brought out from her treasures to bestow on a friendless infant, whose wailings brought only the curses of a drunken father, as he looked on the dead mother, whose hands would never more earn the means of his debauchery. When Mabel's lover called again it was to say adieu, and no one witnessed their parting. Edith passed several hours alone before Mabel returned, with the old calm look and quiet grace, and no further mention was made of him by either of them.

"Months of travel again separated these loving friends, and when Edith, with quick, light step, that spoke of haste to meet a pleasure, came unannounced into her presence with glad greetings, Mabel was reading a letter from her absent lover. When her surprise had been expressed in welcoming words, she handed the still open letter to Edith. A fair, frank nature was revealed in the chirography; a heart that could appreciate nature's charms shone in the words.

CAMP LOFTY, June 18, 1867.

MY DARLING MABEL.—This glorious morning I sit at the door of my tent, under the shadow of such a monarch of the forest as your eyes have never looked upon. I have but to lean forward a little to look down a ragged precipice of rocks that overhangs the road, from where I hear a sound of voices and the faint rattle of wheels, probably some emigrant-train still going "Westward." They will wind up the mountain side, a tortuous path, full of beauty, with new scenery flashing out at every turn. Probably they will not notice it further than to utter imprecations at the stones and the tedious ascent. Here is a narrow, dark pass where one involuntarily draws rein to be prepared for a bandit chief and his followers; there a broad table of smooth rock, that sends out the echoing tramp of the teams in startling clearness, while the sun inspects, without intervening branch or shadow, the cavalcade, and smiles entrancingly his satisfaction. His brightest rays are reflected by snow-capped peaks, far off to my right, and fall softly on a broad, unbroken space of verdure, where flowers, sown by the wind, in rich profusion bloom—fragrant flowers, that offer up an incense grateful to the traveler as the quick, free tread of his hunter crushes them. Away in the east is a wandering stream—its clear waters glitter like burnished silver, and many a traveler will lift from its depths a choice addition to his frugal supper; droves of sleek, fat "natives" slake their thirst and wade unconcernedly over the pebbly bottom. In the edge of the brush my glass shows me a timid deer, scanning the open ground, before she risks a nearer approach to the "water brook," for which she pants. Herders lie idly about within reach of their tethered fawns, wreaths of smoke, circling up from the inevitable pipe, mark their lounges, while some jovial comrade rehearses the story of encounters with the wild, ferocious denizens of the mountains, or the more ferocious Indian. These wild stories are like "the old, sweet story of love;" they never grow wearisome even to the man who has "fit" the "most and bravest." With paint and feathers, and noiseless, moccasined step, a group of "friendly Indians" are breaking up their camp by the silvery stream, and loading their shaggy, hardy little ponies to go to their wigwam village, miles away. When night falls, some other wanderer will kindle the smouldering embers, and cook his simple food, smoke his pipe, and doubtless take a draught that will not have the crystal, odorless clearness of the rivulet at his feet; then, as the weird fire-shadows dance and flit around him, he will sleep until the rosy dawn heralds the rising of the sun. I wish you could stand on the mountain's height where I stood last night, and see the glimmering light of camp-fires that dotted the plain. The moving beings, exaggerated by the weird light, flitted in and out of the dark background. Spell-bound, I waited until the full moon came slowly up from the east, where she had been beautifying your home. Her benign countenance lent a charm to the scene that filled me with awe. How different from the inquisitive, searching sun, who dips his fingers into every crevasse, and reaches every little, struggling, discouraged plant with a coaxing glance. The moon looked above, around, beyond the dark hiding-places, of which these mountains contain so many, with an indolent air, that indicated a willingness to perform all easy duties, and leave the rest for her energetic brother.

Close at my feet from a rent rock trickles the crystal snow water, sweeter than any beverage that man can devise; a path through rock and fern the trickling stream has found, and three times in its course, before it reaches the plains and goes in search of companionship, is it made subservient to lordly man as a drinking fountain—never failing, always pure. A rumbling in the distance, that is repelled by the broad-faced, grim rocks towering above us, falls on our camp, starting every hunter to his feet. There is a rapid saddling of swift-footed steeds and gathering-up of arms to go down from our eyrie, which, when reached, is broad and roomy enough for quite a respectable camp, and has a grand outlook. I shall not join the buffalo-hunt to-day, being but a novice yet, and the hard riding of yesterday has blistered my hands and given a weary, uncomfortable feeling to my limbs, that these hardy fellows know nothing about. I am bronzed now beyond all recognition; have not shaved or waxed my mustache since I came; a hunting-garb makes me look a very backwoodsman. Never was food so delicious, never sleep so restful, and I am enjoying life far more than I expected to. I lack but one thing to make life complete—the presence of the only woman I have ever loved in the forty years of my life.

When the time comes, Mabel, that you can write to me "Come," I will measure the distance with impatient speed, and, as my wife, you shall yet see much joy.

Always yours, EDWARD.

Edith looks up from the letter, and Mabel answers the question expressed in her eyes.

"Not in this life. I must go to my grave with my bonds unbroken."

Even while she speaks there is a sound as of many feet, a murmur of voices, and William Carswell, smitten with paralysis, is brought in, a horrible sight, his face distorted, and a frightened look in his steel-gray eyes. As the long night wanes, the rigid muscles relax a little, and he speaks:

"Mabel, forgive me."

With tears that would have fallen at the sight of any sufferer, she looks pityingly down, and answers:

"I forgive you, even as I hope to be forgiven."

"You were so noble, Mabel. God bless you!"

A film gathered over his eyes, his lips were silent, but with the one undrawn hand he clung to hers, until he had passed through the mysterious entrance into the unknown beyond. He is laid away without regret or farewell kiss, and the house is quiet once more. As the twilight deepens around them where they sit silently thinking, Edith asks:

"Will you send a message to the West, Mabel?"

"I am Carlie now," she answers abruptly. "The name of Mabel is no longer needed. Let me hear my own name from your lips."

"Carlie, will you send your lover the answer he desires now?"

"No; it is not best. Love is not for me; I will devote my life to others now."

Slowly comes back to the beautiful face the old look of angelic purity and lofty purpose. Her dress is plain and rich. She did not dress in mourning when William died, although custom demanded it. At home she wears always snowy white and gleaming jewels. Her brown hair is calling back the wavy beauty of her girlhood. She avoids speaking of William, but a sense of pity for the misguided, selfish heart, that robbed his own life of all pleasure, pervades her thoughts. His grave, marked by white marble, without any hypocritical lamentations or absurd verses, is by the side of his mother's, whose hands neglected the culture of the soul confided to her care, and permitted it to dwarf, instead of reaching beautiful proportions under watchful guidance. Occasionally, Carlie lifts with gentle hands the letters her husband wrote, and hers—so wrongly detained from one who longed for them—looks at the portraits she prizes so highly, and opens a jeweled locket, in which is twined a lock of snow-white hair, a glossy brown, and a black curl—father's, mother's, and son's; then she locks her treasure-box, and goes, with gentle, ministering touch, to the bedside of the sick, and speaks kind words to the sorrowing. Edith passes many hours with her on her errands of mercy and at her house. They never refer to the past, or recall how terribly she was "WRONGED."

"AT OCEAN VIEW."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

TO A——.

To-day I sought the spot where, three long years ago,
Over the bright, glad waters of the bay we came,
In the fair morning's soft and quivering glow,
While lingering night-mist melted into sunlit flame.

To-day I did not see you standing there,
Beneath the shadow of a murmuring pine—
Where sifted sunshine bronzed your lustrous hair,
Tossed by the east wind moist with ocean brine.

To-day I could not reach you with my call,
For hosts of wind-mad waves did us divide;
Yet, as I watched their plumed crests rise and fall,
It seemed your thoughts had wandered to my side.

To-day I bid the sea-wind bear my thoughts to you
Over those long, green ranks that writhe and toss,
To pray you keep our friendship always firm and true,
Until our life-paths chance again to cross.

Norfolk, Va., 1876. WILL STUART.

SWAMPED BY A SIREN:
A STORY OF PERVERTED PASSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. W.

In New Orleans, on the 24th of December, 186–, a shabbily-attired woman carried her wedding-ring to a pawnbroker's. A woman must be destitute of all human aid when she pledges her wedding-ring. This woman had not a cent in the house; yet she had a remnant of credit with a few tradesmen, which she cherished and did not abuse. But she had no money, and there were many daily expenses that could only be met purse in hand. She had pawned her watch, her diamonds, her jewelry, her laces, and the last mattress but one from her bed. She had pledged them, one after another, under the eyes of her husband, who had calmly seen them depart, and, as he devoured the proceeds, wished them a pleasant journey.

Dursley St. Maur was a spendthrift nobleman, with a mixture of French and English blood in his veins. After dissipating two fortunes, he married an actress, and had been a burden to her ever since. She had sacrificed everything for him. She starved herself in order that her husband and her son might eat. St. Maur took everything philosophically. If a good meal appeared on the table, he never inquired whence it came. If the fare was meagre, he smiled and made the most of it. Henri, the only son, placed his sire before him as a model, and copied him conscientiously.

"We shall be rich some day soon, won't we, father?" remarked young hopeful, as next day they sat down to a tempting Christmas-dinner, toward the providing of which the wedding-ring had contributed.

"Rich! Ah, I believe you, my boy!"

Madame St. Maur was busied in serving her two Sybarites, and was coughing meantime. St. Maur jested pleasantly with her on this "bad habit," and Henri asked her to stop till they had done eating.

In a few months St. Maur perceived that his wife was slowly wasting away, and he spoke about it with an air of injury and disgust. In the early Summer-days the poor woman-martyr found rest, and the white lilacs blossomed around her tomb. When the widower and his son—now a lad of fourteen—returned from the pauper funeral to their squalid hovel they had neither food nor money, and the landlord had locked the door and taken away the key. The old roue stood stupid and aghast. Then he took his son by the arm, and wandered purposelessly through the streets. When evening came on, the boy complained of hunger, and begged alms from the wayfarers. At the depth of their misery an old acquaintance came along.

"Hallo, St. Maur! what the devil are you doing here at this hour?" he cried.

"Wifeless, ruined, starving," said the wretched sufferer, with an attempt at bravado; but the effort was too much. He sank swooning on the pavement, and through the kind offices of the newcomers he was removed to a neighboring liquor-store. Brandy quickly restored him to consciousness, and a bounteous supper in a great measure dispelled the thought of his recent calamities.

"By the way, did not your uncle, the Duke, remember you in his will!" asked the good Samaritan as he parted from father and son at bedtime.

"My uncle! the Duke! Is he dead? He is not dead, is he? He surely cannot be dead?" cried St. Maur, greatly agitated. "Who told you? I should have heard of it. Speak—tell me all about it."

"I saw it in the newspapers. He has been dead these three months. Died in Paris. It's strange you neither heard of it nor received official notification."

St. Maur was terribly excited and alarmed. The death of his uncle was the last chance—the last rope that would be thrown to him by Fortune. All his hopes were centred on it. He had prayed for the old man's removal to a happier world—no one knew how often. He had educated his son to look for the Duke's death as the most glorious event contained in the womb of the future. Could it be possible—had the old man disowned him—cut him off with a shilling? The thought was terrible. He tossed, moaning, about all night, and, next morning while his boy slept, he presented himself at the post-office in a perfect fever of apprehension. When he addressed the clerk at the window, he was so nervous that he could scarce render himself audible.

"Is there a letter here for Dursley St. Maur?" he gasped.

"Dursley St. Maur, do you say?" replied the clerk.

"Yes; Dursley St. Maur is my name," he responded, faintly reassured.

The clerk handed a large envelope, bearing a conspicuous seal, to the applicant, who at once hurried into a restaurant and broke the seal of the missive. It was an extraordinary exhibition — that bent-shouldered man reading that letter. As he proceeded, the muscles of his face relaxed, his chest dilated, his complexion from deathly pale assumed the tint of a full-blown peony; and, when he had finished, he jumped to his feet and roared:

"Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!"

The waiters were astounded; and, while one of the proprietors proceeded towards him to put an end to his guest's uproarious demonstration, the latter rushed into the street, and was seen by the restaurateur no more.

"Ah, I am again a wealthy man," he whispered as he frenziedly hurried along the levee. "The old man did not forget me! He was a true St. Maur—so am I! Ah, that *mesalliance* with the actress! it was bad; he didn't approve of that! Poor fellow! Ah, I should not have married an actress——I—I."

He stopped, profoundly pondering. Then he retraced his steps for a short distance, and stood again in deep reflection. The whistle of a steamer startled him from his reverie. The vessel was a Mississippi passenger-boat. Without more ado he went on board, and was soon shooting up the wide-rolling river towards Baton Rouge, Natchez and Memphis. He had made up his mind. He had deserted his son because born of an actress, albeit that actress had manifested her love towards him by laying down her life to keep him from starving!

Little recked he of the once beautiful woman now in her grave, or of his castaway son, as he swept along by steamboat and railroad until New York was reached. Then he lost no time in embarking for France, and in Paris soon found a number of old acquaintances, who gave a triumphal re-entry to the Honorable Dursley St. Maur. They applauded his posthumous youth, which came forth from the wretchedness of New Orleans like Lazarus from the tomb, and proved to him that he was but twenty-five. There can be no manner of doubt that the shameless old scoundrel spared no exertion to prove the flattery truth. He drank wine, smoked cigars and broke bottles, and in these reunions, where virtue and dignity were left at the door, he was applauded to the echo for his lofty manners and aristocratic bearing. Men respected him more than he respected himself. Woman saw in him a crumbling wreck, which they themselves in bygone years had made; but they still clung to him like barnacles to a foundered ship. For it is the genius of a certain class of women to idolize a prodigal who has squandered an income, more than a soldier who has lost both arms and legs on the field of battle.

Let us try to describe this ancient reprobate, after a year's dissipation in the "gayest capital of Europe." He was not by any means handsome. His face was large and ruddy, and almost hidden in a forest of chestnut beard. Robust and inclined to corpulency, he might not have been taken for more than fifty, although he was close upon sixty years of age. His hair was dyed thrice a week, and he reveled in elegant vice on the threshold of the fashionable world—in those *salons*, in short, that are aspersed without proof, but not without reason. Among this intermediate society, bounded on one side by high life and on the other by the *demimonde*, like all intelligent egotists, he was amiable, generous and agreeable. He became acquainted with widows whose husbands were never in Paris; to wives, legally married, but embroiled with their families; to "princesses," living in princely style without any known income. In one of those *salons* he formed the acquaintance of Madame De Sarrion. She had watched him from afar as a bird of prey does its "quarry." On the particular night in question she sat beside the old spendthrift, and, by the awkwardness of the *garcon* who had been bribed thereto by madame, the excited St. Maur spilled a cup of coffee over the cunning woman's white satin dress. She burst into tears, and, rising with a gesture of grief and dignity, which enhanced the voluptuous beauty of her form, moved towards the door without turning her head.

She was one of the bright particular stars of the Folies Dramatiques, and the old man was caught in the snare. He hastened after her, and stammered some words of apology. The beautiful fallen angel cast a burning glance upon him, in which he caught the sparkle of a tear.

"I will make amends. Where shall I come? Where can I see you alone? I want to talk with you," cried he, holding her hand.

She hastily whispered an address in his ear, and then vanished like a woman who will listen no longer.

"Do not damn yourself wholesale," said a boon-companion who had overheard the rencontre. "Therese will ruin you, sure. Do not go to meet her to-morrow. Remember, I have warned you; and a man warned is twice armed, or ought to be."

Nevertheless, he was punctual at the rendezvous, and nothing that the tailor, the dentist, or the barber could do had been left undone to make the ancient *intrigant* look younger and more attractive. Therese had spent the whole morning in completing an irresistible toilet. She looked as pretty as a picture in its frame. The faded libertine was thrown into mental disorder by the exhibition of her charms; and, while he glared and panted, she enveloped him in a web of captivating eloquence. She spoke of his illustrious descent, of his comparative youth, of his *distingue* appearance, and she accompanied her subtle flattery with voluptuous movements and melancholy languor, until the supine Lothario imagined himself on the refulgent confines of an Oriental paradise.

"I thought you threw the cup of coffee over my dress to express your contempt for my origin as compared with yours," she said, again summoning tears. "True, my origin is obscure. Consolations, I have none—none to protect me. Oh, I am alone and uncared for!"

She ceased, and her voice was choking with suppressed sobs. She dropped both her bare arms with an *abandon* full of witching grace. Her eyes, her bosom, and her little exposed, restless foot all spoke together with her lips, and seemed to ratify and confirm her veracity. St. Maur was as convinced that she spoke the solemn truth as if he had presided at an inquest and examined fifty witnesses. Poor old devil! how could he help prostrating himself and his purse at those irresistible feet? He was not the only vessel by a couple of score or so that had been swamped in the same dangerous quicksands! Now, when he was a prey to one of those final and unreasoning passions which consume the body and wither up the soul of an old man, he was compelled to enact the role of Tantalus. All the vices that had been drawing him in different directions for near half a century had abdicated, and were concentrated in this new, absorbing love; yet the woman, who was an artist in seduction, kept him at a distance. It was maddening—exasperating! She received him at all hours—even when at her toilet; she refused him neither her hand nor forehead to kiss; she fondled him airily; she accepted his caresses as marks of generosity; she expressed no timidity; and she never seemed to suspect the brutal passion which she inflamed every day—every hour.

"Ah, I am but a poor woman—I must guard my name. You, Monsieur St. Maur, are the descendant of nobles and worth ten million francs," she would say, in reply to his entreaties, and this ruse of humility was the single necessary weapon in Madame De Sarrion's armory.

"You are the last representative of the *noblesse* in these degenerate days," said she one day to him; "you are also, without knowing it, the only man in Paris who can deeply inflame the heart of a woman." Then she fell into what appeared to be a profound reverie. She buried her face in her hands, and St. Maur threw his arms around her charming neck.

"Let us be one!" he cried.

"Monsieur St. Maur," she replied with an air of astonishment, "you forget yourself."

"Oh, no; I do not. Be my wife."

"But what would people say—what would you think of me yourself?"

The venerable madman's reply was an impassioned kiss. The nuptials were arranged for that day fortnight. The *salons* were in a high fever of excitement over the match. "Old St. Maur is going to have his hair shaved by a new Delilah," was the watchword of the knowing ones.

In anticipation of her change of life and prospective elevation, Madame Therese De Sarrion gave up her connection with the Folies Dramatiques, and advertised in a morning newspaper for a maid—"handsome, and accomplished in the art of the toilet."

While she receives and considers applications for the position, we shall digress to pursue a necessary thread of collateral history.

Poor Henri St. Maur had been left in New Orleans homeless, friendless, and penniless. When he awoke, on the eventful morning after his mother's funeral, his father was gone. He was but a boy, with hardly any education except that which proceeds from example—from the example of a father at once the meanest and the most selfish of men. The boy had a feminine appearance, and, without any exaggeration, his face might be termed beautiful. He was wandering along the street, with pallid cheek and tearful eye, in quest of his sire, when he attracted the notice of a large negro woman.

"W-w-wha-at ails ye, honey?" she impulsively asked.

The forlorn story was told, and the boy was glad to accompany the woman on the promise of getting a "good, sthquar meal." It was a kind of boarding-house, and old Judith did well by the boy so far as victuals were concerned. At the leading theatre a grand spectacle was in preparation, and young ladies for the ballet were in great request. Judith quickly saw that Henri would "make up" to be "a gor-a'mighty hansthom gal." Accordingly, he was presented in feminine attire, examined and eagerly engaged. The boy manifested no scruple, offered no objection, and took his place in the corps de ballet with alacrity and evident satisfaction. He was an apt pupil, and Henrietta, as he was called, soon made a sensation in the auditorium as well as behind the scenes. The supes and other professional operatives connected with "the other side of the curtain" soon began to bestow appreciative attentions upon the auburn-haired ballet-girl. But she resolutely frowned them aside, and it soon began to be whispered among her companions that "Henrietta was a real good girl," and so forth. She was extremely popular with them all, in fact, and even those who envied her sweeping limbs were reconciled when Henrietta lovingly wound her arm around them as they stood in groups behind the wings. When her engagement had lasted a fortnight, Mlle. Julia Berthet, one of the handsomest coryphees, loved her with a love that surpassed the love of a sister; and, soon after, it was whispered that the two friends lived together, and all that, and were very confidential indeed. This preference made the whole corps de ballet jealous; and soon after another coryphee made advances towards sharing Henrietta's friendship, and this without Julia Berthet's knowledge or approval. But, when Mlle. Berthet learned that her hated rival had been sharing Henrietta's confidence and esteem, there was a terrific row, which might have ended in a pitched battle and bloodshed, had not the ballet-master interfered.

Then, alas! the cat came out of the bag with portly stare, and next day "Henrietta" was seen on Canal street with Julia Berthet on his arm, clothed as a male, and in his right mind. Scandal said they were going to be married; but scandal, as is not unfrequently the case, was wrong. Henri cleared out, and the poor coryphees both had living mementoes of him before another season came round.

This extraordinary young man came to New York, and lost no opportunity of proving himself what is familiarly termed "a chip of the old block." He was successively a page, a valet, a member of the cork-opera, a butler on Fifth avenue, and a hair-dresser on Broadway. His versatility was astonishing, his confidence was phenomenal; he assumed no character or position he did not adorn. Finally he became a "shadower" for a divorce lawyer, and in the assumption of both male and female characters he found a field for his remarkable ability. He rapidly made money, and saved it, and then, like most creoles, he bethought him he would like to see Paris.

When he landed at Havre, Dursley St. Maur probably thought as much about his son as his son thought about him. The father had forgiven, or forgotten, the crime of the boy's birth; the hopeful son didn't trouble himself to inquire whether his selfish old father were living or dead. The young man entered Paris charged with passion and a clear, practical head. He was neither dazzled nor amazed. He had a habit of looking below the surface, and he soon saw "what was what." Before he had tarried many days he "telescoped" his father riding in the Bois de Boulogne on horseback, like a rejuvenated Cupid, or a red-whiskered Alexander the Great. Next morning, in a careful disguise, he interviewed the old man before breakfast, and learnt from his own lips that he hated his boy and the memory of his deceased wife. When informed that the boy had died of starvation, the old scalawag replied:

"Thank God! There is a five-franc piece for your information. Now go to the devil!"

The disguised mariner took his leave, and from that day forth "shadowed" and "spotted" his graceless parent wherever he went, and by adroit management acquainted himself of his every movement—his every weakness—his every extravagance. He was posted concerning the pending matrimonial alliance. He understood that the woman Sarrion was exclusively actuated by mercenary motives, and that his sire was a despicable old dupe.

"We will see," said he, soliloquizing as he read Madame De Sarrion's advertisement for a maid. "We shall see if three cannot play at this game as well as two."

There were numerous applications for the desirable position of *femme* to the wife *in esse* of the Honorable Dursley St. Maur. But there was one above all others who, by her varied experience among the "theatrical stars of the New World," her polished address and handsome figure, added to a certain fascinating reserve, completely captured madame, and the young creole was forthwith installed in her new post. It is hardly necessary to remark that the new servant (Henrietta) of Therese De Sarrion was no other than the protean youth Henri in disguise. And his disguise was perfect. Nature denied him, as she denies some few men, any outward appearance of moustache or beard; and, as we have already remarked, his form was cast in a feminine mould, especially as respected the chest and the rounding of the limbs and the hands.

Madam De Sarrion was an exacting mistress. From the moment she rose in the morning Henrietta was in almost constant request. There were bathing and sponging and hair-dressing and powdering and puffing and painting; there were corns to be pared, nails to be cut, and superfluous hairs, here and there, to be removed; there was dressing and there was undressing; and when madame was fatigued, Henrietta's plump hand was in immediate and prolonged request to rub and soothe and solace her mistress. After which the domestic would sometimes repair to his room and blaspheme.

"Mon Dieu!" he would exclaim, "this is worse than being an attendant in a Russian bath!"

After Madame De Sarrion became her domestic's stepmother, the villa became a veritable circus. The infatuated old man experienced an existence like that of "a toad under a harrow." He had settled every penny of his wealth upon his wife absolutely. Before the wedding, he had grown dizzy as a young aeronaut at the cutting of the balloon-moorings. He fancied he would soar up to the seventh heaven. The reality proved that he had made himself a slave—a serf—a cuckold.

All the disgraceful scenes between the woman and her husband—the shameless orgies that ensued when the old man was drugged and sent to sleep, as well as the woman's debasing conversation while in the bath—were, of course, familiar to Henri. A terrible conflict between passion and parental regard raged in his mind. It was a fearful precipice on which to stand. He had been enticed into it by avarice. He had confidently expected to be able to save some portion of the imbecile old man's money from his siren-seducer; now the old scapegrace's wealth was out of his reach, and he himself was within the serpentine coils of the sorceress. A young man possessed of a particle of principle would have developed into a hero and saved his parent, in spite of all former provocation, under the circumstances; but Henri St. Maur was restrained by no such moral brake. Consequently, it came to pass that, when his wretched father became a scorn to the worthless woman he had made his wife, and an unseemly jest to her visitors, the young man's scruples vanished. His secret was henceforth shared with his stepmother, and the house became a hell of lust and unnatural debauchery.

Mocked and despised, his bed defiled, his most modest demand for money insolently refused, himself the subject of ribald jeer and brutal oath, old St. Maur began to meditate reprisals. At first revenge was a small germ in his enfeebled mind; but, as he nursed it, day by day with the heat of the outrages heaped upon him, it grew into a large tree, which, so to speak, filled every cranny of his being. He resolved to be revenged—to be terribly revenged! He cudgeled his brain to devise some revenge of unheard-of atrocity—some horrible punishment, which would combine the extreme of anguish with the certainty of annihilation. He could not satisfy himself respecting the "agent," and he cursed his stupid brains in his impatience. The great thought possessed him day and night. He grew crafty and silent.

"How quiet the old donkey grows!" said Madame to her stepson one evening when they had retired as usual. "I really fancy the old man will not live long; he is now a harmless old lunatic."

The "old lunatic" heard every word and the kisses that followed.

"My God, I must make haste!" he said to himself; "I must make haste. I must begin anew to-morrow."

Next day the old man walked towards Corbeil. It was Sunday; yet there was a little shop open, and a little man at work within it. One did not need to look twice at him to discover that he was one of those who make Saturday their Sabbath. The man had served in the galleys, and had, besides, the reputation of being a "chemist" of the diabolical type.

"Do you know of any explosive more dangerous, more effectual in its results, than nitro-glycerine?" St. Maur asked him.

"All chemists know several," was the man's laconic reply.

"Much more powerful than nitro-glycerine?"

The Hebrew nodded assent.

"I want such an explosive. You might as well sell me the secret as anyone else, eh?"

"That depends," said the man, with a significant look compounded of cunning and avarice.

St. Maur understood him. The bargain was made; and that evening walked home the miserable man with two pounds of explosive to which nitro-glycerine or dynamite is merely a child's Fourth-of-July "cracker"—an explosive with nitrogen as one of its constituents, which it would be impossible to use without disastrous results.

That night, when Therese and Henri had retired, and silence reigned in the vile villa, the old man proceeded to the adjoining apartment to that in which his wife and his son slept. The poor wretch had made up his mind to die with his wife and her paramour, but he lacked faith in his explosive. Hence he had approached as close as possible without disturbing them. He carried a taper, a cylindrical copper case and a hammer. Looking straight towards eternity, he uterered the word:

"Revenge!"

Then he struck the box on one end with the hammer. An explosion followed that literally ground the house into very small dust and swept it away into space. Four houses that had been within three hundred yards of the doomed villa were wrecked, and not a particle of flesh or bone belonging to the three inmates of the debauched dwelling was ever discovered. Old St. Maur accomplished his revenge; but how terrible that revenge was he will only know at the Judgment-day.

TALENT AND TACT.
HINTS TO THE YOUNG PROFESSIONAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Some men are predestined from the cradle by their fond parents (*a la* Eugene Wrayburn and brothers) as to what their professions in after-life shall be; but very rarely in such cases is the profession of an actor the chosen one; for even actors themselves, in some instances, are shy of recommending the dramatic profession to their children as a means of livelihood. Why? Well, there is an old proverb about treading on delicate ground, and, theatrically speaking, the actor knows so well how proverbially "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" and there is another proverb, I believe—"The burnt child," etc. Again, the actor's love, ardent love, of his children is proverbial in at least the theatrical world. In a word, children of actors, when adopting the stage, usually do so from personal inclination. Now, it is a little singular to remark (and yet it is verified every day in conversing with actors), that many a predestined minister, doctor, and lawyer ultimately becomes an actor; but it is not at all singular, in any sense, that, when a young man has tried his head and his hands at half-a-dozen pursuits (and all his own choice, for the ostensible purpose of gaining a livelihood, and never gaining it), and has failed in them all, at some fated moment it should dawn upon him that he was born to ornament the dramatic stage. This interpretation of an unfitness for ordinary pursuits into a fitness for the stage occurs in some mind every day of every week in the year. And how amusing to note the consternation of the relatives (if non-theatrical) of this "ill-starred Tip" when he honors the profession and disgraces them by plunging into it.

You have just adopted the stage as your profession. Pardon, perhaps I have unwittingly been a little personal, eh? No, my dear fellow, don't make any confession. If you have tried your hand at a dozen different callings (whisper—you needn't mention that fact in the theatre; it wouldn't do you good if you did, and might do you harm), take this consolation, however, if you have been of the rolling-stone tribe. I once heard a clever actor say that any little knowledge of any trade or business that a man might pick up through his life might some day be of use to him on the stage; and since actors mould statues and shoe horses in the presence of delighted audiences, it seems as if he were right. But whether you have been of your own free will a rolling-stone from one pursuit to another, or a predestined lawyer, preacher, physician—no matter what you have been heretofore—points but little in the aggregate as to your future success or failure on the stage. Having youth on your side, and, we will presume, ordinary intelligence, if you have thoughtfully made up your mind to gain your living on the stage, stick to it through thick and thin—honestly persevere therein, learn the secret of patiently waiting for your laurels, and patiently read the following hints, born of a life-long experience in theatrical matters. If you will act upon them, and upon the greater incidental advice which the writer will quote for your benefit, you will do exactly what is calculated to make you a real actor in the best sense of the word.

At the outset of your theatrical career, don't be overanxious on the subject of your *talent*. Young actors, as a rule, are an awful bore to themselves and others on that subject.

"Do you think my talent lies in low-comedy or tragedy?" "I have talent, but who can show it in a part of two lengths?" "If I only had a proper field for my talents!" And so they go on. Now, what is this talent that there is so much talk about? Worcester defines talent as "a natural gift; faculty, ability." Ask nine actors out of ten—I should say *young* actors—if they think they have talent for the stage, and they will undoubtedly tell you they have. Change the mode of interrogation, and ask: "Have you a natural gift for the stage?" and five or six of the nine will doubtless hesitate to answer. Now, there is a much more encouraging definition of the word "talent," and it is peculiarly applicable to stage talent—the definition of Galateo, who was born before Worcester or Walker or Webster was ever dreamt of. He defines talent as the "power of observation." Have you the power of observation? If you have not—and certainly it is not to be expected at your age that you can possess it in any great degree—you will have that power in the future if you keep your eyes and your ears well open. Cultivate this power of observation in the theatre—watch everything, hear everything, but say little. Reflect on what you see, reflect on what you hear. You will be groping, though, as it were, in the dark for a long time, but at last light will come. As you cultivate this power of observation, perhaps if your education has been neglected (and no blame, doubtless, attaches to you in that respect), you will soon discover—and the sooner the better for you in the end—that, to achieve any *position* in the profession, you must remedy that defect in some degree. If your social position has not heretofore thrown you into society where good-breeding is cultivated, your power of observation, I hope, will (and perhaps painfully) awaken you to that fact. Strive to remedy that as well.

At the outset of your theatrical life you will probably fall into the usual error with regard to acting that most novices do, viz., that acting can be taught. Let me assure you it cannot. Don't spend your money in paying masters of elocution. Stage business can only be learned by nightly experience and observation. Six months in a good theatre will teach you more than any actor living could teach you in years outside its walls. The lawyer, the physician, and the aspirants in many professions have text-books, lectures, instructors; but the actor who aspires to eminence, and reaches it, is self taught. There are guides to the stage which you will do well to read, but the instruction is necessarily limited. Those guides will all, however, impress upon you two things that are indispensable on the stage—learn to fence, learn to dance. Novices are proverbially awkward, and, failing to acquire those two accomplishments, they remain so.

It is somewhat amusing to see what delight a young actor feels when he first gets a long part to play. In his eyes the length of a part makes it a good one. When young and inexperienced, don't mourn that you have so little to say in a scene—it gives you breathing time, and time for that invaluable *observation* which will ultimately do such great things for you.

In my schooldays I was taken to see "Dombey and Son" acted. The man who played Carker showed his teeth very much, and smiled and snarled at intervals, and must have acted the character to the life for it to live in my remembrance. This actor had not then gained a name of eminence, and did not do so until many years after; but his power of observation was gradually developing, and when I saw Mr. Lawrence Barrett as Cassius, at Booth's Theatre, I saw what perseverance over many obstacles, among them being the disadvantage of personal appearance, had achieved. But there are many men upon the stage, and who have been there years, who never improve, who never rise beyond a certain point. This is owing mainly to the *lack* of the development of the "power of observation," and partly to the want of *tact*. Again, there are men on the stage of very moderate ability, lacking again the talent of observation, but who rise in the business, star, and make a great deal of money. Shall I tell you why? Through *tact*. Again, there are men on the stage brimful of genuine talent, men who have studied hard, men who are ambitious, and who would be favorites with the public had they always favorable opportunities of exhibiting their talents to the public; but to this class the opportunity is wanting, somehow, for their talents to be fairly judged. Why is this? Through lack of tact on their part. Now, you see, to succeed on the stage, though talent is essential in the main, tact has a great deal to do with it. Tact is defined by Worcester as "skill, nice discernment," and by Galateo as "skill in using our talents."

I have shown you that men of ordinary ability rise in the profession through tact, and men of high ability often fail for want of tact. Now, with regard to the stage. What is this tact that you see is so eminently essential? It is what Lord Chesterfield vainly sought to teach his son, and is sometimes called "a knowledge of the world;" and here you have the key-note to the success of some actors, and the failure of others. It might amaze many an actor, while railing at his bad luck in the profession to the weary listeners of a greenroom, if he were told that what he has said and done in the greenroom and behind the scenes of the theatre has really been the true cause of his so-called bad luck. Yet it is the case in many instances. Your knowledge of the world may be limited, but at least, as you know, the sober man has an infinite advantage over the man who is not sober; and if, in spite of that knowledge, you drink through business hours, you will go down to ruin with your eyes open, with a legion of ruined actors vainly warning you back from that gulf.

Lord Chesterfield tells us "that books alone will never teach us the knowledge of the world * * *, but they will suggest many things to your observation which might otherwise escape you." I am very sure that if Lord Chesterfield had addressed his letters (in some instances) to actors instead of to his son, they could not have been more applicable to them than they are. As very few people, however, care to wade through his letters (though I should advise every young actor to do so), I will copy a few passages peculiarly adapted to a young actor's conduct towards a fellow-actor, and for nice reflection in the greenroom, with the hope that you will be sufficiently interested to search Chesterfield for yourself.

There are no persons so insignificant and inconsiderable but may, some time or other, or in something or other, have it in their power to be of use to you, which they certainly will not if you have once shown them contempt. Wrongs are often forgiven, *but contempt never is*; our pride remembers it forever. Remember, therefore, most carefully to conceal your contempt, however just, wherever you would not make an implacable enemy. Men are much more unwilling to have their weaknesses and their imperfections known than their crimes; and if you hint to a man that you think him silly, ignorant, or even illbred or awkward, *he will hate you more and longer* than if you tell him plainly that you think him a rogue. * * * We should never yield to that temptation, which to most young men is very strong, of exposing other people's weaknesses and infirmities, for the sake either of diverting the company, or of showing our own superiority. We may, by that means, get the laugh on our side for the present; but we shall make enemies by it forever, and even those who laugh with us will, upon reflection, fear and despise us. * * * To know mankind well requires fully as much attention and application as to know books, and, it may be, more sagacity and discernment. I am at this time acquainted with many elderly people who have all passed their whole lives in the great world, but, with such levity and inattention, that they know no more of it now than they did at fifteen. * * * Search, therefore, with the greatest care into the character of all those whom you converse with, endeavor to discover their predominant passions, their prevailing weaknesses, their vanities, their follies, and their humors; with all the right and wrong, wise and silly, springs of human actions which make such inconsistent and whimsical beings of us rational creatures. There are many inoffensive arts which are necessary in the course of the world, and which he who practices the earliest will please the most and rise the soonest. The spirits and vivacity of youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome; but subsequent knowledge and experience of the world remind us of their importance, *commonly when it is too late*. The principle of these things is in the mastery of one's temper, and that coolness of mind and serenity of countenance which hinders us from discovering, by words, actions, or even looks, those passions or sentiments by which we are inwardly moved or agitated, and the discovery of which gives cooler and abler people such infinite advantage over us, not only in great business, but in all the most common occurrences of life. A man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable things without visible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones without sudden bursts of joy and expansion of countenance, is at the mercy of every artful knave or pert coxcomb; the former will provoke or please you by design, to catch unguarded words or looks, by which he will easily decipher the secrets of your heart, of which you should keep the key yourself and *trust it with no man living*. The latter will, by his absurdity, and without intending it, produce the same discoveries, of which other people will avail themselves. * * * You will easily discover every man's prevailing vanity by observing his favorite topic of conversation; for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick. Women have in general but one object, which is their beauty, upon which scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow. * * * If her face is so shocking that she must, in some degree, be conscious of it, her figure and her air, she trusts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces, a certain manner, a *Je ne sais quoi*, still more engaging than beauty. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is, of all women, the least sensible of flattery upon that head; she knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her *understanding*, which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust it. * * * Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best poet too—he envied the great Corneille his reputation. Those, therefore, who flattered skillfully said little to him of his abilities in state affairs; but the incense which they gave him, the smoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favor, was as a *bel esprit* and a poet. Why? Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful of the other. Flatter the vanity of all. Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery. No; flatter nobody's vices nor crimes. * * * But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses, and innocent, though ridiculous, vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiser and a woman handsomer than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends, by indulging them in it, than my enemies, by endeavoring (and that to no purpose) to undeceive them.

Upon all occasions avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible; a polite man never finds time to talk about himself. Some abruptly speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretense or provocation. This is downright impudence; but when, in a narrative, we are obliged to mention ourselves, we should take care not to drop a single word that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be our characters what they will, they will be known, and nobody will take them upon our own words. Nothing that we can say ourselves will varnish our defects, or add lustre to our perfections. If we are silent upon our own merits, neither envy, indignation or ridicule will obstruct or allay the applause which we may really deserve. But if we are our own panegyrists upon any occasion, however artfully dressed or disguised, everyone will conspire against us, and we shall be disappointed of the very end we aim at.

Never mind the croaker at your elbow who proclaims Chesterfield an "old fogy, out of fashion, obsolete." Doubtless, he would say the same of Shakespeare. Let no discouragement prevent you adopting what your good sense tells you to be right. At another time I will show you how the power of observation may be cultivated in examples of living actresses and actors, and conclude with the saying: "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct!"

BAMBRINO.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Mr. Joskins selected a residence out on West Hill because it was a quiet locality. It is a rural kind of a neighborhood, and all of Mr. Joskin's neighbors keep cows. And every cow wears a bell. And, with an instinct worthy of the Peak Family, each neighbor had selected a cow-bell of a different key and tone from any of the others, in order that he might know the cow of his heart from the other kine of the district. So that Mr. Joskins' nights are filled with music; and he has learned so exactly the tones of every bell, and the habits of each corresponding cow, that the voices of the night are not an unintelligible jargon to him. It makes it much easier for Mr. Joskins, who is a very nervous man, than if he had to listen and conjecture and wonder until he was fairly wild. As it is, when the first sweet moments of his slumber are broken by a solemn, ponderous, resonant

"Ka-lum, ka-lum, ka-lum!"

Mr. Joskins knows that the Widow Barberry's old crumple-horn is going down the street, looking for an open front gate, and his knowledge is confirmed by a doleful "ka-lum-pu-lum!" that occurs at regular intervals, as old crumple pauses to try each gate as she passes it; for she knows that appearances are deceitful, and that a boy can shut a front gate in such a way as to thoroughly deceive his father, and yet leave every catch unfastened. Then Mr. Joskins is called up from his second dose by a lively serenade of

"To-link, to-lank, lank, lankle-inkle, lankle-inkle-tetinkleinklelink, kink, kink!"

He knows that Mr. Throop's young brindle is in Throstlewaite's garden, and that Throstlewaite is sailing around after her in a pair of slippers and a night-shirt. And by sitting up in bed Mr. Joskins can hear the things that Mr. Throstlewaite is throwing strike against the side of the house—thud, spat, bang—and the character of the noises tells him whether the missile was a clod, a piece of board, or a brick. And when the wind down the street is fair, it brings with it faint echoes of Mr. Throstlewaite's remarks. Then, when the final crash and tinkle announces that the cow has bulged through the front fence and got away, and Mr. Joskins turns over to try and get a little sleep, he is not surprised, although he is annoyed, to be aroused by a sepulchral

"Klank, klank, klank!"

He knows it is Throstlewaite's old duck-legged brown cow, going down to the vacant lot on the corner to fight anything that gives milk. And he waits and listens to the "klank, klank, klank," until it reaches the corner, and a terrible din and medley of all the cow-bells on the street tell him the skirmishers have been driven in and the action has become general. And then, from that on until morning, Mr. Joskins hears the "tinkle-tankle" of the little red cow going down the alley to prospect among the garbage heaps, and the "rankle-tankle, rankle-tankle," of the short-tailed black-and-white cow skirmishing down the street ahead of an escort of badly assorted dogs, and the "tringle-de-ding, tringle-de-ding, ding, ding" of the muley cow that goes along on the sidewalk, browsing on the lower limbs of the shade-trees, and the incessant "moo-ov-oo-ah-ha" of the big black cow that has lost the clapper out of her bell, and has ever since kept up an unintermittent bellowing to supply its loss. And Mr. Joskins knows all these cows by their bells, and he knows what they are doing and where they are going. And although it has murdered his dreams of a quiet home, yet it has given him an opportunity to cultivate habits of intelligent observation, and has induced him to register a vow that, if he is ever rich enough, he will keep nine cows trained to sleep all day, so as to be ready for duty at night; and he will live in the heart of the city with them, and make them wear four bells apiece, just for the pleasure of his neighbors.—*Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye.*

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

LECTUR ON DE SKIENCE OB DANCIN'.

My dusky feller-voters ob de famail persuasion am's much consarned on de *toe*picks ob dis treatis as dose ob de udder extreme. Dancin' am bledbed by physic*ia*ns to be wery s'lubrious an' healfull exarsuise; it am heelin' 'n well as *toe* in', do' it don't "prove de *sole* much; an', w'en 'duiged to 'streme, leads to a *break*-down, and dan de *jig*'s up. De *poker* is werry good dance in cold weadder; de *fan*dango is pre'rable in hot, an' is much danced in de *Windsor*. De Romans was de fuss to *take steps* to produce de Africain *take*. King Dabid made a *Juke*-y ob hisself dancin' 'fore de ark w'id a new *ditty*. If ye's goin to *organize* a ball, de fust t'ing am de moosic. De *drum* is too offen a *mare*, an' its purfessor *sticks* at nuffen to *beat* all udder 'struments. Who ebber heard a drum-*major* play in a *minor*key? De *triangle* kan't be used in elder *square* or *round* dances; but in a jig or break-down yer kan *try* any *angle* yer pleas, 'tickler de *cute*. De wioleen am necessary newsance; yer can't a-*bridge* dat; but ef yer don't hev udder pieces, folks'll say it's all *fiddle-de-de*. No *bones* is 'missabul 'cept de *trombones*. *Corwets* is used in de "*Fisher's* Hornpipe.' Taint 'zactly 'cordin' to Hoyle to use *ole sledge* in de "*Anvil* Chorus;" but den it makes de *sparks fly* round libely when dat tune's *steelin'* ore us. De leader dat's sich a *fist* as to tune up in de ball-room order hab his head *clef* 't wid de *sharp* "asber ob my fadder" to de base ob his skull. It's a keary expense to *light* a ball-room. "De light ob udder days"—candles—am apt to hab a *mouldy* smell, an' de smoke'll gib yer de *diptheery*, 'less yer up to *snuff*. Ef yer use *fish*-oil, yer orter be *whaled*, an' *scent* off *blubberin*. Kerosene makes t'ings *visible*; but ef yer want to see yer gal's *jet* black eyes shine when yer *meet her*, use plenty of *gas*. De freshments am also very 'portant. I bin searchin' all de *World*, by de lite ob de *Sun*, to git a fust-rate *bill ob fare*, an' I t'ink I has a putty fair bill:

SOUPS.
Clam Chowder a la Katrina Market.
FISH.
Mackerel nombre (trois. Herrin' rouge.
PIECE DE RESISTANCE.
Texasbullbeef a la Thomas.
ENTREES.

[Dat means dey has to be served in de *entry* on 'count ob de odor.]

TRIFE BY INGENS.

[NOTE.—Some folks so darn'd ticklar, dat it's best not to dust de place wid yer handkerchief.]

Now 'bout de fluids. Dey won't gib yer champagne 'less dey hears de *click o'* yer munny. Ole *rye* am like to make folks *riotous*; do' sum t'ink it's 'good as *wheat*,' yet it don't *corrupice* to helt Yes 'mouth 'fore breakfast. De bar-man to draw yer beer 'as *lamb*'*kin*, he's sure to do dat—half *beer* an' 'alf *froff*. Etacat purserbes dat yer wear a *whole* suit, udderwise yer can dress as ye *darned* please. Printers gen'rally prefer *quadrilles*; blacklegs like de *cheat* figures; fishermen go in for de *sketchin*; medical students like de *lancers*; sportin' gents like de *galop*, in quick time; pickpockets admire de *ladies' chain*; de waits (a *Strausberg* inovenshun) 'nables de gals to *get round* a feller nicely, an' it's de only time de fellers like to "*waist* der sweetness." On de banks ob *Tweed* dey hab many *flings* at de *Spanish* dance. Strange dat fishermen nebber use *castanets* when dey dance. If his no odds how beer yer dance an'—dey always *lugger* through. Now, my friends, may you *hop* litely tro' life, keep all your *engagements*, put your best foot foremost, swing yer partners easy, an' den yer won't feel *fishy* when *la fin* is reached.

THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN.

DEDICATED TO BILLY COTTON,
BY FRED REYNOLDS.

I'm a-going down to Georgia,
De place where I was born;
I'm a-going to de cabin
In amongst de cane and corn;
For I'm getting old and gray,
And before I go away
I want to see de place wha' I was born.
Chorus.—I'm a-trab'ling back, so dat good old house,
Away down South in Georgie;
For I'm getting old and gray,
And before I go away
I want to see de place wha' I was born.

In de good old days before de war,
How happy I was den;
And how I wish within myself
De war had never been;
For I'm lonely now, and sad,
And I wish I never had
Left de good old cabin-home wha' I was born.
Chorus.—I'm a-trab'ling back, etc.

Oh, well do I remember
When poor massa set us free;
He was sad and filled wid army
To fight for liberty;
And de darkies went away,
And I went with them to stay,
And left de good old place wha' I was born.
Chorus.—I'm a-trab'ling back, etc.

THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, Pa., in 1859.

Henry E. Wheeler, business-manager of many companies, sends a bill of the above, of which we print a copy. Thomas J. Hemphill is in retirement from the stage in Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Fenno died in this city Feb. 19, 1873. W. R. Goodall died in Philadelphia Jan. 13, 1856. C. L. Stone also died in that city in 1856, as did W. H. Stearns Jan. 29, 1861. Mr. Fisher still follows his profession. John Nunan died in Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 24, 1870. Mrs. Melinda Jones died in Boston, Mass., Dec. 19, 1875. Miss Virginia Howard (Mrs. John Germon) died in Sayville, L. I., July 4, 1874. Mrs. Monell is still before the public. Sam Hemple is still acting in Philadelphia. Mrs. C. L. Stone subsequently married Frank Drew; she is still living. Mrs. Da Costa, we believe, is still living in Philadelphia.

ARCH-STREET THEATRE,
Arch street, above Sixth.

Lessee...Thomas J. Hemphill Treasurer...J. Ingles Matthias Stage-Manager...H. Phillips, Jr.

Parquet and first and second tiers of boxes, 25c.; secured seats, 37½c.; orchestra seats, 50c.; yrivate boxes, $10; parquet circle, 19c. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at quarter to 8 o'clock, precisely.

Seats may be secured at the box-office of the theatre during the day. Office hours, from 10 A. M. until 3 P. M.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S GREAT BILL.

Last night of the engagement of the popular young soiour

W. R. GOODALL,

whose truthful and spirited personations are nightly received by crowded houses with enthusiastic delight.

The celebrated Roman play of

DAMON AND PYTHIAS,

with a great cast.

Mr. Fenno	as	Damon
W. R. Goodall	as	Pythias
Mrs. M. Jones	as	Calanthe

Twelfth night of the engagement of

MRS. MELINDA JONES,

who is nightly honored by the audience with the most flattering testimonials of satisfaction.

GOODALL IN HIS IMITATIONS.

It is now decided that Goodall's delineation is the most popular family resort in the city of Philadelphia.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 4, 1852,

will be presented the favorite play in five acts, the

DAMON AND PYTHIAS, OR THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

Damon	A. W. Fenno	Second Senator	Mr. Hellings
Pythias	W. R. Goodall	Third Senator	Mr. Fisher
Dyonysius	C. L. Stone	Fourth Senator	Mr. Walters
Damocles	Mr. Stearns	Calanthe	Mrs. Melinda Jones
Frocles	Mr. Fisher	Hermion	Miss V. Howard
Philistus	S. L. Savage	Arria	Mrs. Monell
Lucullus	Mr. Nunan	Child	Master Reed
First Senator	Mr. Fraser		
Popular Dance			Mlle. Sophie

Overture by the Orchestra.

To conclude with the favorite burletta called

THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.

Clip, with imitations		Mrs. Rattleton	Mrs. Stone
Mr. Goodall		Mrs. Twitter	Miss Howard
Mr. Twitter	Mr. Fraser	Jane Chatterly	Mrs. Da Costa
Podge	Mr. Hemple		

THE BABY.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. ARNOLD THELLER.

Keep our baby safely cradled
On thy mother's tender breast,
For she like thou art the haven
Where she always will find rest;
Teach her in the path to follow
Asking strength from Him above,
That, after all the weary wandering,
She may find her peace in love.
Chorus.—Happy mamma with a baby—
A precious gift from Him above—
Watch and guard your little treasure;
It is a bond of holy love.

Keep our baby safely cradled
For thy mother's heart;
Shield her from this cold world's malice,
From its keen and envious dart.
May her future ye be gilded
With prosperity's brightest ray,
Smoothing over all her troubles,
And make her life one Summer's day.
Chorus.—Happy mamma with a baby, etc.

ILLIE.

SANDS, NATHANS & CO.'S CIRCUS IN 1857.

Richard Sands died in Havana, Cuba, Feb. 24, 1861; John J. Nathans is one of the proprietors and managers of Barnum's Centennial Show, now exhibiting in this city. Miss Louise, Theodore and Ferd Tourniaire are living; Pauline Tourniaire is dead; Signor Bliss and Mr. Nagle are living in retirement; A. F. Lyming and Ben Huntingdon are dead. The trained elephants Antony and Cleopatra went to South America, since which time we have heard nothing of them.

SANDS, NATHANS & CO.'S FRENCH AND AMERICAN CIRCUS.

COMBINED EXHIBITION.

First appearance in America of the two great performing elephants

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,

who will appear in a variety of gymnastics, dances, posturings, groupings, tableaux, etc.

The most wonderful quadrupeds ever exhibited.

Manager.....John F. Green
Equestrian Director.....B. Huntingdon

A full, brilliant and diversified troupe of

FRENCH AND AMERICAN EQUESTRIANS,

comprising some of the most famous riders and artists in the world, among whom are

MME. LOUISE TOURNIAIRE, the first Lady Equestrian of Europe;

MONS. FRANCOIS TOURNIAIRE, from Cirque Napoleon, Paris.

THEODORE TOURNIAIRE, FERD. TOURNIAIRE, the celebrased juveniles.

MR. A. F. LYMING, the cord volantist and jester.

SIGNOR BLISS, the aerostorionista.

THE GERMAN BROTHERS, Gymnasts, besides a full corps of other equestrians and artists, including B. HUNTINGDON, C. LE MANNA, NAGLE, WARD, PROCTOR, and others.

Among the great feats in the performances are

THE ELEPHANTS' EXERCISES.

These curiously trained creatures are the only animals of their kind that have been trained to march and dance to the time of music. They will also mount pedestals ten feet in height, where they will stand on their heads, balance themselves on one foot, pirouette on the top of their narrow platform, and perform other exploits perfectly astounding. There is no deception whatever in the elephants' performances. They actually do all that is claimed for them, and are the only animals ever taught to do the like.

The scientific wonder, first illustrated by MR. R. SANDS, of a man walking across a ceiling, with his feet to the wall and his head downwards, will be exhibited by SIGNOR BLISS.

MADAME TOURNIAIRE will ride her unapproachable act of single horsemanship, without saddle or bridle. This intrepid equestrienne will also appear in her great performance of riding six horses at one time.

HURDLE-JUMPING AND FENCE-LEAPING,

Act of Horsemanship, by MASTER THEODORE, without saddle or bridle.

Superb model act, la manege, by MADAME LOUISE, the original and most accomplished in that performance in this country.

LA TRAPEZE,

by the MOTLEY BROTHERS, a curious and thrilling scene of lofty gymnastics.

LA PERCH EQUIPOISE,

a stupendous display of balancing, by the German Gymnasts.

Besides many other acts by the various members of this numerous and brilliant troupe, a description of which will be found in the bills.

Take particular notice:

A TERRIFIC ASCENSION ON A SINGLE WIRE,

BY MLLE. ISABELLA,

will take place outside of the canvas, just before the opening of the doors in the afternoon. Mlle. Isabella will walk up a single wire 200 feet in length, from the ground to the flagstaff of the circus, in the presence of all who wish to attend gratuitously.

Will exhibit in St. Louis, Mo., on Washington avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets, one week, commencing

MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1867.

Admission, 50c. Children under 9, and servants, 25c.

The above company will make a tour through all the principal towns of the State early in the season.

"MAY THE BEST MAN WIN."
Neutral Campaign Song.
To MR. WM. S. MURRAY, N. Y.

Election time is coming,
The foes are in the field;
Each party has its champions,
Their liberty to shield.
The folks are all excited,
And making such a din,
But I'm content with wishing
"May the best man win."

Chorus—Vote, boys, vote, whatever way it pleases you;
Vote, boys, vote, and don't make such a din.
Vote, boys, vote—I hope it won't displease you
If I keep for my motto "May the best man win."

In every town and village
The people will arise,
And shout against each other
The greatest truths and lies;
They'll spend their money freely,
And give you lots of "chin;"
But I can shout above them
"May the best man win."

Chorus—Vote, boys, vote, etc.

Our leaders we will follow,
And stand with courage true
Beneath our flying banners,
Where victory is due;
We'll fight our battles bravely,
And never once give in;
Success to honest voters—
"May the best man win."

Chorus—Vote, boys, vote, etc.

J. P. SKELLY.

A STRONG COMBINATION
at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre in 1863.

James W. Wesley of Cambridgeport, Mass., contributes the bill of which a copy is enclosed. Henry C. Jarrett is now comanager of Booth's Theatre, in this city. Mark Smith died in Paris, France, Aug. 11, 1874. George H. Andrews died in this city April 7, 1866. William Wheatley is living in this city in retirement. James W. Wallack Jr. died in a sleeping-car while en route from Aiken, S. C., to New York City, May 23, 1873. E. L. Davenport is now traveling with Jarrett & Palmer's "Julius Cæsar" Combination. Tom Placide is living in retirement on Long Island. Walter Lennox is still before the public. C. Kingsland is dead. J. Biddles died in Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 30, 1870. Charles Barron is now leading man at the Boston (Mass.) Museum. F. G. Maeder is now in Australia. Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow is living in retirement in England, and prevented by paralysis from pursuing her profession. Mrs. J. W. Wallack is residing in retirement at Long Branch, N. J. Miss Cameron is still before the public.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Lessee and Manager.....Henry C. Jarrett

OPENING NIGHT.

The greatest combination of
EMINENT HISTRIONIC CELEBRITIES
ever engaged at any theatre in the world will give a series of
TWELVE DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS,
commencing on
MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 17, 1868.

E. L. DAVENPORT,		MR. MARK SMITH,	
J. W. WALLACK JR.,		MR. GEO. H. ANDREWS,	
WM. WHEATLEY,		MRS. JULIA B. BARROW,	
MR. T. PLACIDE,		MRS. J. W. WALLACK JR.	

The comedy produced under the immediate supervision of Mr. Wm. Wheatley.
Conductor of orchestra.....Mr. F. Suck

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 17, 1868,

will be presented, with a distribution of characters which cannot be surpassed by any theatre in the world, Sheridan's sparkling comedy, in five acts, of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
LOOK AT THE DISTRIBUTION.

Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. Mark Smith
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. George H. Andrews
Charles Surface	Mr. William Wheatley
Joseph Surface	Mr. James W. Wallack Jr.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. E. L. Davenport
Crabtree	Mr. T. Placide
Careless	Mr. Vandevere
Moses	Mr. W. S. Lennox
Snake	Mr. C. Kingsland
Rowley	Mr. Biddles
Trip	Mr. C. Barron
Sir Harry Bumper	Mr. Bender
Lady Sneerwell's Servant	Mr. Post
Joseph Surface's Servant	Mr. Brown
Lady Teazle	Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow
Mrs. Candour	Mrs. James W. Wallack Jr.
Lady Sneerwell	Miss Julia Irving
Maria	Miss Mary Agnes Cameron

ON TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 18,

Shakespeare's great historical tragedy, in five acts, of

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The play will be presented with correct scenery, appropriate appointments, and a cast of characters never before equaled in America.

The three great American actors
E. L. DAVENPORT, JAMES W. WALLACK JR., AND WM. WHEATLEY
personating the three great Roman characters Marcus Brutus, Caius Cassius, and Mark Antony.

Mr. Mark Smith	as	Casca	
Mr. George H. Andrews	as	the	First Citizen
Mrs. James W. Wallack	as		Portia

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 19,

LONDON ASSURANCE.

Sir Harcourt Courtly		Mr. Mark Smith	
Max Harkaway		Mr. Geo. H. Andrews	
Charles Courtly		Mr. Wm. Wheatley	
Dazzle		Mr. J. W. Wallack	
Mark Meddle		Mr. T. Placide	
Lady Gay Spanker		Mrs. Julia B. Barrow	
Grace Harkaway		Miss Julia Irving	
Peri (her first appearance)		Miss Mary Campbell	

ON THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 20,

HAMLET.

Hamlet (his greatest personation)		Mr. E. L. Davenport	
The Ghost		Mr. James W. Wallack	
Laertes		Mr. Wm. Wheatley	
Polonius		Mr. Mark Smith	
Gravedigger		Mr. George H. Andrews	
Queen Gertrude		Mrs. James W. Wallack	
Ophelia		Mrs. Julia B. Barrow	

Notwithstanding the enormous expenses attending the engagement of so many "first-class stars," the lessee respectfully announces that the prices will remain at the same rate as at the usual dramatic entertainments heretofore given.

Parquet, parquet circle and balcony, 50cts. No extra charge for reserved seats. Seats secured three days in advance. Family circle, 25cts.; amphitheatre, 15cts. A box in the second tier is assigned for the use of colored persons, who can only be admitted to that part of the house. Doors open at 7; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

WAITING, LOVE, FOR YOU.
To MR. FRANK DUMONT.
WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

Waiting where the daisies grow,
On the meadow, just below;
Where the rippling streamlets flow,
There I'll wait for you.
Waiting where the rose-leaves fall,
Will you come, love, when I call?
I will love you all in all,
Trying ever true.
Will you meet me with a kiss?
Fill my heart with joy and bliss?
I will give you more than this—
What more can I do?
Chorus.—When the pale moon mounts the sky
To her starry throne on high,
Meet me where the zephyrs sigh,
There I'll wait for thee.
Meet me where the zephyrs sigh—
Hasten, love, to me.

Happy as a little bird,
Music flows with every word;
For thy voice my heart hath cheer'd—
Won't you come to me?
For my heart with love is fraught,
You are ever in my every thought,
For thine eyes my heart hath taught
To love none but thee.
Eyes like diamonds, bright and merry gleams,
Smiles like thine shed sunlight beams,
You are ever in my dreams,
Happy as can be.
Chorus.—When the pale moon, etc.

Waiting for your voice to cheer,
With your bright smiles ever near,
For to me you are more dear
Than the world, alone.
I will ever cling to thee—
Promise just the same to me—
Say you'll ever be
Mine alone, my own.
By the stars that shine at eve,
Tell me that you'll still believe—
That my heart will ne'er deceive—
Mine alone, alone.
Chorus.—When the pale moon, etc.

SAM S. SANFORD'S MINSTRELS IN 1853.

Of the people mentioned in the appended copy of a bill, George Holman is now with the Holman Opera Troupe in Canada; Joe Kavanagh died in Philadelphia Feb. 11, 1861; J. H. Palmer is in Australia; Nelson Kneass died in Chillicothe, O., Sept. 10, 1869; James Lynch is in retirement; John Collins died of yellow-fever in Havana, Cuba, in December, 1860; R. H. Sliter died in Jackson, Mich., May 21, 1861; J. Von Bonhorst is dead; Jackson Rudolph is keeping a cigar-store in Philadelphia.

SANFORD'S OPERA-HOUSE,
southwest corner of Twelfth and Chesnut streets. Entrance on Twelfth street, one door below the corner.
Admission, 25cts.; orchestra seats, 50cts. Doors open at 7 o'clock. To commence at half-past 7 o'clock.

FRA DIAVOLO.
TO-NIGHT, THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1853,
NEW SOLOS BY LIEBENSTINE,
the Hungarian singer.
SLITER AND BAXTER SANFORD
in their inimitable dances.

Lynch	as	Fra Diavolo
Collins	as	Zerlina
Sanford	as	Lord Allcash
Kneass	as	Lady Allcash
Kavanagh and Von Benhorst	as	the Robbers
Lynch	as	Beppo
Rudolph	as	Zerlina's Mother

PROGRAMME—PART I

Overture	Holman and band
Opening Chorus	Sanford's Troupe
"Juliana Brown"	Kavanagh
"Yes, 'tis True That my Katy is Sleeping"	Kainer
"Wake Up in de Morning"	Sanford
"Farewell, my Lily Dear"	Lynch
"Off to Baltimore"	Collins
"Juniata Jonson"	Sanford
Operatic Chorus	Sanford's Troupe

PART II.

Dance	Master Sanford
Hungarian Solo	Herr Liebenstine
Dance—In female character	R. H. Sliter
Banjo-solo—"Tudder Side ob Jordan"	Von Bonhorst
Dance—Highland Fling	Master Sanford
Champion Jig	R. H. Sliter

To conclude with

FRED THE DEVIL-OH!

introducing the principal music of Fra Diavolo, illustrated by Panoramic Views, in three parts. Characters and dialogue burlesqued.

Devil Fred	Lynch	Robber 1	Kavanagh
Ali Squash	Sanford	Robber 2	Von Bonhorst
Tartar	Collins	Landlady	Rudolph
Mrs. Ali Squash	Kneass	Lubberso	Rainer

For other particulars come and see.

Don't forget Saturday afternoon's performances, at 3 o'clock, when children will be admitted at half-price.

SLITER'S BEN. ON SATURDAY EVENING.

THE DAY YOU ARE MINE, LITTLE DARLING.
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

The day you are mine, little darling,
Shall ever be sweetest to me
Of all the sweet days, little darling,
I've passed in fond pleasure with thee.
In visions of splendor to cheer me,
Come dreams of the long-waited time,
When, heart close to heart, you'll be near me
The day you are mine, darling, mine.
Chorus.—The day you are mine, little darling,
Will ever be sweetest to me
Of all the sweet days, little darling,
I've passed in fond pleasure with thee.

The day you are mine, little darling,
I'll find you a fairy-like cot,
Embowered with blossoming roses,
Where sorrow and care cometh not.
We'll linger there happy together,
And peace round our hearts shall entwine;
Not a storm of the heart or of weather
The day you are mine, darling, mine.
Chorus.—The day you are mine, etc.

ELLIS.

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT WHICH APPEARED IN THE LONDON PAPERS FEB. 14, 1747.—N. B.—Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house in the Haymarket for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the Mystery of Boxing; where the whole theory and practice of that truly British Art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, etc., incident to combatants will be fully taught and explained. And that Persons of Quality and Distinction may not be deterred from entering into a *course of these Lectures* they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the Pupil; for which reason Muffles are provided that will effectually secure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws and bloody noses. [Contributed by "J. H. B." of Malden, Mass.]

WHY is old age like a dog's tail? Because it is infirm.

To learn the value of money, try to borrow.

IN THE BOX-OFFICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

As soon as the box-office was opened, a young man stepped up to the treasurer and inquired:

"What's here to-night?"

"Mary Ann Flake's Great Moral Female Minstrels."

"Ha! Thought it was 'The Black Crook.' How is the show—good?"

"First-class."

"Is Kate Highfly with you now?"

"No."

"When did she leave?"

"Last week."

"Shoo! you don't say? What was the matter?"

"She had an engagement to fulfill."

"F-o-o-l! Where did you show last night?"

"Poverty Hollow."

"How did you do?"

"First-rate."

"Good. Where do you go to from here?"

"Richville."

"Do you think you will do as well this season as you did last?"

"Can't say."

"Can't! This is a pretty good show town, aint it?"

"Tolerable."

"If Smith comes in, will you tell him that I am here?"

"Yes."

"How is it—pretty full?"

"Just opened."

"Yes? How does the chart look—much of a sale?"

"Pair."

"You can't tell much by the sale here. They come in late."

"Yes."

"Do you recognize the profession?"

"Sometimes."

"I guess you don't know me?"

"I haven't the pleasure," replied the treasurer, trying to keep his temper.

"My name is Jim Moon. I'm the big one—song, dance and clog. I guess you know me now."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Moon, I've heard of you," replied the money-changer with a mischievous twinkle of the eye. "You'll find the manager at the door. It'll be all right."

Moon was not on the last quarter, for he was the first man at the door, and interrogated the doorkeeper after this manner, the replies being corroborative of the treasurer.

"What's here to-night? How is the show? Good? Is Kate Highfly with you now? When did she leave? What was the matter? Where did you show last night? How did you do? Where do you go from here? Do you think you will do as well this season as you did last? This is a pretty good show town, aint it? If Smith comes in, will you tell him I am here? How is it—pretty full? How does the chart look—much of a sale? Do you recognize the profession? I guess you don't know me?"

Alas! the man at the door failed to recognize rising genius, and before eight o'clock full-Moon, having imbibed pretty freely on the strength of his non-recognition as a professional, invested thirty-five cents for a gallery-seat, and made himself obnoxious to all about him by his adverse criticism of the entertainment.

Jim never could have established a reputation for patience if he had been called to occupy a box-office for any length of time. A treasurer must be as smiling as a premier pirouetting on her toes. He must not say swear-words, even if he thinks them. You may revile against him, but he must revile not again.

One wants a seat at the side of Brown, and thinks it very stupid in the ticket-seller that he don't know what seat he sold Brown. Another attempts to force a counterfeit note, and offers to bet twenty-five dollars that it is a good one when it is refused. The proffered the figure of this hapless day was not good, and had been saving it up for the show. At least a hundred wanted end-seats in the parquet, and wondered how it was that they couldn't get them, and doubted the statement that they were all sold.

Numbers wished to change their seats, were obliged, and then returned dissatisfied, desired to change back to their original purchase, and were enraged on learning that they had been sold in the meantime. The endeavors during the evening to double-head were numerous and unsuccessful. Around the outer edge of the circle of the ticket-window thronged a gang of collectors with bills, who scented their prey like the buzzard his carrion, and could scarcely repress their impatience to have their bill collected that they might be "passed in" to see the show.

Amidst all this, calculated to irritate the bland manipulator of the pasteboard, he answered a thousand trivial questions, served the patrons, and did not talk back. Withal, come to know him, he was a genial soul, full of fellowship, and he supposed not his scrip and notes, he said that he rather enjoyed his position, as it gave him an opportunity to study human nature.

In the course of the evening, while the curtain was down, a party who had "been out to see a man" handed him a couple of cigars, and began pumping out, asked if they should "send in anything."

"No, I thank you—I don't drink," was the invariable reply.

"Then you are a teetotaler?" we asked.

"Yes, and have to illustrate the necessity of my being one. Some years ago, when Emery W. Shaw was coming into notoriety as Josh Billings, and had not yet given up his auction and real-estate business in Poughkeepsie, he delivered a lecture called 'Putty and Varnish;' and, to put it in Josh's own language, never was I 'so full.' The next day I went from city to city lecturing, I found in each place a party of pleasant, sociable, convivially-inclined gentlemen, who felt honored in entertaining me after the lecture. That was all well enough for once or twice, but even pleasure becomes monotonous by its continuance, and variety is the spice of life. I saw just how it was, and shut down right there; and when I was invited out of an evening to make a night of it with hail-fellows-well-met, I just said no.'

"That is a temperance-lecture in brief."

"Yes, indeed. Careful—don't sit on the ticket-boxes. I'll bet you can put a tin ticket-box and a cushioned arm-chair in this room, side by side, and the first man who comes in will plant himself on the ticket-box. Did I ever tell you about John Abbott's sitting on Lent's trunk? L. B. Lent, you know, is the circus-manager, and Abbott was his boss-billposter. L. B. was in his room in Detroit busy writing, when Abbott entered, and, waiting for an opportunity to gain an interview, seated himself on Mr. Lent's sole-leather trunk. The moment Manager L. dropped his pen, John exclaimed:

"'I tell you, Governor, things are durned cheap here. Shaved for five cents, and cold turkey ten cents.'

"'What!' thundered the Governor, 'cold turkey ten cents? Get off my trunk!'

"Mr. Lent rightly conjectured that, if cold turkey was going at ten cents, his trunk must be in imminent danger, and John admitted that he had invested a dime for gobbler-meat.

"'I could tell you, and tell you,' said the treasurer, "a thousand-and-one amusing things I have noticed, but I shan't have time to spin you but one more before it will be time to count the house—we are playing on sharing terms to-night."

"Commodore Nutt, the Major his brother, and Gus Lee were playing an engagement in a variety theatre in Toledo last Spring on sharing terms. The Commodore is a shrewd little fellow, and, as more people were enjoying the show without money and without price than he thought entitled to the privilege, he placed the Major at the door with orders to inject an injunction not to let a soul pass without a ticket. The Major is diminutive in stature, but quite stout of build, and he planted himself at the door to obey orders. Major proved a bad customer for deadheads, while Commodore surveyed the scene and did not agreeable in the lobby. By-and-bye, along came two or three of the manager's passes, which the inflexible doorkeeper refused upon presentation. The manager was hunted up, and declared that it was the first time on record that his own passes had been refused in his own house. Major stood firm, and would not accept the D. H.'s until they had received the Commodore's sign-manual and stamp of approval.

"'The Commodore is a gentleman,' said the nettled manager, 'but the divil take that little, sawed-off man.'"

If you spend an evening with the man in the box-office, you will learn that he has something to do besides answering conundrums. It is not very polite of anyone to give him "pass" because they think he won't "know any better," but it don't do one's own mind, and not trouble him with making unnecessary changes. Hand him your money flat, if it be currency or bank-note, and you will be the more quickly served. And we beseech you, of all things, not under any circumstances to attempt to foist upon the money-changer a note that is counterfeit, for there is nothing green in his eye, we will have you to know, and he will return it to you instanter, remarking "Counterfeit," to your mortification.

Take it altogether, the man in the box-office hasn't the most enviable position in the world, and he must be a philosopher indeed if he can suffer his thousand-and-one annoyances with unruffled temper, in his endeavor to please everyone with whom he comes in contact.

There is one thing that has escaped our mention, and that adds the spice of adventure to his life if he be traveling. While going to his hotel he may be garroted and robbed.

"THE GAME HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND."

"You are charged with assault and battery," said his Honor, "in having belted a man over the head at the Diamond Grotto Saloon last night." "Jesso," calmly answered Sweetcake William. "Ye see, Judge, I was kilt back on the game and took out a 20 to 1 bit chips. I bet five on the four an' six to win, an' coppered the queen to take the eight with two an' a half. Then I set down two on the ace straight, fur I was bound ter make a scratch, bein' down to my seams, as it were, with the hash man an' the lan'lady. Of course the five on the four an' six rolled in. I got my way with my bet on the queen an' eight, an' looked around to see how the ace was gettin' along, when I see a stiff walkin' away with it fur a sleeper. I didn't say nuthin', but took it outen his fist all in good natur', an' win a ten by coppertn' the jack. By this time the deal was nearly out, an' the deuce, trey, nine, seven, eight and ten-spot was cases. 'Copper the odd an' take the even,' sez I, layin' down all I had—just twenty-eight big dollars. Well, yer honor ——" "My good fellow," interrupted the Judge, "you are speaking Greek to me. I know nothing of this jargon." "Oh, ye don't?" said William. "P'r'aps ye don't call to mind the night you an' me snatched a $15 sleeper when a drunk didn't sabe enough to pick up a split on a bet of 30. P'r'aps ye don't remember when I staked you at 3 this mornin,' over in the Dew-drop Inn? P'r'aps you and Jake Small ain't snacks in ropin' snoozers? P'r'aps ——" "Silence!" roared the Court, glaring at the grim crowd of caricatures outside the rail. "There seems to be nothing in this case, William. You leave the Court to infer that you were being cheated, and you lifted the stiff under the ear. You're discharged."—*Virginia City* (Nev.) *Times.*

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE SPORTS.—The annual athletic games of the students of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., took place Oct. 11. The victorious athletes were as follows: Throwing a 17½lb.-hammer—C. W. Stevens; distance, 61ft. 4in. Quarter-of-a-mile race—F. W. Farnsworth, Milford, in 59½sec. Best three jumps—C. W. Stevens, 30ft. 3¼in. 100yds. dash—C. H. Cogswell, in 11⅘sec. Putting 18¾lb shot—O. J. Pfeiffer, 27ft. 7¼in. Throwing baseball—C. W. Spring, 328ft. 8in. One-mile walk—Louis Parkhurst, in 7min. 7⅘sec. One-mile run—E. M. Vittum, in 5min. 8½sec. Professor Taylor of Woodstock ran ten miles in 58min. 55sec. on a wager. He had sixty minutes in which to do it. Running long jump—C. W. Stevens, 18ft. 9in. Standing long jump—C. W. Stevens, 10ft. 9in. Standing high jump—Dane, 4ft. 6in. Three-mile run—E. M. Vittum, 17min. 36⅘sec. 100yds. dash—C. H. Pettibone, 10⅘sec.

NEW PLAYS IN PARIS, FRANCE.

"ROME VAINCUE."

Alexandre Parodi's five-act tragedy, in verse, was brought out at the Theatre Francais, Paris, Sept. 27. It is written about as follows by the correspondent of *The* (London) *Era:* "The first act opens in the Curia Hostilia, where the Senate then held its sittings—a magnificent hall, pillared in shining marble and adorned with statues. Consternation reigns among the populace, who deplore the carnage of the Roman army, and dread the appearance of the victorious enemy under their walls. The Senate assembles, prominent among them being the veteran Quintus Fabius Maximus, the famous 'Cunctator,' who, already a man far advanced in years, afterwards earned for himself the title of 'The Shield of Rome.' Cneius Lentulus arrives from the plain of Cannæ with tidings of Hannibal's overwhelming victory, the death of the Consul Emilius, and the escape of his colleague Varro to Venusta. In a finely written narration the Conscript Fathers are informed of all the details of the fatal combat, and the terrible massacre which marks the defeat as perhaps the most complete recorded in history. The High Priest of Vesta is called, and he announces that, on consulting the oracle, he had found that one of the virgins in attendance at the shrine had forgotten her vows of purity, and that, unless this outrage be punished, the downfall of Rome is certain. Lentulus starts when he hears the Pontiff's words, for he knows too well who the guilty priestess is. He has a sister, Junia, among the sacred band, and he had won the affection of Opimia, another of the Vestals, and had led her from her duty. His trouble is noticed, and it is supposed that the young man has a suspicion that it is his sister who is guilty. The second act passes in the Sanctum of the Temple of Vesta, with a statue of the goddess, before which the sacred fire burns, in the background, defended by a lofty iron railing. Fabius, who is the uncle of Opimia, comes to assist at the interrogations which are to be addressed by the High Priest to the six virgins, attendants at the shrine. The girls, clad in their flowing robes of white, with white wreaths on their brows, are summoned, and in answer to the charge brought against one of them all remain mute except the little Junia, who, with charming innocence, proclaims herself the guilty one, because she had a dream in which Cupid appeared to pierce her breast with one of his shafts. But it is evident that such a trifling offense could not be visited with the wrath of the goddess, and the Pontiff, remembering the confusion of Lentulus, is convinced the culprit is not that young soldier's sister, but one attached to him by some more passionate tie. He announces that the hero has fallen on the field of battle, and at this fatal news Opimia faints. Cid Fabius is thunderstruck when his niece's guilt seems thus to be placed beyond a doubt, but in reply to the High Priest's questions as to what course he should take, he bids him 'do his duty.' When, on the punishment of a girl whom he had always regarded as his own child, hangs the safety of Rome, he cannot hesitate. The third act takes place in the Sacred Wood. Vestacpor, an old Gaul, who is held in slavery by the Romans, and who is attached to the holy shrine as a servant, has resolved to rescue Opimia from the terrible doom to which she is destined. This man has two sons in Hannibal's army, he hates Rome, and longs for the moment of her utter downfall. He has formed a scheme for the escape of Lentulus and his mistress, believing that, if the fatal crime is expiated by her death,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new!"

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, Oct. 16.

LADIES' LIST.

Allyne, Kittie (of Rentz's Minst.)(2)
Adams, Mrs. J. R.
Adams, Louille
Allen, Miss
Aimee Opera Bouffe Co.
Ashton, Miss L.
Adriana, Cora
Allen, Eloise
Antler, Mrs. Annie (wife of R. Butler)
Brett, Mrs. Caroline
Bidwell, Dollie
Buell, Mrs. Carrie
Chrisaie
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma
Bent, Belle
Burdell, Jennie
Clark, Kate & Annie
Clark or Dollie
Daniple, Miss F.
Crabtree, "Lotta"
Claire, Maggie (of Claire Sist.)
Cole, Lena
Dunbar, Adah
Davison, Mollie
Dunbar, Miss M. W.
D'Este, Helen
Dahler, Miss M. W.
De Angelis, Sallie
Daly, Alice
Ellis Sisters
Eilenburg, Maude
Ellis, Bessie (late of England)
Farrell, Minnie
Griste, Mrs. Emma F.
Geary, Mina
Gaugalr, Nellie
Grimm, Josephine
Hendricks, Emma
Harvey, Kate
Hawthorne, Hattie
Howard, Mrs. G.C.
Hampton, Mrs.
Louise
Hawthorne, May
Hodges, Mrs. J. A.
Henri, Flora
Harrison, Miss H. H.
Knoass, Mrs. Nelson
Kassman, Pauline
Kemp, Alice (of Aiken's Co.) (2)
Kimbal, Fannie
Kurtzwell, Johannah 3c.
Leigh, Maude
Lee, Opal
Love, Ella
Lang, Ione
Lee, Rose
Lewis, Ida S. L. or Y. 6c.
Leslie, Kate
Lindon, May
Larkell, Nellie
Lee, Minnie
La Rue, Ella
La Fond, Florence
Laurent, Edna
Le Favre, Mlle.
Mowring, Miss F.
Minelli, Loutine
Mitchell, Maggie
Montague, Zada
Maddock, Annie
Mellenhauer, Henrietta
Mack, Annie
Mlaco, Grace
Mayo, Sallie
Morgan, Annie (vocalist) (2)
Mahretta, Mlle. (of Rentz's Minst.)
O'Neil, Maggie
Page, Laura
Putnam, Katie
Price, Miss (late of Toronto, Can.)
Rowland, M.
Hollis, O. L.
Hodges, D. B. (2)
Hart, John (minstrel)
Hutchinson, A. B.
Howard, J. (of "Chas. & Lens" Co.)
Howard, Chas. (minst. "biz")
Hurley & Marr
Hyde, Mark M. 6c.
Harrington, N. P.
Hopper, "Jerry"
Hill, E. (2)
Hicks, J. (of National Circus)
Howard, Hill
Hilton, Ed. F. (2)
Healy, Dr. W. S. (2)
Heywood Bros.
Hughes, A. (of Hobrook & Hughes)
Harwood, W. E.
Hunter, Edward
Hunt, Harry J.
Hamilton, Sami.
Hudson, Harry B.
Harrold, D. (of Holman Op. Co.)
Howard, —Billy" (trapezist)
Hawkins, Rile (of "Black Fiend" Co.)
Raber, Jno. C.
Rushby, Horace
Rogers, Jno. C.
Richards, A. E.
Richardson, B. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Roome, Jas. D.
Roache, James
Steele, Frank
Sheridan, "Will" & Frank
Slate, Harry
Scully & Harry
Simons, J. A. (manager)
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.) (2)
Smith, E. P.
Sutton, Capt. J.
Selden & Byrnes
Stanton, "Mike"
Stuttz, J. G.
Sharp Brothers
Strong, D. A.
Sanford, Wm. R. (2)
Sadler,
Sargent (2)
Searl, Prof. F. (wizzard)
Sanders, C. E.
Stow, A. B.
Stowe, W. H. (of Cook's Cir.)
Shelby, "Dan"
Sturgis, Chas.
Smith, Jno. P.
Showles, J. J. (2)
Strakosh, "Max"
Schlam, Herr (magician)
Sauer, Adam
Stanseli, Geo. E.
Slouthren, Mr.
Smith, J. P. (theat. agent) 6c.
Saphore, J. L.
Searles, Adrian H.
Stone, H. F. (manager)
Strickland, W. H.
Treevithiser, Mr. (leader of Orch.)
Turner, "Tommy" (banjoist)
Thomas, Capt.
Turner Bros.
Tranquin, Mr.
Tryon, T. H.
Turner, John
Wildman, F. J.
Williams, L. Percy
Walsh, Geo. W.
Ward, J. W. (of Rothschild's Cir.)
Watson, W. (of Nothingham, Eng.)
Walker, Whimsical
Whitney, Frank (ventriloquist)
Williams, W. H. (of Bailey's Cir.)
Wright, G. (late of Fox's Philad.)
Warner, J. E. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Walker, G. W. (musician)
Wilson, J. (Cooper & Bailey's Cir.)
Ward, J. M. (late of Philadelphia)
Wagner, "Carl"
Waldo & Adams
Williams, J. H.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Whitman, J. H.
Whittaker, R. H.
Wayne, "Burt"
Weis, Chas. B.
Weston, Hank H.
Weaver, S. P.
Ware, George
Wise, Frank
Walters, Geo. W. 3c.
Walsh, George
Wood & West (2)
Wood, Chas. O.
Young, Chas. W.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

"A. C."
Adams, Grimaldi (2)
Almonte Bros.
Adams, Edwin (actor)
Allen, H. J. (manager)
Ayres, A. P.
Allen, Chas. N.
Allen, F. F.
Alsegen, Rafaele
Arnott's Comb., Manager
Atkins, Chas. M. (2)
"A. O."
Allen, Wm. Lawrence
Bryan, W. (of Bryant & Williams)
Brown, Wm. F. 6c.
Bliss, Jerome
Benton, Chas.
Brown, J. (of Kendall) 6c.
Bray, Walter
Blossom, Jas.
Burnett, Al.
Burgess, B.
Bury, Adolf
Bush, I. T. (2)
Benedict, "Lew" (2)
Byron, Fred.
Brown, T. W. (with Mr. Sothern)
Booth, Edwin
Blair, Wm.
Benedict, J. C.
Bemon, James
Boles, Sig. E.
Butler, (of Georgia Minst.)
Barlow Bros. (3)
Bintaur, S. W.
Bergen, E. S.
Barton & Lorde
Burke, "Billy" (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Blossom & Edwards
Bray, Wm. H.
Bagley, Wm.
Barber, "Judge" (of Barton, "Diet" (banjoist)
Boyd, Chas. (of Boyd & Wade)
Cook, J. H. (of Rentz's Minst.)
Forepaugh's Cir.)
Crawford, Geo. S.
Clark, Al. (variety "biz")
Converse, F. B. 5c.
Campbell, Bartley
Cooke, Harry "Sir of Mystery")
Charvat, F. P.
Cruz, Luis
Carey, Thos.
Clifton, Frank R.
Cole, W. W.
Clark, "Ned" (late Miller's W Gard.)
Cooke, J. E. (stage-manager)
Carter, L. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Colwell, Jr., Wm.
Cowane, Capt. R. W.
Collins Bros.
Carhart, L. 6c.
Coon, Chas. S.
Caywood, Chas. C.
Conway, Thos.
Clifton & Forepaugh
Cowan, Wm. H. A.
Conway, A.
Clark, Jas. W. (banjo-maker)
Cronin, W. (of Sheridan & Cronin)
Donniker, J. S.
Dennin, Jas.
Davis, E. L.
Day, Frank
Dayward, Ed. A.
Dunbar, R.
Davidson, Joel S. 6c.
Dravin, Wood
De Lafayette, Prof.
Douglas, Henry
Dyer, Geo. Nat.
De Witt, Thos. H. (leader)
Duprez, Chas. H.
De Haven, Claude
Deagle, Geo. J.
Diamond, Chas. 6c.
Dickeson, H. A.
Dick, Jr., Jr., Mr. (of London, Eng.)
Emidy, R. (of Georgia Minst.)
Erni, Sig.
Elvino, Sig. (gymnast)
Emidy, James
Emerson, "Billy"
Eck, Wilson T.
Ellis, Chas. F. (gymnast)
Ferguson, "Barney"
Friederick, Alf.
Faur, Jean
Forrest, Harry (circus "biz")
Flanigan, E. D.
Fiske, "Mose"
Freuner, W. D.
Fabra, Sig.
Fisher, W. F. or W. P. G.
French, S. S. (musician)
Fish, Thos.
Gilbert, Albert
Graham, Robt.
Gasking, Geo. H.
Gaynor, James
Goines, Chas. (juggler)
Gorman & Romer 6c.
Garrison, W. W.
Gee, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Gale, Walter
Gaylor, Geo. W.
Gerry, D. S.
Gavin, Jos. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Gilbert, M. B.
Gangiehoof, John
Gregory, Frank
Goshen, James
Garland, Jos. (musician)
Gibbonoise, D. S.
Garrett, W.
Greene, Chas. W.
Gilmore, "Joe" P.
Gay, Harry W.
Goschie, Jacob (manager)
Goodwin, Chas. M.
Grau, Maurice 9c.
Harrison, Jas. (actor)
Harris, Wm. (late of Woonsocket)
Howe, Rockwood M.
Hollis, O. L.
Hodges, D. B. (2)
Hart, John (minst. "biz")
Hutchinson, A. B.
Howard, J. (of "Chas. & Lens" Co.)
Howard, Chas. (minst. "biz")
Hurley & Marr
Hyde, Mark M. 6c.
Harrington, N. P.
Hopper, "Jerry"
Hill, E. (2)
Hicks, J. (of National Circus)
Howard, Hill
Hilton, Ed. F. (2)
Healy, Dr. W. S. (2)
Heywood Bros.
Hughes, A. (of Hobrook & Hughes)
Harwood, W. E.
Hunter, Edward
Hunt, Harry J.
Hamilton, Sami.
Hudson, Harry B.
Harrold, D. (of Holman Op. Co.)
Howard, —Billy" (trapezist)
Hawkins, Rile (of "Black Fiend" Co.)
Raber, Jno. C.
Rushby, Horace
Rogers, Jno. C.
Richards, A. E.
Richardson, B. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Roome, Jas. D.
Roache, James
Steele, Frank
Sheridan, "Will" & Frank
Slate, Harry
Scully & Harry
Simons, J. A. (manager)
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.) (2)
Smith, E. P.
Sutton, Capt. J.
Selden & Byrnes
Stanton, "Mike"
Stuttz, J. G.
Sharp Brothers
Strong, D. A.
Sanford, Wm. R. (2)
Sadler,
Sargent (2)
Searl, Prof. F. (wizzard)
Sanders, C. E.
Stow, A. B.
Stowe, W. H. (of Cook's Cir.)
Shelby, "Dan"
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Smith, Jno. P.
Showles, J. J. (2)
Strakosh, "Max"
Schlam, Herr (magician)
Sauer, Adam
Stanseli, Geo. E.
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Tranquin, Mr.
Tryon, T. H.
Turner, John
Wildman, F. J.
Williams, L. Percy
Walsh, Geo. W.
Ward, J. W. (of Rothschild's Cir.)
Watson, W. (of Nothingham, Eng.)
Walker, Whimsical
Whitney, Frank (ventriloquist)
Williams, W. H. (of Bailey's Cir.)
Wright, G. (late of Fox's Philad.)
Warner, J. E. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Walker, G. W. (musician)
Wilson, J. (Cooper & Bailey's Cir.)
Ward, J. M. (late of Philadelphia)
Wagner, "Carl"
Waldo & Adams
Williams, J. H.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Whitman, J. H.
Whittaker, R. H.
Wayne, "Burt"
Weis, Chas. B.
Weston, Hank H.
Weaver, S. P.
Ware, George
Wise, Frank
Walters, Geo. W. 3c.
Walsh, George
Wood & West (2)
Wood, Chas. O.
Young, Chas. W.
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Notter, W. J. (agent)
Noll, Tommy (Irish comed.)
Nolen, T. J.
Nelson, Jean
Orrin, Ed. W.
Ozden, J. E.
Otis, Fred. W.
O'Lynn, Bryan (comed.)
Phoite, Jno. W.
Primrose, G. H.
Primrose & West
Pastor, "Billy"
Primrose, T.
Parsons, H.
Parker, Louis (of The Parkers)
Parsons, C. (2)
Parsons, H. Sugnor
Pozzen, Prima
Peeples, Col. W.-H.
Penn, Wm. H.
Petterson, Wm. G.
Phillips, S. (late of Norfolk, Va.)
Peck, G. (of "Tom Thumb's" Co.)
Perry, Wilks
Pritz, Mark M. 6c.
Quinn, Thomas F.
Robbins, Burr.
Richards, Geo. (with Worrell Sis.)
Robinson, Wm. J. (musician)
Raymond, T. (2)
Rowe, O. F.
Howe's Cir.)
Regan, Thos. (of Wallack's Co.)
Rivers, C. H.
Raymond, C. B.
Rivers, F. J. ("skirt")
Riker, Tony"
Ralph, "Dick"
Ready, J. (prog. agent)
Russell, M. C.
Riley, "Jack" (juggler)
Ritter, J. (of "Black Fiend" Co.)
Raber, Jno. C.
Rushby, Horace
Rogers, Jno. C.
Richards, A. E.
Richardson, B. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Roome, Jas. D.
Roache, James
Steele, Frank
Sheridan, "Will" & Frank
Slate, Harry
Scully & Harry
Simons, J. A. (manager)
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.) (2)
Smith, E. P.
Sutton, Capt. J.
Selden & Byrnes
Stanton, "Mike"
Stuttz, J. G.
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Sadler,
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Whittaker, R. H.
Wayne, "Burt"
Weis, Chas. B.
Weston, Hank H.
Weaver, S. P.
Ware, George
Wise, Frank
Walters, Geo. W. 3c.
Walsh, George
Wood & West (2)
Wood, Chas. O.
Young, Chas. W.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Oct. 16, '76.

There were lively times in the metropolis last week, and, what with the elections, and pool operations, and horse-races, the ebb and flow of the vast tide of Centennial travelers, and the attractions at our many places of amusement, New York was pretty well tagged out. The elections in Ohio and Davidson, zoomed to satisfy *all* parties, "just as we predicted they would;" and pool selling and buying went briskly, kept up with spirit long after the polls had closed and the scores were being flashed over the wires. Several of the theatres had the returns read to their audiences, and, though nobody could make head or tail out of them, nevertheless they were received with every token of acquiescence and satisfaction. Blue Jeans Williams was cheered to the echo whenever the figures made his calling and election sure, and the friends of Harrison fairly roared with delight when the unblased actor cyphered him in. And when Ohio came a-rolling up her majorities for Barnes and Bell and Hayes and Hendricks and the rest of them, there couldn't have been more solid comfort and glorification if he had been a dog-fight in habitues were witnessing. They actually hung around one another's necks, and wept in the fullness of their joy; and when, during the impartial division of the spoils, an ill-advised individual cried out "That's false!" the whole house turned on him, and tore him limb from limb. [No, Jimmy; that wasn't really so; but it was making free to treat better to imbrue the people's hands in gore.] Way out there, somewhere, a Western actress was so overcome by her feelings, owing to the election excitement, probably, that she forgot all about being an actress, and commenced a confidential conversation with the people in front; and she was not aroused from the spirit of her dream until the curtain was rung down on a scene not in the play. Something similar happened in this city. An actress at one of our leading theatres became so indisposed when the political faucet was turned on that the theatrical faucet had to be turned off to prevent a dire calamity. This just shows that women are not the kind of people to enjoy politics, and they had better drop such things altogether. We know a girl who was reared in the lap of luxury and fared sumptuously every day, but in an unguarded moment—[it were better that we no further seek her errors to disclose, just as the sleygman so kindly disposed of a similar case years agone. But this we would say:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

.....Jimmy, an old friend of ours, one whose judicial acting has brought the smile to many a cheek, albeit unused to the melting mood, desires to ask you "Why, during the latter part of *July*, we might always expect a call from a very successful dramatic author?" "Is it a conundrum?" Why, of course it's a conundrum. "Prize package?" Nothing of the sort. "Then I give it up." "Because we expect *August* to *daily*!" Our humorous friend adds: "If that isn't good enough, *Burnett's*!" [Ah! Pity for him, since this was written we have heard with pain that Burnett's residence near Cincinnati, O., was destroyed by fire on the 9th inst.—ED. CLIP.].....Another well-remembered form is tottering on the brink! "Why doesn't he back away from it?" Another one we love so well will soon be lost to us in the embrace of the insatiate archer. Ere to-morrow's setting sun shall gild the western skies, Charley Backus will have yielded up his *single life*, and, with *Mason*-ic rites, will have joined the innumerable caravan whose march is to the altar! "Yer skeered me! Is it a true bill?" Honest Injun. "No cards? No cakes?" We presume the happy minstrel will remember you in his benizons. "May he rest in peace," etcetera.

THE UNION LINE.

Sweetly sound the marriage-bell:
"May their lives be fond and true"—
Let the joy-bells loudly swell;
"Ring out the old, ring in the new!"

.....Ole *Bull's* got back again. Came by way of *Cowes*, and will *steer* his bark for his home in the West, without delay. He is to fiddle as a joint-stock partner with Redpath of the Boston bureau! Talk about your fiddlers! Jimmy, where are you going with that dog? "I would steer me bark to the joint-stock lunch-route." Why, it's not lunch-time. "It's *always* lunch-time with us, and your *tender lines* in reference to the *old bull* didist revive many pleasant memories." .....The report is confirmed that nearly half a hundred American girls are studying at Milan for the operatic stage! Suppose the whole crowd should swoop down upon us at once! *My land*, wouldn't there be an *uproar*! [These are merely pleasant Sallies, and should not be taken in a spirit of earnestness.] And talking about opera-singers, they say that the doctors have ordered Patti to stay where she is, and not go to Russia this Winter. Now, what's the matter with *her*? There's nothing said about her coming *here*! When she started on her wild career we gave her a good send-off, and jammed the Academy of Music with our appreciative presence. She was only a little bit of a thing then, just like a small girl; but she could sing a streak even then. One night she was quite late in making her appearance, and we remember well how, while awaiting her coming, we recited these beautiful strains:

Adalina! Dressed so fine-a—
Didn't come out till half-past nine-a!

We caressed her in her early childhood. When she is worn out over there, and her voice becomes thin and screechy, and her face shows the ravages of time, it is possible she may pass her *second* childearth is more. [What a—ejaculat—show on isn't so—la! no. Why, it's a one-horse affair to what *has* been seen in the metropolis. The business announcements declare that the "salary-list is two thousand dollars per day!" They're wrong. Why, if they paid that sum every day, in salaries, the concern would have a heavier outgo than it has income by a large score. Let's don't believe it—let's skip the salary-list. Mind, we don't charge the *showmen* with this duplicity. Oh, no! showmen never lie! It's some Fejee cannibals, doubtless, who are making these mistakes.....It's well Mister Coup is running the Aquarium *without* the aid of the Fejees. Why, if they had anything to do with his exhibition they'd declare that the whale he had up there is the identical whale that Jonah swallowed. Been up there yet? Well, you must take in the whale and the rest of the show. Fish-diet is the best..... Magicians have got to stop their efforts to deceive people. A couple of weeks ago, in England somewhere, a prestidigitateur man was doing a bird trick —that is, beheading the bird, and making it whole again. Any distinterested party in the assemblage could take the scissors and amputate the bird's head. The magician's wife, being the only disinterested one present, took the scissors and the innocent turtle-dove. *You* know how these things are done, don't you? Before she could go on with the unguided operation, bless you, the wicked man, is cruelty to animals, probably, suddenly seized the scissors and cut off the bird's head in earnest! Made an anatomical exhibition of it. And so it spoiled the whole trick. The magician took the case to court, where some very *cutting things* were said.....One moment, if you please. Centennial strangers in this city! Nilo's and seeing Crane on the bill must not suppose it is a *real* crane. It's an actor whose *name* is Crane. Now, go on.....An English bicycle rider offers to run against any man alive. Now, is he crazy? Does he imagine that any man alive will calmly stand by and permit the reckless bicyclist to run his machine against him? Guess not.....Blind Tom is in Philadelphia this week. His right name is Thomas, and anybody who can play the piano as *he* plays it, ought to have the benefit of his full name, but it is probable that he will never be called anything but Blind Tom. Well, what we meant to say was, that thousands of the Centennial guests have favored us with "see his blind," and Tom will give them a "sight for their money." We speak by the card.....Unlike most ladies nowadays, Fanny Davenport's carrying everything before her, and many natural envy unable to gain admittance. Out West she just *crowds* the theatres. Hasn't she, as it might be, taken the wind out of Clara Morris' sails, speaking in nautical language, as it were? And that reminds us of *another* row we lately got up. Don't you remember how we took grounds against bringing imported actresses over here while we had those of our own Perchance not? Well, sure enough, something has turned up at Daly's, and Agnes Hewitt is to play a ing there any more.....We were present the other night when two members of an orchestra of an up town theatre became engaged in a fight. We called it a *musical-box*, and the people roared. Why?..... The Somnambulist is lecturing in Chicago this week. Now, we said anything about Tilton? This reminds us of two other

LOVERS.

Upon the front piazza, beneath the silver moon,
Ignoring the old gentleman, they'd gurgle and they'd "spoon,"
Till he grew sick of watching them, and left with movements quick.
Remarking, "I must now turn in—this *damp air* makes me sick!"

.....We saw this among the advertisements in a paper one day last week: "FOR SALE—CHEAP—A lot in Evergreen Cemetery, fully improved, near Tony Pastor's!" Now, *some* people, not aware of the facts "in the case," might suppose that Tony was lying there, with the Evergreen turf above him; but it isn't so—in the goodness of his heart he keeps the lot for the benefit of his friends who die a-laughing at his comicalities.....We grieve to learn that, it is true, that those pious theatres that give Sabbath-evening sacred concerts have a larger attendance than the churches have. Why don't the latter get the Jubilee Singers and banjoists and opera-singers? They've got to do it if they want to "Hold the Fort!".....And yet we are not certain that the pious performances by the champion banjoists at the Parisian Varieties, on Sunday evening, Oct. 8, hadn't something to do with the unpleasantness at that show last Saturday night, when the Philistines came down upon them like a wolf on the fold, and the entire company went through the amazon march as far as the stationhouse. To the credit of the girls, be it said, when they realized that they were "pulled," not one of them exhibited a "pull back"-wardness, which showed what "grit" was in the "ride" with Jo.....Emma Schiff, dramatic author, who recently crossed the turbulent waters of Old Ocean, and moored in our own snug harbor, is not an *empty Schiff*. Nor is the well-known agent *N. T. Schiff* related to the other Schiff. We thought you'd like to learn the truth of these things.....Yes, James; Mr. J. B. Roberts, who is to support "My Pretty Jane" at the Lyceum, this week, is probably the oldest "Nick of the Woods," but you needn't call him *Old Nick*, though he does play the Old Nick in "Faust and Marguerite."..... John Brougham's "Lottery of Life" (not Day's) is going on this week at Wood's Museum, and hundreds of our citizens are purchasing tickets.....Is the pretty little girl who plays Phrosine in 'Baba' at Niblo's a *star* actress?" Your's mashed on *her*, are you? No; she's only a *Stock-man*. "In sooth, I would'st fain grind out a few choice lines of poetry about

EMMA MINE.

Wen fust me ise on hurn was glude,
Mayhap she thunk me werry rude;
But wen I got her in my hole,
The sekret of me hart was tole;
O luv, chased luv, what did'st thou do?
Em smole on me, and lit up ti.
Fade-up—Her brite ise hans me stil.—OUR JIM.

.....The discrepancies between the leading actors of Tammany and Anti-Tammany are attracting more attention than those of the *other* "Two Orphans," who are also struggling to keep the Union square. Why don't they "Unite a Hall," and show us the touching tableau of the lion and the lamb lying down together? "But which would be the lion and which would be the lamb?" That's well put, Jimmy; they would experience as much difficulty in making a suitable distribution of those characters as they do in their efforts to divide the spoils.....And here permit us to remark that, if you really wish to see lions, visit the Aquarium and sea-lions.....Perhaps the religious-est concert of the many given in this good city last night, was that at the Grand Opera-house. For the especial benefit of those out-of-town people who do not see the New York Sunday papers, we propose to give a copy of the programme as given by the Jubilee Singers at that house. In order to conciliate that portion of the audience who are not very well acquainted with the words and the style of the hymns translated, it will be seen that a wonderful banjo-player is sandwiched between the upper and lower crusts of the sacred feast:

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
THIS (SUNDAY) EVENING,
GRAND SACRED CONCERT.
PROGRAMME.—PART I.

1. "Rise and Shine" (by God the Father).
2. "Gwine to Be a Meeting Here To-night."
3. "Going to Ride Up in the Charlot."
4. "Our God Rules."
5. "Did You Old Pharaoh Git Lost?"
6. "Bathe in de River."
7. Solo. "Waiting".....Miss Allen
8. "Turn Back Pharoah's Army."
9. "O, Good Lord, Gib Me Dem Wings."
10. "Wrestling Jacob."
11. "Ye had Better Dun Humble Yeself."
12. "I'm No Ways Tired."

WARREN GRIFFIN in his wonderful banjo performance.

PART II.

1. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."
2. "Shine Along."
3. "There's a Mighty Camp Meeting in the Promised Land."
4. "Blessed Are Thy People."
5. "Oh-time Religion."
6. Solo—"Only Waiting."....Miss Allen
7. "Joshua Fought the Battle Around Jericho."
8. "Oh, Sinner, Go Tell You How I Come Along."
9. "Hail, Hail."
10. "Blow, Gabriel, Blow."
11. "Don't You Want to be a Lover of the Lord?"

Admission, 25cts. Reserved, 5cts.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE PARISIAN VARIETIES is announced to reopen this evening, and several new people are billed to appear.

T. M. HENGLER, Bobby Newcomb, the Shays Harry Bryant, Baby Bindley and Erwin Thomas are to be added to the company at Tony Pastor's Oct. 16.

SAM PRICE is to commence an engagement with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels this week.

SAM BAYLIS, Bonnie Runnells and Frank Livingston are the reinforcements at the Theatre Comique Oct. 16.

"THE LOTTERY OF LIFE" is to be acted at the evening performances, and Miss Sophie Miles is to act in "The Old Maid in her Winding Sheet," at Wood's Museum, this week.

"ACROSS THE CONTINENT" and "An Alarming Sacrifice," with Oliver Doud Byron in the first-named piece, is the current programme at the Bowery Theatre.

SAM DEVERE, Gorman and Romer, Frank Cushman, Alecia Jourdan, Alice Daly, the Empire Children, Buckley and Turner, Charles Benedict and James Messenger are the fresh arrivals at the Olympic Theatre.

MISS ANTOINETTE SEVOR is lying ill in the hospital at Forty-ninth street and Fourth avenue, and she informs us that all her dates will have to be canceled until further notice. She requests us to state that she desires her friends to come and see her.

MISS ROSE WOOD has been engaged for the season at Wallack's Theatre, and will make her first appearance in "The Shaughraun."

J. B POLK has seceded from the company at the Park Theatre.

LOU SANFORD, Harry Kennedy, Minnie Gray, Kearney and Moran, Lottie Grant, and Cool Burgess comprised the reinforcements at the Olymp e Theatre Oct. 9. Miss Sanford, attired in a neat and attractive costume, sang popular songs, and gave a neat song-and-dance; Harry Kennedy, who reappeared on the metropolitan boards after an absence of some thirteen months, evinced a marked improvement in his ventriloquial powers. His dialogue with his little puppets is mirth-provoking, and the control of the muscles of his face while they are supposed to be talking is wellnigh perfect. He has added the trick of the "talking hand" to his entertainment, and it materially enhances its attractiveness. The voices of the various persons represented are distinctly marked, and bear the impress of character. The singing of an entire verse of "Patrick's-day Parade," ostensibly by one of the little puppets, elicited deserved applause. Minnie Gray met with a fair degree of favor in a song and-dance, and in response to an encore she danced a jig. Kearney and Moran were quite successful in their representations of rough Irish characters, and proved to be nimble dancers. Lottie Grant is a pleasing serio-comic vocalist, and quite a local favorite. Cool Burgess gave his peculiar entertainment, with which our readers are familiar. He elicited much laughter and applause. The other attractions included character swell songs by Blanche Selwyn; songs-and-dances and burlesque changes by Ben Gilfoil; aquatic feats by Luriine the Water Queen; songs-and-dances by Griffn and Rice; equilibristic feats on the high trapeze by Frank Gibbons; and the sketch of "Hamlet Gone Mad" and "Jonathan Headford," the dramatic company appearing in the latter. Attendance fair.

TONY PASTOR has done a good business since the opening of the present season in his New Theatre, the attendance at the Tuesday and Friday matinees having been so large that the auditorium could not seat all who applied for admission, and the average nightly attendance has been quite satisactory. The additions to the company last week were Watson the Man-fish, who performed his well-known feats while submerged in water; the Brahams, popular and favorite artists, who met with good success in their musical sketches, duets and character songs; and John Kernell, who, with his brother Harry, appeared in one of their peculiar entertainments given in the North-of-Ireland dialect, which created much mirth. In point of merit these brothers are equally matched. In addition to the above re-enumerated, Marie Whittingham and Elder gave their graceful specialty dance, and several of his most popular songs; the Big Four gave eccentric songs-and-dances, and later performed the old sketch of "The Pet Elephant" under the title of "Big Four's Rhinoceros," in which they introduced so many fresh gags and funny jokes that it seemed like a new piece; Gus Williams sang the most humorous of his Dutch songs, and told funny stories until the audience were wellnigh wearied with laughing; Harris and Carroll performed a sketch entitled "Through by Rail;" Jennie Engle sang several of her latest successful ditties; and the sketches of "Jim Mace" and "The Dutch Detective" respectively opened and closed the entertainments.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The series of concerts inaugurated by Theodore Thomas at Steinway Hall were continued on the evenings of Oct. 9, 11, 13, and matinee 15. Myron W. Whitney, Miss Henriette Beebe and Mr. Brandt Israel and a chorus rendering the vocal numbers. The instrumental portion, in addition to the orchestra, included S. E. Jacobsohn, violinist, and S. B. Mills and Mme. Madeline Schiller, pianists.....The second Sunday concert this season at Booth's Theatre was given Oct. 15, Sig. Giovanni Operti, Mlle. Belocca, Sig. Ferranti, Signora Cemino and Mr. Carelli (the first appearance in America), and Miss Rebecca Cohen (a debutante), being the vocalists. Mons. E. Sauret, violinist, and Gustave Satter, pianist, were among the performers, Profs. Agramonte and Colby acting as accompanyists. The orchestra was under the direction of Sig. Operti, the musical director at this house.....A testimonial struggle took place at the Grand Central Depot Rooms Oct. 15, the programme presenting the following excellent array of artists: Messrs. R. Arnold, violin; J. Eller, oboe; H. Reineccius, 'cello; J. Hammond, cornet; the New York Mozart Club; and an orchestra composed of members of Theodore Thomas' and Carl Anschutz's orchestras. Richard Arnold, Julius Bernstein and George Matzyke were the conductors..... Slavin's Jubilee Singers gave the second sacred concert at the Grand Opera-house on Sunday evening last.....A number of the members of Thomas' Orchestra—A. Eller, piano; J. Eller, oboe; R. Arnold, violin; Rosenbecker, viola; H. Kayser, clarionet; Reuter, bassoon; H. Schmitz, horn; H. Reineccius, 'cello; and C. Uthof, contra-bass—have formed an organization to be known as the New York Mozart Club, with the special object of giving performances of classical and chamber music.

HERR LEONARD LINDES, formerly an actor in Darmstadt, Germany, who recently arrived here, gave a recital from memory of portions of tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" in the Germania Theatre on Sun day night, Oct. 15.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ACTOR.—Alexander Balton, manager of the Bijou, between two cars of a railroad passenger train, when near Dunkirk, N. Y., and was instantly killed. His body was so frightfully mangled that it was impossible to send it to his home, in Buffalo, and it was interred in Dunkirk. He had been on the stage since 1857, and was considered a good actor. Among the professional career he had passed in Buffalo and in Canada. He last acted in Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, O., and of late years had been connected with several traveling companies. He arrived at his home, in Buffalo, on Saturday evening, Oct. 7, and left on Monday evening for Mercer, Pa., and while en route met his sad fate. He leaves a boy and two daughters to mourn his untimely loss. The late Mr. Balfour's parents. For some time previous to his death he had given indications of insanity.

CHRISTOPHER SCHROEDER, the father of George Schroeder, proprietor of the opera-house bearing his name in Buffalo, died this city, July 17, where he was at the age of 86 years. He arrived in this port Oct. 2 among the passengers of the steamship Hamburg. On the voyage he contracted a severe cold, which brought on an illness which terminated in his death. When he arrived at Castle Garden he was so weak that he had to be carried to the hospital, where he died a few days after. The remains, not being claimed after death, were taken to Blackwell's Island and interred. Upon a large amount of luggage which he had was found his son's card, Hart Jackson, the secretary of the Commissioners of Emigration, wrote to the address given, which elicited the information that the deceased was the father of George Schroeder, and had left Bloomington in July last for Germany, for the seventh time in sixteen years. His intention was to remain in this country with his son there; but it would seem that he desired to return here and end his days with his children. He was one of the last surviving soldiers who had served under Napoleon I. He was in his service nine years, and in every battle. During the retreat from Moscow he was the chief commissary of the general staff. The letter also gave instructions to have the body disinterred and forwarded at once by express to Bloomington, Ill.

JAMES QUINN and the Clarke Brothers were added to Kelly & Leon's Minstrels Oct. 9. J. O. Herbert retired 7. James Quinn revived John Morton on the end, and gave an excellent performance. His singing of "Sally in our Alley" and "Annie Rooney" and "Oh My People Go" was the only change in the first-part. The services of the Clarke Brothers were dispensed with after Monday night, their business not being suitable for a minstrel band. In the olio Leon sang "Kissing in the Twilight" and other songs, Quinn delivered with witty dialogue, and Lester gave banjo-songs; J. W. Morton was seen as Crankey Lou and in other songs-and-dances; Quinn, McAndrews, Lester, Surridge and Morton as "The Five Flats" sang burlesque ballads: Edwin Kelly and Leon performed "The Two Doves;" George Leslie sang a ballad, and Leon and Quinn performed "Sir Dan O'Pallas" and a burlesque of "The Two Orphans" filled out the bill, which attracted a fair attendance.

"ROUND THE CLOCK" constituted the attraction at all of the performances at Wood's Museum last week. Among the features of the play Joe Goss and Joe Coburn, exponents of the art of self-defense, indulged in a friendly set-to, displaying much skill and agility, which aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators. Business good.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" has made such a pronounced hit at the Grand Opera-house that it will retain possession of the stage there until further notice. The realistic plantation scene is one of the chief attractions of the piece. The attendance has been large.

W. CHARLES SMITH, manager of the Opera-house in Elmira, N. Y., was in town during the past week. Miss Georgia Hawthorne Miss Amy Fawcett in the character of M

DEATH OF JOHN FERRIS.—This well-known actor was stricken with paralysis on the stage of the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on Friday night, Oct. 13, while playing the character of George Talboys in "Lady Audley's Secret." At the close of the first act, after he made his exit from the stage, he remarked to O. B. Collins, the stage-manager, "I am feeling very badly; just feel my arm—I fear it is paralyzed." When the time arrived for Mr. Ferris to make his reappearance on the stage, Mr. Collins spoke pleasantly to him and advised him to go on, saying that he would probably feel better. As he reappeared in the second act in what is known as the well scene, he began to stagger about the stage, and as Miss Mortimer rushed towards him to push him into the well, as required by the business of the scene, he said: "Leave me alone." She then observed that he was in a semi-unconscious state, and that he was frothing at the mouth. He was carried off the stage by some of the other members of the company, and the curtain fell amid great excitement. The last words that he uttered as he lay in the property-man's arms were: "What's the matter? Can this be death?" He was conveyed to his residence—Lutz's hotel, on West Fayette street—and a physician was summoned who, after making an examination, stated that Mr. Ferris was badly paralyzed down his entire left side, and was in a depressed condition generally. He administered the proper remedies, and informed his friends that he was in no immediate danger of death, and would, probably, improve under treatment. Mr. Collins stated to the author once into the theatre what the doctor had said, and much sympathy was expressed for the unfortunate man. Mr. Ferris remained in an insensible condition until he expired on Saturday morning, Oct. 14, at 10 minutes to two o'clock. John Ferris was born of Irish parents in New Orleans in 1839. He first went on the stage in 1853, as a call boy in the Varieties Theatre in his native city. The first speaking part he ever played was the Seneschal in "The Forest of Bondy," in the Pelican Theatre, New Orleans. He next appeared in St. Louis, Mo., in 1855, playing utility under the late H. L. Bateman's management. He remained there three seasons. In 1859 he was playing leading business in Galveston, Texas. He made his first appearance in New York at the Bowery Theatre in 1861, acting in "Tippo Saib." Subsequently he was engaged at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre, and he left there to enter the navy during our late civil war; and, after serving two years and six months in the Atlantic squadron, under the late Commodore Farragut, he reappeared upon the stage at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C. He was next engaged in Alexandria, Va., and Norfolk. About 1873, he was engaged at the Bowery Theatre in this city, where he remained two seasons. For the season of 1875-6 he was engaged at the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., which ended disastrously after a few weeks' duration, and subsequently he filled up his time with traveling companies. On Sept. 8 last Mr. Ferris and his wife, who played walking ladies, joined G. W. Harrison's "Two Orphans" company, then traveling in the northern part of this State. Mrs. Ferris remained with the company until a few days ago, when they closed their tour. Mr. Ferris left for Baltimore, where he had procured an engagement for the season. He had secured an engagement for his wife at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, and had sent a letter containing that information to her only a short time before his death. One of the company attached to the Holliday-street Theatre was held on the stage immediately after the matinee performance on Oct. 14. Just before the meeting convened Manager Gilmore received the following from Mr. Stevens of the Academy of Music:

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, HOWARD STREET,
BALTIMORE, Oct. 14, 1876.

MANAGER GILMORE.—Mr. Sothern and the ladies and gentlemen attached to the theatre, have raised a purse of about one hundred and forty dollars for the widow of Mr. Ferris. Please let me know if she is expected here, and when? Yours truly,
JOHN A. STEVENS, Director of Amusements.

To the above note Mr. Gilmore transmitted the following answer:

HOLLIDAY-STREET NOVELTY THEATRE,
MANAGER'S OFFICE,
BALTIMORE, October 14, 1876.

MR. JOHN A. STEVENS, DIRECTOR.—*Dear Sir:* Your kindly note announcing the fact that Mr. Sothern and the ladies and gentlemen of his company, have raised a purse in behalf of the widow of the late Mr. Ferris, has inspired the company and myself with the highest feeling of respect for the generous impulses which have moved them. I am persuaded that they must have believed that he was stricken—fulfilling the highest duty to his art—and died while fairly in the harness. It is indeed more than gratifying to feel that the kindly feeling which should animate a great brother and sisterhood, has been in this sad case. Please convey to the company this acknowledgment of my individual appreciation of this substantially sympathetic movement in behalf of the deceased gentleman, as well as the unqualified approbation of my entire household. With the hope that the occasion for a similar act may never come to your people, I subscribe myself gratefully,
W. J. GILMORE.

P. S.—We have sent a telegram to Mrs. Ferris, but have received no answer up to the present time. W. J. G.

The actors and actresses exhibited much feeling as they assembled, and could hardly restrain their tears at the mention of Mr. Ferris' sad fate. A committee consisting of Messrs. Collins, Gilmore, Steadman and Herbert were appointed to draft resolutions of condolence to his widow. In view of the pecuniless condition of the widow, the following-mentioned contributions have been made. The Holliday-street Company donate the following sums: Wm. J. Gilmore, $50; Mr. Ridgely, $3; O. B. Collins, $5; Miss Kate Raymond, $5; Charles Walters, $5; Miss Estelle Mortimer, $5; Miss Eliza Price, $5; George Herbert, $5; A. F. Steadwell, $5; Mlle. Zetelle, $2; Orrin Brothers, $10; Hugh Fay, $2; J. D. Kelly, $2.50; Mr. and Mrs. Miller, $15; George Francis, $5; Mr. and Mrs. Norris, $5; C. Fleming, $2; F. Brown, $1; Ditius, $1; Wm. Black, $1; H. J. Hendon, $1; James Knapp, $2; Wm. Crane, $5; and Andy McKee, $2. Mr. Robson's company at Ford's Grand Opera-house tender $40, making from above-mentioned sources the handsome sum of $314.50. Mr. Weaver has the body in charge, and the remains will not take place until something is heard from Mrs. Ferris. Dispatches have been forwarded to her, and the supposition is that she now has arrived.

FRANK IVO commenced an engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 9th inst., in "Davy Crockett." He was supported by his own dramatic combination, for whom E. M. Gardiner acted as business-manager. The part of Davy Crockett was sustained by Mr. Mayo with a mingled fashion and humor that was immensely relished by his audiences, and Miss Josephine Laurens' personation of Eleanor Vaughn met with favor. The other characters were fairly represented, and the mounting of the play was excellent. "Davy Crockett" attracted large audiences. On Oct. 23 Mr. Sothern commences an engagement.

MRS. CHAS. H. BRADSHAW, wife of the well-known comedian in Rochester, N. Y., died Oct. 14. She was not a professional.

"AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS" attracted crowded houses at Kiralfys' Alhambra Palace, Philadelphia, last week. Frank Oakes Rose is to succeed George Metkiff as the leading man at this theatre on the 26th inst.

"THE TWO ORPHANS" received its one hundredth consecutive representation at the Philadelphia Museum on the evening of Oct. 9, the occasion being marked by the presentation to the ladies in the audience of handsome programmes with models in cork of the principal scenes stamped upon the first page thereof. The dramatic company concerned in the representation gratefully acknowledge the hospitality of the managers, Messrs. A. E. Van Horn, James Mead and Wm. Davidge Jr., in the shape of a supper. "Marguerite," a version of the once popular "Ruth Oakley," and also a version of Miss Louise Muhlenfeld Western's drama of "Stricken Blind," was produced at the matinees, and no small portion of the success attained by this drama was due to the excellent acting of Miss Helen Houghton in the title-role. She concludes her two weeks' engagement here on the 21st inst.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL publishes a card cautioning managers against producing, or causing to be produced, his drama of "The Virginian," which is soon to be brought out at the St. James' Theatre, London, Eng.

SIR ROWLAND ROBERTS, Bart., opened Oct. 13 at the Academy of Music, Montreal, for two nights, in "King O'Neil," supported by a portion of Mrs. Morrison's company from Toronto. Excepting a certain amount of animation that is not that is coupled with the character Sir Rowland assumes, the piece is flat, and failed to either draw or give satisfaction in the unpublished "Under a Veil" Sir Rowland appeared to better advantage. E. A. McDowell has taken the Academy for a short season, commencing 16, when "Clouds" will be given, Mr. McDowell announcing that he has purchased the sole right of the play for the Dominion. Letter of Oct. 14.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," after a fairly successful run of two weeks at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, received its last representation there on the evening of the 14th inst. W. H. Bailey—who so creditably enacted the role of Uncle Tom—had a complimentary benefit on the 13th inst., which was well attended.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Galveston, Texas, still remains unoccupied, the quarantine against New Orleans having quite upset previous arrangements. Callahan's Georgia Minstrels are booked for Oct. 16, while Herrmann is announced for 23.

MISS CLARA COLE, a young actress of Washington, D. C., made a favorable impression in the role of Dora and as Cora in "Article 47" at Ford's Opera-house, Oct. 6, 7. Her Cora is an Octoroon, as in the French original, and the character is her own creation. The Washington press speak as follows of Miss Cole's performances:

Miss Clara Cole's rendition of the part of Cora was marked by some excellences, but in the main was not up to Miss Clara Morris' interpretation of the character, although her acting seemed to please the audience, which bestowed applause liberally.—*The Chronicle.* Miss Clara Cole sustained her part well as Cora in "Article 47." She bids fair to become a shining addition to the profession she has chosen.—*The Gazette.* Miss Clara Cole is a fine actress.—*The Dora.* Miss Clara Cole as the heroine guaranteed the popularity she has won as an actress.—*The Capital.*

MUSICAL.

THE AIMEE TROUPE concluded their two weeks' season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 14th of October, repeating the operas of "La Fille de Mme. Angot" twice; "La Jolie Parfumeuse" twice, and "Giroflé-Girofla," and producing as the only novelties of the week "Mme. L'Archidno" and "La Vie Parisienne," although the management had announced that no opera would be repeated. The promise to produce the new operas of "Les Dragons des Villars," "Le Canard a Trois Becs" and "Indigo" was also not kept, much to the dissatisfaction of the Philadelphians.

THE BELLOCO ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY is to inaugurate their season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., by the production of "Lucia di Lammermoor." The company includes Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Fannie Marretti, Miss Julie Rosewald, Mr. and Mrs. C. Seguin, Miss Lancaster, Mrs. Howard, and Messrs. Joseph Maas, C. H. Turner, George Conly, W. Carleton and H. Peakes. The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Behrens. During the season English versions of "Aida" and "The Flying Dutchman" will be produced.

WAGNER'S opera of "The Flying Dutchman" will be performed in Philadelphia by Mr. Carlberg's troupe, commencing Nov. 8.

P. BAZEMAN, leader of orchestra and alto and clarionet player; T. J. Brennan, solo B-flat cornetist; and E. Meads, second violinist, advertise that they can be engaged for a traveling or stationary company.

MRS. OATES' OPERA COMPANY is to perform this week in Providence, R. I., thence to Boston, Mass., Oct. 23, for one week, Worcester 30, New Bedford 31, Fall River, Nov. 1, Hartford, Ct., 2, New Haven 3, Newark, N. J., 4, Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 6, two weeks; Baltimore, Md., 20, one week; Washington, D. C., 27, one week.

ALBERT ELLIS, the base-drummer in the band attached to Barry Robbins' Circus, died in Greenville, Ill., Oct. 8, at the age of 20 years.

E. S. REGAN, cornet-player and band-leader, can be engaged for a traveling company or to take charge of a local band in a Northern or Western city. Address as per advertisement.

ALICE OATES and company have been the feature at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., the past week, and have given the best of satisfaction, and drawn average good houses. The following comprised the programme for the week: 9, "La Fille de Madame Angot;" 10, "Princess of Trebizonde;" 11, "Grand Duchess;" 12, "Pretty Perfumer;" 13, "Giroflé-Girofla;" 14, "Trial by Jury," and an act each of "Madame Angot" and "Princess of Trebizonde." The notable successes of the week were those made by John Howson, Chas. H. Drew and Mrs. Oates, who respectively were really clever in everything they attempted. Mr. Drew's voice, since his last appearance here, has developed from a tenor into a clear, melodious baritone. The stock company of this house return on the 16th from Providence. They will open with "Married in Haste," and will also appear in "Louis XI." and other standard dramas during the week. John T. Raymond opens 23. Letter of Oct. 15.

BLIND TOM performed in Cleveland, O., Oct. 11, 12, Rochester, N. Y., 13, 14, and is in Philadelphia this week.

OLE BULL, the eminent violinist, arrived in Boston, Mass., Sept. 30, from Europe. He will pass the Winter in Madison, Wis., and will only appear in public at ten or twelve concerts under the auspices of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. He will devote most of his time to writing a number of compositions for which he has received commissions from European music-publishers.

PROF. CARL BECK'S GERMAN MILITARY BAND gave concerts at the Lookout House, Cincinnati, last week.

STRAKOSCH'S OPERA TROUPE is to perform in Detroit, Mich., Oct. 23, 24, 25.

GILMORE'S BAND opened for a brief season at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Industrial Institute Oct. 10. Five evening concerts and two matinees were announced to be given by the organization.

THE PAYSON (LATE REDPATH) OPERA COMPANY is to sing in Madison, Ind., Oct. 21, 22, Columbus 24, Richmond 25.

THE HIGGINS SISTERS' COMBINATION and Sam Lucas are to sing in Warren, Pa., Oct. 21, Rome, N. Y., 23, 24, Fulton 26, 27.

MONS. AND MME. CARRENO SAUERT are to perform in Chelsea, Mass. (Redpath Lyceum course), Oct. 26.

A SOLO CORNET-PLAYER desires an engagement. See C. W. Pettite's card.

THE BERGER FAMILY AND SOL. SMITH RUSSELL performed in Cheyenne, Wy. T., Oct. 13, 14, and are billed in Denver, Col., 16, 17, Central City 18, 19, Georgetown 20, 21, Boulder 23, 24, Golden 25, Denver (return visit) 26, 27, Fort Laramie 28, and Salt Lake City, Utah Ter., Nov. 2, 3, 4.

FOR A LIST of the latest comic songs, see L. P. Goulland's advertisement in our business department.

THE FIRST of a series of twenty-five-cent concerts, under the management of Frank Glider of Newark, N. J., was given in Park Hall, in that city, Oct. 13. With the exception of Mlle. Marie Salvotti and Gustavus Hale, the artists consisted of home talent.

"CAPTAIN OF THE GALLANT GRAYS," a new military song and chorus by Fred Byron, is published by F. W. Helmick of Cincinnati, O.

SCHALDINO'S BELLRINGERS appear at Maynard, Mass., Oct. 16, Hudson 17, Northboro 18, Southboro 19, Framingham 20, Milford 21, Holliston 23. We are informed that the company continued to draw crowded houses. *The Haverhill Daily Bulletin*, in speaking of their performances, says:

Spalding's Bellringers and Ladies' Cornet Band drew a good house on Saturday evening, and gave an excellent entertainment. Seldom does a traveling troupe give an entertainment here which elicits such enthusiasm as nearly double the programme. The bell-playing was fine, and so also was the cornet-playing by Georgie Dean Spaulding and the selections by the ladies' quartet.

VARIETY HALLS.

JEM MACE and Tom Allen were the attractions at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., Oct. 9, and drew very large houses for the two nights they remained, the prices being advanced fifty per cent. They left for Cleveland 11, but return here for one night only, 14, when Mrs. Jem Mace will also appear.... A Orchestrion Hall 9, several new people came. Henry and Mlle. Doned in a double trapeze were very good, the muscle and nerve exhibited by the latter being wonderful. J. H. Graham, while not possessing much voice, is quite a card as a comic artist, making them in very quick time. Jennie Ward does the same line of business, but before the audience, and is a nice vocalist. On the 13th Fred McAvoy had a complimentary benefit (a crowded one), on which occasion Maggie Claire of the Claire Sisters volunteered her services, making the first appearance since her severe accident. Harry Stanwood returned from Chicago, and also held forth. He has been engaged for the season. Closing: Com. and Maj. Nutt, for Chicago, and Petrie and Fish. For the 16th Miss Martelle is announced..... At Mozart Hall the following people are engaged, and appear nightly to fair business: The Ifferd Sisters, Flora Moore, Jennie Leslie, James Collins, St. Leon, Matt McCollum, and John McVeigh, stage-manager. Advices of Oct. 14.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., was opened Oct. 9 for the regular Fall and Winter season, with John P. Rogers, proprietor and manager; Thomas J. Berry, treasurer; and Jake Budd, stage-manager. The people who opened were Yankee Locke in the drama of "Trumps," Boyd and Wade in songs-and-dances, Will H. Morton in character songs, Delevanti, Alfredo and Dohm in gymnastic and acrobatic exercises, Giovanni in pleasing musical interludes on silver-toned glasses, the Freeman Sisters in new musical character sketches, and Lizzie Barrett in songs. John Robinson, George A. Parkhurst, Sam E. Ryan, Al Miles, J. Williams, May Hamilton, Maggie Winters, Libbie Howard, and Emma Granger are engaged as members of the stock company, and appeared in the drama. Business during the week was large. The departures Oct. 14 were Boyd and Wade, to join Bidedict's Minstrels; Delevanti, Alfredo and Dohm, to Newark, N. J.; Lizzie Barrett, to Baltimore; Yankee Locke, to his home in Lowell, Mass.; and Emma Granger, to Baltimore. The announcements for Oct. 16 are Dan Thompson, Julia Wilson, the Sentyahs, Christine Percy and Shepherd and Whitney. Letter of Oct. 15.

FALL OF A GYMNAST.—Charles Costello, while performing in one of the minor variety halls in Chicago, Ill., during the past week, in attempting to do the leap-for-life through a suspended hoop of fire, struck the hoop as he passed through it with his right foot, and clutched the rope beyond with one hand only. In that position he was in danger of swinging or swung back into the fire, and he released his hold upon the rope and fell some sixteen feet. His right side struck upon the railing around the orchestrion, and his head struck heavily upon the floor. He was picked up and carried into his dressing-room, where, after remaining insensible for several minutes, he recovered consciousness. It was found that no bones were broken, and a slight contusion on his side and a small lump on the back of his head were the only evidences of his fall. He continued to perform during the rest of the week.

FROM THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 14, the departures were Josephine Shandley, to Chicago, Ill., and John D. Kelly, to Cincinnati, O. Billed for 16 are the Worrell Sisters, the Barlow Brothers, and Kelly and Ryan.

AT THE BARON OPERA-HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y., the new attractions Oct. 9 were the Snow Bros. in their tumbling acts, hat-spinning, etc., which proved an attractive card. Pat Reilly, Irish comedian, deserves praise, as he is good in his business. New arrivals for 16: Sherrod Bros., Frank and Hynes, Bonnie Nelson, B. C. Hart, and Dollie Whitman. No departures or arrivals this week.

MISS FANNIE CRANE, Taylor, Harry Mendel, Green and Taylor, Emil Gorous, Leonie Mendel and Mlle. Adeline were the new faces at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 9. The programme was replete with novelties, and business has been big. Miss Frankie Lee, an old favorite, appeared in a song-and-dance entitled "Dipped in Dew," and received a hearty welcome. She afterwards sang several serio-comic songs in an acceptable manner. Her dressing is very rich. James F. Taylor gave a good cornet-solo, and Green and Taylor, in their song-and-dances, made a hit. Harry Mendel's tambourine-solo was fair. The barrel-act of Emil Goroux was good. Taylor, Green and Taylor played upon a number of musical instruments, and were twice recalled. Harry and Leonie Mendel appeared in a sketch entitled "Off for Coney Island," which took very well, it might be toned down to advantage. Mlle. Adeline gave a good juggling act, and was ably assisted by Prof. Goroux. No departure 14, and no new names on the bills for 16. Advices of Oct. 12.

THE new variety at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, O., Oct. 9, were Gussie McCain, vocalist, an old favorite; Chas F. Ralston in a Zouave drill, Welby and Pearle in acrobatic songs-and-dances, and Miss Edna Markley, an excellent vocalist, who has become very popular..... Jem Mace and Tom Allen appeared Oct. 12 at Wheeler's Opera-house, and were by the entire company from the Comique. Opening 16 are the Mendels—Harry and Lottie—Chas. Harris and Lottie Gray.

GEO. BATCHELDER, better known as "Big George," died of apoplexy Oct. 12, at Buffalo, N. Y., (it is supposed), at the Lafayette House, Toledo, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 13th. He had been for years connected with the Theatre Comique of that city as special policeman, and was also interested in Billy Tate's gymnasium. He was well known to almost everyone in the city, as his remarkable physique would attract the attention of all passers by, being a Goliah in strength and stature. Kind-hearted Big George always found a friend in every professional who has visited Toledo of late years. Quiet, polite, unassuming and strictly temperate, he had gained a large circle of friends, who will mourn sincerely the death of "Gentlemanly George." His parents were German, but he was born in this country. He leaves two or three brothers and a sister.

NILES AND EVANS, H. Victorelli and Young Eldon, Miss Annie Braddon, Huber and Gliddon, and Billy Wylie were the newcomers at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 9. Niles and Evans were successful as song-and-dance men, receiving a double encore. The trapeze act of Victorelli and Young Eldon was neatly accomplished, and the songs of Miss Braddon met with a fair degree of favor. Huber and Gliddon did a musical act which possessed some merit in that line, and Mr. Wylie's Irish songs were cleverly rendered..... The Crawford Brothers are at present sojourning in Pittsburg, Joseph being unwell.

THE NOVELTY THEATRE, St. Louis, Mo.—Hi Chapman and manager—will be opened Oct. 29, and performers of acknowledged ability desiring engagements are requested to write at once.

J. EDWARD HENSHAW and May Ten Broeck, musical sketch artists, can be addressed care of this office.

AN INTERESTER in a variety theatre, with bar attached, is advertised for sale by "Manager."

ARCHIE WHITE and Ella Esmond, song-and-dance artists, can be addressed care of this office.

HEALY'S HIBERNIANS are to show at Georgetown, Ky., Oct. 16, 17, Mount Sterling 18, 19, Winchester 20, 21, Madison, Ind., 23, 24, Seymour 25, 26, Washington 27, 28, thence to St. Louis, Mo. An Irish comedian and a lady sketch artist are wanted for this company. Address Dr. John E. Healy, as per advertisement.

VARIETY PERFORMERS and ballet ladies are wanted for a troupe just organizing. See "Female Variety's" card.

MATT MORGAN'S NEW YORK NOVELTY COMPANY performed in Reading, Pa., Oct. 12, Allentown 13, Trenton, N. J., 14, and is billed to show in Newark 16, Bridgeport, Ct., 17, Waterbury 18, Hartford 19, Providence, R. I., 20, New Haven, Ct., 21, Lowell, Mass., 23, Lynn 24, Manchester, 25, Springfield 26.

JOHNSON AND BRUNO, acrobatic and contortion song-and-dance artists, etc., are now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass. They can be addressed as per card for open dates.

ORRIN BROS., acrobatic artists, are filling a successful engagement at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md. They can be communicated with care of this office.

MME. NISON-PELTON has taken Bruckner's Hall, Reading, Pa., for the season, which was opened Oct. 14 by her variety troupe. Talent can obtain engagements by applying as per advertisement.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, no changes in the company have occurred..... Mr. Brenond was to have opened the Adelphi Theatre the latter part of last week.

VARIETY INTELLIGENCE from Cincinnati, O., to Oct. 16 is furnished to the following effect: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances this week were the Bismark Family, the D'Alva Sisters, Simpson Sisters, Nat Hyams, and Barrie Durrell. The excellences of the Boissets—Hugo, Fred and Mlle. Realta—are well known, their gymnastic feats being unsurpassed. Barrie Durrell is a very fair operatic vocalist. The D'Alva Sisters, banjoists, were well received. The Simpson Sisters appeared in an Irish sketch, and met a favorable reception. Nat Hyams, a clever actor, appeared this week simply as interlocutor. The theatre, on 9th inst., changed hands, Hyams & Hart appearing as proprietors, with Nat Hyams as business-manager. Chas. McDonald remains as stage-manager. Business has not been large. Departures 14: Connors and Kelly, for Cleveland; Adrienne Gray, to Chicago; and the Durrell Brothers to a city theatre. To appear 16: Christine Percy, John D. Kelly, Crimmins Brothers, Grace Garland, and T. Murphy..... At Heuck's Hall the new appearances 9 were Fannie Kent, a sprightly burlesque actress and vocalist, and the Valdis Twin Sisters, whose trapeze performances have been a popular feature. Business has been as large as the hall would hold. Departures 14: Charles W. Young, for Grand Rapids; Dan and Flora Mason, for Indianapolis; and Millie Estelle. To open 16: Paddy Murphy and wife..... Dora Bishop and Lydia Rosa, vocalists, were the additions to the company at the Eldorado 9. Prof. Roberts' equestrian dogs..... At the Adelphi, the new people 9 were Foley and Waters, song-and-dance. Dan Griffin closed, and Tommy Dayton has become stage-manager. M. A. Griffin, a member of the company here, was shot 10, but not seriously hurt. Business fair..... W. Emerson, concertina-soloist; Blanche Daly, serio-comic; Hugh McNanny, comedian; Clara Belmont, vocalist; and the Hassan Sisters, singers and dancers, were the additions 9 at Loewen Garden Theatre. Lily Vane and Ida Bryant close 14, the latter for Louisville. To open 16: Dotterell Twin Brothers. Biz fair..... At Schickling's Opera Music Hall, Blanche Trehan, operatic vocalist; Jessie Willis, serio comic; and Cincinnatus, song-and-dance, opened 9. Business has been very large. To close 14: Prof. Rudolph, Prof. Brown and Ida Fisher. To open 16: Mlle. Adelina, Prof. Emile Goroux, Mlle. Faltony, Signor Fabra, and William Jones."

THE PROPRIETOR of a concert saloon on South street, above Eighth, Philadelphia, was held in $500 bail by Magistrate Carpenter of that city, on the 9th inst., on the charge of keeping a disorderly and unlicensed establishment. Lizzie Flake, formerly one of the performers, swore that the character of entertainments at the house were indecent. The license-book showed the establishment to be unlicensed, which, under the Act of Assembly of March 1, 1864, renders the proprietor or manager liable to a fine of $100 and an imprisonment of three months.

THE PERFORMERS of the variety theatres in Philadelphia can recall many pleasurable reminiscences of the lamented Amanda Lee, who, on the 6th inst., departed for that "bourne whence no traveler returns," she having on the stage gained well-deserved popularity as a versatile artist, and among the outside public the geniality of her disposition had secured her the goodwill and esteem of all who knew her. The funeral took place on the afternoon of the 11th inst. from the residence of her sister, No. 1,137 Fairmount avenue, Philadelphia. The remains were encased in a very handsome burial-casket, which was strewn by her many bereaved friends with flowers, conspicuous among them being a beautiful floral tribute from Mrs. Harry Enochs, of Youngstown, O., formerly of the variety profession sojourning in Philadelphia, with whom deceased was a general favorite, a numerously-attended cortege accompanying the remains to their final resting-place in Mount Moriah Cemetery. The pall-bearers were Billy Emerson, Billy Rice, Geo. Murray and J. Bradford. Among the many others present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Enochs, C. B. Stout, Eph Horn Jr., Al. Holmes, Jas. Robinson, John Moulder, Jos. Hess, Mlle. Leonetta, Lizzie La Grange, Georgie Wright and Mlle. Jennie Malone. The sad ceremonies at the grave-side were soon completed, and it was with sincere sorrow that every mourner left all that remained of their esteemed friend Amanda Lee, amidst "the mighty dead." "Peace to her ashes!"

A TRIFLING FIRE occurred at one of the numerous variety-shows on Elm avenue, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 7th inst. One of the performers accidentally struck a coal-oil lamp upon the stage with a club, and the lamp, in falling, set fire to a window-curtain and flag, causing an alarm of fire to be struck.

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, we have to record the usual large attendance during the week ending Oct. 14. The new faces were George Murray, a very clever Ethiopian comedian, and a great favorite here; Jack Hale, in his capital banjo-solos; Frank Kelleher in clog-dances; and Wanetta Craven and Rose Franklin in statue groupings. The Sanyeahs and Willie Gayford closed on the 14th inst. The Leotard Brothers, Miss Julia Bennett and Tommy Heywood open on the 16th inst. The management's liability of John R. Lane is still exercised here with as much vigor as his courtesy is appreciated.

THE BELMONT OPERA-HOUSE, West Philadelphia, is thriving, with John Harris as the manager. Wm. Gaylord and George H. and Nettie Wood open here on the 16th inst.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, the management have been indefatigable in their endeavors to give an excellent entertainment; and this fact was amply recognized last week by the liberal patronage of amusement-seekers. The new appearances on the 9th inst. were Miss Tiny Lynch in "Dublin Bay," which he was supported by the company. John Hart and A. C. Moreland leave, going, probably, to New York. Geo. Richards opens 16.

WITH HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, Chicago, Ill., Billy Courtright makes his return appearance on the 16th.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., the management offered to its patrons for the week ending Oct. 14 the amusing sketch "The Family," followed by the Daly Sisters, a team of great success; Burnett Sisters, who exhibited much grace and wonderful powers of endurance in the juggling of cannon balls; Buckley and Turner in banjo-solos; Frank Cushman, the young Ethiopian delineator, who last season made here such a pronounced hit, seems to have made a new departure from his former line, without any material improvement. His introduction of obsolete imitations of Gus Williams marred his other efforts. Gorman and Romer, who have just clasped hands upon the termination of an "unpleasantness" which caused them some time since to dissolve and each seek a new partner, appeared in their old act "Down by Dot Orchard." Blanche Correlli gave select ballads in a pleasing and acceptable manner. Nat C. Goodwin appeared in his original specialty "The First Rehearsal." Seamon and Somers, song-and-dance men, rendered "The Happy Married Couple." Charley Benedict met with moderate success. The programme terminated with the two act drama "The Hand of Fate," in which Miss Annie Ward Tiffany sustained the role of Blanche Clifford. Business averaged large, excepting on Monday night. This week Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau in her new drama of "Parted."..... At the Olympic Theatre a woman, styling herself as and laying claim to being "the original and only Adah Isaac Menken" has appeared at each performance in the equestrian drama of "Mazeppa." As the original Menken died in Paris, France, Aug. 11, 1868, it is plain to see the "mistake" the party is laboring under. An olio preceded the drama, introducing Dot Aborn in Irish songs; Jerry Deasley in Lancashire clog; Callum and Haley in an act called "Pretty Little Nell," and lester in jigs and reels; Hughes and Carlton as "The Nervous Pair." Govan in his imitations of well-known professionals completed the bill of attractions. The attendance averaged satisfactorily.

THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., is to be opened Oct. 16, under the management of John F. Poole, with the following company: Cool Burgess, Rickey and Barney, McKee and Walters, Crossley and Elder, M. O'Reardon, Rose Lloyd and Lillie Hall, in the variety olio; and George C. Boniface and Miss Stella Wood in "David Garrick," supported by George Atkins, William Scallan, George W. Reed, George Herbert, M. O'Reardon, Lillie Hall, and Rose Lloyd.

CON T. MURPHY, proprietor and manager of the Theatre Comique, Little Rock, Ark., we are informed, "jumped the town," taking the receipts of many nights, and leaving his company and many bills unpaid. We give this upon the authority of the Haleys, Burt Clark, Charles Mulgro and Barry Maxwell.

THE NEW BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., having been remodeled and enlarged to double its former capacity, will open as a first-class variety theatre on Monday, Oct. 23. G. E. Lothrop is the sole proprietor and manager, with W. H. Whitenect as business-agent, and T. H. Plumer director of music. The stock company will consist of the Misco Family, gymnasts and acrobats; Pete Lee, Ethiopian comedian; the Hennessy Brothers, song-and-dance and Irish specialties; Chas. H. Yale, pantomimist; Carlton Sisters, W. J. Stanton, T. H. Plumer, Thomas Niblo, the Misses Emma Carroll, Alice Hale, Ella Gardner, Julia Rice, Agnes Robinson, Susie Martin, Josie Morton and Jennie Lee. The performance will commence with a female first-part, followed by an olio, and conclude with a comic pantomime arranged by Mr. Yale. This place will be conducted on strictly first-class principles, no drinking allowed, and no wine-room attached; and it is probable that, with a live management and low prices of admission, it will take rank with the best paying theatres in the country. Performers desiring engagements and others are referred to the extensive advertisement in another column.

ADA CLIFFORD, serio-comic vocalist and fancy dancer, announces that, in consequence of her name having been appropriated by another, she will hereafter be known as Ada Vandeluer.

AT NEWTON'S VARIETIES, Hartford, Ct., the fresh additions Oct. 9 were Johnny Shay, a meritorious Ethiopian comedian; Dolly and Jimmy Emerson, sketch artists; and Alice Foster and Edith Gibbs, vocalists. Closing 14: Gilday and Giniven, to Providence; Vic Reynolds, to Chicago; and J. D. Griffin, to New York. Announcements for 16; Fred and Emily Daniel, Mr. Wood and Sheehan, Georgie May, and La Petite Florence.

NEOSKALETA, lady vocalist, is thus spoken of by a Providence, R. I., Journal:

It is very seldom we witness upon the stage "a native to the manner born," but this week we have a lady favored with the vocalisms of an Indian maiden, Neoskaleta by name. Her voice is a pure, rich soprano, and her style is stately and haughty, as befits her nationality. She is quite a feature of the bill.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

CHAS. WHITE, Ethiopian comedian, character artist and author, is open for engagements. See card.

HEYWOOD'S NEW ORLEANS OPERA were in Burlington, Vt., Oct. 14, and are billed in St. Albans 16, St. John 17, Montreal, Canada, 18.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are to show in Danville, Va., Oct. 16, Greensboro, N. C., 17, Charlotte 18, Columbia, S. C., 19, Charleston 20, 21, Augusta, Ga., 23, 24, Athens 25, Atlanta 26, 27, Griffin, 28.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS were billed to show at Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 6 and 7, St. Paul 9 and 10. Our correspondent, writing on the 10th, says: "The show-bills were handsome and attractive, and covered a goodly area of timber (at the bill-posters' expense); but at the appointed dates no minstrels appeared in either place, and there is a consequent clamor by several interested parties for the sooty entertainers to show cause for their non-appearance. The billposters remain unpaid, and one or two billet-doux, in the shape of money-orders on the company, can be found in St. Paul or Minneapolis. Rumor has it that the company collapsed in Madison, Wis."

LEW BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS performed at Paterson, N. J., Oct. 14, to fair business. Route: Bridgeport, Ct., 16, Hartford 17, Waterbury 18, New Haven 19, Norwich 20.

HARRY JACKSON'S MINSTRELS performed in Cleveland, O., Oct. 9, 10, and were billed in Petrolia, Pa., 16, Petersburg 17, Edenburg 18, 19, Emlenton 20, Titusville 21, Corry 23, Meadville 24, Sharon 25, Youngstown, O., 26, Salem 27, New Brighton 28.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS were in Newark, N. J., Oct. 14, and are billed for New Brunswick 16, Trenton 17, Easton, Pa., 18, Allentown 19, Morristown 20, and Lancaster 21.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS played in Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 9, 10, Marshall, Texas, 11, Houston 13, 14.

CHARLES BACKUS, the well-known tambo, and co-manager of the San Francisco Minstrels of this city, and Miss Tizzie Mason are to be married in St. Matthias Church, northeast corner of Nineteenth and Wallace streets, Philadelphia, Pa., at eleven o'clock Tuesday morning, Oct. 17. May happiness attend them.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, made several changes in the programme on the 9th inst., including the production of the burlesques of "The Fennsylvania Coal Mines" and "Boyhood Days," and "Centennial Visitors," which kept the audiences highly amused, and the musical interlude "Love's Stratagem," in which the excellent singing of Eugene and J. L. Carncross proved a decided attraction.

SIMMONS, BOOTH & STEVENS' MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, shelved the burlesque of "The Fennsylvania Coal Mines" after the performance of the 14th inst.

AT HOOLEY'S, Chicago, Ill., Little Mac made his reappearance on the 9th as the monkey in "The Weary Mulligan," and Jimmy Lynch in "Rosedale," in which he was supported by the company. John Hart and A. C. Moreland leave, going, probably, to New York. Geo. Richards opens 16.

WITH HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, Chicago, Ill., Billy Courtright makes his return appearance on the 16th.

ALF BURNETT, the well-known and clever humorist, lately returned from an extended traveling tour through California, reached New York on the 12th inst. for the purpose of seeing Mrs. Pomeroy make her debut; but on the 13th he was the recipient of sad news from his wife, to the effect that his residence in Ohio was ent

TERMS.

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Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 50 cents per line.

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Editor and Proprietor,

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Publisher and Proprietor,
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27-13t* W. J. JUDD, 131 Henry street, N. Y.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA. Price 15 cents each. This very popular series of plays contains ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN PIECES, including nearly all THE LATEST GREAT SUCCESSES, as well as MANY of the OLD FAVORITES. These plays are written and prepared expressly for ACTING on the Minstrel and Variety Stages. Full explanatory and descriptive catalogues will be sent gratis, postage paid, on application to ROBERT M. DE WITT, Publisher,
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THE VICTORELLIES—HENRY AND ELDON—AND MISS A. BRADDON have played four weeks in Cincinnati with great success. Now at the Vaudeville Theatre, Akron. Engaged with the Heywood Bros.' Great Show for the season. 2-21t*

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well lighted and ventilated; new first-class piano; large stage and good accommodations. First-class troupes, please address for dates, J. C. HARRIS, Proprietor. 25-13t*

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The attention of Managers and agents is called to this well-known and popular theatre. Having been recently thoroughly remodeled, it is the best in New England for traveling companies. The stage, having been enlarged, now measures 42x60 feet; has six sets of grooves, over forty changes of scenery, and a great number of set pieces; blue rums, platforms, bridges, etc.; and, having panorama grooves and arched borders, can show a set 23ft. in height, and is under the care of a stage-carpenter who thoroughly understands his business.

The hall has a seating capacity of 1,451, contains good, airy dressing-rooms, and property and baggage-rooms; is heated by steam, and the gas lighted by electricity. For further particulars, apply to
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A new and beautiful hall. Contains stage and dressing-rooms, first-class scenery. Seating capacity, 800. To rent at reasonable rates by the night or on percentage. Good patronage. Address UNION HALL CO.,
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for rent, by the night, week, or on percentage, to first-class shows and combinations only. It is beautifully frescoed, has first-class stage, scenery and dressing-rooms, is seated with opera chairs, heated with steam, and lighted with gas. The nicest little house in the State. Capacity, 800. Address PAUL'S OPERA-HOUSE,
29-13t Frostburg, Md.

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T. CHARLES HOWARD,
late manager of the Howard & Carle "Black Crook" Co., who for the past two years has been sick with rheumatic fever and its consequences, is unable to follow his profession, and is now penniless, with an aged mother, without means of support. Physicians have twice given him up as dying, and they now have no hope of his recovery unless he can speedily visit the Hot Springs, Arkansas. Mr. Howard is unable to do this unless his friends and acquaintances in the profession will assist him. Contributions can be addressed to T. CHARLES HOWARD,
29-2t No. 3 Pratt Court, Boston Highlands, Mass.

TO MANAGERS.—IN MAKING out routes for Southern tours, managers will find it to their advantage to correspond with REAN CAMPBELL, Gen'l Pass. Agent Montgomery and Eufaula R. R., Montgomery, Ala., for information as to rates, schedules, etc., between Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans or Mobile, and Montgomery, Columbus, Macon, Eufaula, Atlanta, and Savannah. All letters cheerfully and promptly answered. Where schedules do not suit dates, special trains will be furnished at low rates. 24-13t

NOTICE.—MISS EMMA SCHIFF.
Letters to be addressed to
29-tf 37 W. 14th street, bet. 5th and 6th avenues, N. Y.

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BOXING TIGHTS, from	3 00 upwards.
WORSTED KNEE TIGHTS, per pair	3 00
WORSTED TIGHTS, SHIRTS, LEOTARDS } and BODY DRESSES, each	3 50
BEST SILK TIGHTS, COTTON TOPS, per pair	12 50
WORSTED TRUNKS, per pair	3 00
RED CLOCK, per pair, from	3 50 to 4 50
CLOWN SUITS, from	15 00 upwards.
STRIPED STOCKINGS, per pair	$1 75 and upwards.
SPANGLES, per lb.	2 25
SKULL CAPS, from	75c. each, upwards.
SUPPORTERS, each	1 00
MAKE-UP BOXES, each	1 00
PREPARED BURNT CORK & CLOWN WHITE, per lb.	2 00
In Boxes of ¼, ½, ¾, and 1 lb.,	
NEGRO WIGS, each	$1 50 to 2 50 and 3 50
CHARACTER WIGS, from	$4 00 upwards.
MUSTACHES, from	25 to 50c.
WHISKERS and BEARDS, per set	$1 25 to 2 50
BOXING GLOVES, best set of two pairs, from	3 00 upwards.
CALF STOCKING PADS, per pair	2 75
CALF and THIGH PADS, per pair	3 50
LONG BURLESQUE SOCKS & DANCE SH